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SIDONIA THE SORCERESS BY WILLIAM MEINHOLD TRANSLATED BY FRANCESCA SPERANZA LADY WILDE.

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PREFACE.

AMONGST all the trials for witchcraft with which we are acquainted, few have attained so great a celebrity as that of the Lady Canoness of Pomerania, Sidonia von Bork. She was accused of having by her sorceries caused sterility in many families, particularly in that of the ancient reigning house of Pomerania, and also of having destroyed the noblest scions of that house by an early and premature death. Notwithstanding the intercessions and entreaties of the prince of Brandenburg and Saxony, and of the resident Pomeranian nobility, she was publicly executed for these crimes on the 19th of August, 1620, on the public scaffold, at Stettin; the only favour granted being, that she was allowed to be beheaded first and then burned. This terrible example caused such a panic of horror, that contemporary authors scarcely dare to mention her name, and even then merely by giving the initials. This forbearance arose partly from respect towards the ancient family of the Von Borks, who then as now were amongst the most illustrious and wealthy in the land, and also from the fear of offending the reigning ducal family, as the Sorceress, in her youth, had stood in a very near and tender relation to the young Duke Ernest Louis von Pommern-Wolgast. These reasons will be sufficiently comprehensible to all who are familiar with the disgust and aversion in which the paramours of the evil one were held in that age, so that even upon the rack these subjects were scarcely touched upon. The first public judicial, yet disconnected account of Sidonia's trial, we find in the Pomeranian library of Dahnert, 4th volume, article 7, July number of the year 1755. Dahnert here acknowledges, page 241, that the numbers from 302 to 1080, containing the depositions of the witnesses, were not forthcoming up to his time, but that a Priest in Pansin, near Stargard, by name Justus Sagebaum, pretended to have them in his hands, and accordingly, in the 5th volume of the above-named journal (article 4, of April, 1756), some very important extracts appeared from them. The records, however, again disappeared for nearly a century, until Barthold announced, some short time since, ∴ that he had at length discovered them in the Berlin library; but he does not say which,

∴ History of Rugen and Pomerania, vol. iv. page 486.

for, according to Schwalenberg, who quotes Dahnert, there existed two or three different copies, namely, the "Protocollum Jodoci Neumarks," the so-called "Acta Lothmanni," and that of "Adami Moesters," contradicting each other in the most important matters. Whether I have drawn the history of my Sidonia from one or other of the above-named sources, or from some entirely new, or, finally, from that alone which is longest known, I shall leave undecided. Every one who has heard of the animadversions which "The Amber Witch" excited, many asserting that it was only dressed-up history, though I repeatedly assured them it was simple fiction, will pardon me if I do not here distinctly declare whether Sidonia be history or fiction. The truth of the material, as well as of the formal contents, can be tested by any one by referring to the authorities I have named; and in connexion with these, I must just remark that, in order to spare the reader any difficulties which might present themselves to eye and ear, in consequence of the old-fashioned mode of writing, I have modernised the orthography, and amended the grammar and structure of the phrases. And, lastly, I trust that all just thinkers of every party will pardon me for having here and there introduced my supernatural views of Christianity. A man's principles, as put forward in his philosophical writings, are in general only read by his own party, and not by that of his adversaries. A Rationalist will fly from a book by a Supernaturalist as rapidly as this latter from one by a Friend of Light. But by introducing my views in the manner I have adopted, in place of publishing them in a distinct volume, I trust that all parties will be induced to peruse them, and that many will find, not only what is worthy their particular attention, but matter for deep and serious reflection. I must now give an account of those portraits of Sidonia which are extant. As far as I know, three of these (besides innumerable sketches) exist, one in Stettin, the other in the lower Pomeranian town, Plathe, and a third at Stargard, near Regenwalde, in the castle of the Count von Bork. I am acquainted only with the last named picture, and agree with many in thinking that it is the only original. Sidonia is here represented in the prime of mature beauty, a gold net is drawn over her almost golden yellow hair, and her neck, arms, and hands are profusely covered with jewels. Her bodice of bright purple is trimmed with costly fur, and the robe is of azure velvet. In her hand she carries a sort of pompadour of brown leather, of the most elegant form and finish. Her eyes and mouth are not pleasing, notwithstanding their great beauty; in the mouth, particularly, one can discover an expression of cold malignity. The painting is beautifully executed, and is evidently of the school of Louis Kranach. Immediately behind this

form, there is another looking over the shoulder of Sidonia, like a terrible spectre, a highly poetical idea, for this spectre is Sidonia herself painted as a Sorceress. It must have been added, after a lapse of many years, to the youthful portrait which belongs as I have said to the school of Kranach, whereas the second figure portrays unmistakably the school of Rubens. It is a fearfully characteristic painting, and no imagination could conceive a contrast more shudderingly awful. The Sorceress is arrayed in her death garments, white with black stripes; and round her thin white locks is bound a narrow band of black velvet, spotted with gold. In her hand is a kind of a work-basket, but of the simplest workmanship and form. Of the other portraits I cannot speak from my own personal inspection; but to judge by the drawings taken from them to which I have had access, they appear to differ completely, not only in costume but in the character of the countenance from the one I have described, which there is no doubt must be the original, not only because it bears all the characteristics of that school of painting which approached nearest to the age in which Sidonia lived, namely, from 1540 to 1620, but also by the fact, that a sheet of paper bearing an inscription was found behind the painting, betraying evident marks of age in its blackened colour, the form of the letters, and the expressions employed. The inscription is as following: "This Sidonia von Bork was in her youth the most beautiful and the richest of the maidens of Pomerania. She inherited many estates from her parents, and thus was in her own right a possessor almost of a county. So her pride increased and many noble gentlemen who sought her in marriage were rejected with disdain, as she considered that a count or prince alone could be worthy of her hand; for these reasons she attended the Duke's court frequently, in the hopes of winning over one of the seven young princes to her love. At length she was successful, Duke Ernest Louis von Wolgast, aged about twenty, and the handsomest youth in Pomerania, became her lover, and even promised her his hand in marriage. This promise he would faithfully have kept if the Stettin Princes, who were displeased at the prospect of this unequal alliance, had not induced him to abandon Sidonia by means of the portrait of the Princess Hedwig of Brunswick, the most beautiful princess in all Germany. Sidonia thereupon fell into such despair, that she resolved to renounce marriage for ever, and bury the remainder of her life in the convent of Marienfliess, and thus she did. But the wrong done to her by the Stettin Princes lay heavy upon her heart, and the desire for revenge

increased with years, besides in place of reading the Bible, her private hours were passed studying the 'Amadis,' wherein she found many examples of how forsaken maidens have avenged themselves upon their false lovers by means of magic. So she at last yielded to the temptations of Satan, and after some years learned the secrets of witchcraft from an old woman. By means of this unholy knowledge, along with several evil deeds, she so bewitched the whole princely race that the six young princes, who were each wedded to a young wife, remained childless; but no public notice was taken until Duke Francis succeeded to the Duchy in 1618. He was a ruthless enemy to witches; all in the land were sought out with great diligence and burned, and as they unanimously named the Abbess of Marienfliess ∴ upon the rack, she was brought to Stettin by command of the Duke, where she freely confessed all the evil wrought by her sorceries upon the princely race. The Duke promised her life and pardon if she would free the other princes from the bann; but her answer was that she had enclosed the spell in a padlock, and flung it into the sea, and having asked the devil if he could restore the padlock again to her, he replied: "No; that was forbidden to him;" by which every one can perceive that the destiny of God was in the matter. And so it was that, notwithstanding the intercession of all the neighbouring courts, Sidonia was brought to the scaffold at Stettin, there beheaded, and afterwards burned. Before her death the prince ordered her portrait to be painted, in her old age & prison garb, behind that which represented her in the prime of youth. After his death, Bogislaff XIV., the last duke, gave this picture to my grandmother, whose husband had also been killed by the Sorceress. My father received it from her, and I from him, along with the story which is here written down.

"HENRY GUSTAVUS SCHWALENBERG."

Note. The style of this "Inscription" proves it to have been written in the beginning of the preceding century, but it is first noticed by Dahnert. I have had this version compared with the original in Stargard, through the kindness of a friend, who assures me that the transcription is perfectly correct, and yet can he be mistaken; for Horst (Magic Library, vol ii. page 246), gives the conclusion thus: "From whom my father received it, and I from him, along with the

∴ Sidonia never attained this dignity, though Micraelius & others gave her the title.

story precisely as given here by H. S. Schwalenberg." By this reading, which must have escaped my friend, a different sense is given to the passage; by the last reading it would appear that the "I" was a Bork, who had taken the tale from Schwalenberg's history of the Pomeranian Dukes, a work which exists only in manuscript, and to which I have had no access; but if we admit the first reading, then the writer must be a Schwalenberg. Even the "grandmother" will not clear up the matter, for Sidonia, when put to the torture, confessed at the seventh question, that she had caused the death of Doctor Schwalenberg (he was counsellor in Stettin then), and at the eleventh question, that her brother's son, Otto Bork, had died also by her means: who then is this "I"? Even Sidonia's picture, we see, utters mysteries. In my opinion the writer was Schwalenberg, and Horst seems to have taken his version from Paulis's General History of Pomerania, vol. iv. page 396, and not from the original of Dahnert. For the picture at that early period was not in the possession of a Bork, but belonged to the Count von Mellin in Schillersdorf, as passages from many authors can testify. This is confirmed by another paper found along with that containing the tradition, but of much more modern appearance, which states that the picture was removed by successive inheritors, first from Schillersdorf to Stargard, from thence to Heinrichsberg (there are three towns in Pomerania of this name), and finally from Heinrichsberg, in the year 1834, was a second time removed to Stargard by the last inheritor. This Schillersdorf lies between Gartz and Stettin on the Oder.

WILLIAM MEINHOLD.

LETTER OF DR. THEODORE PLONNIES TO BOGISLAFF THE FOURTEENTH, THE LAST DUKE OF POMERANIA.

OST Eminent Prince and Gracious Lord: Serene Prince, Your Highness gave me a commission in past years to travel through all Pomerania, and if I met with any persons who could give me certain "information" respecting the notorious & accursed witch Sidonia von Bork, to set down carefully all they stated, and bring it afterwards into connexum for your Highness. It is well-known that Duke Francis, of blessed memory, never would permit the accursed deeds of this woman to be made public, or her confession upon the rack, fearing to bring scandal upon the princely house. But your Serene Highness viewed the subject differently, and said that it was good for every one, but especially princes, to look into the clear mirror of history, & behold there the faults and follies of their race. For this reason may no truth be omitted here. To such princely commands I have proved myself obedient, collecting all information, whether good or evil, and concealing nothing. But the greater number who related these things to me could scarcely speak for tears, for wherever I travelled throughout Pomerania, as the faithful servant of your Highness, nothing was heard but lamentations from old and young, rich and poor, that this execrable Sorceress, out of satanic wickedness, had destroyed this illustrious race, who had held their lands from no emperor, in feudal tenure like other German princes, but in their own right, as absolute lords, since five hundred years, and though for twenty years it seemed to rest upon five goodly princes, yet by permission of the incomprehensible God, it has now melted away until your Highness (God have mercy upon us!) will be utterly extinguished, and for ever. "Wo to us, how have we sinned!" Lament. v. 16 ∴ I pray, therefore, the all-merciful God, that he will remove me before your Highness from this vale of tears, that I may not behold the last hour of your Highness, or of my poor fatherland. Rather than witness these things, I would a thousand times sooner lie quiet in my grave.

∴ Marginal note of Duke Bogislaff the 14th. In tuas manus commendo spiritum meum, quia tu me redemisti fide deus.

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SIDONIA THE SORCERESS. BOOK I.

FROM THE RECEPTION OF SIDONIA AT THE DUCAL COURT OF WOLGAST UNTIL HER BANISHMENT THEREFROM.

CHAPTER I. OF THE EDUCATION OF SIDONIA.

HE illustrious and high-born prince and lord, Bogislaff, 14th Duke of Pomerania, Prince of Cassuben, Wenden, and Rugen, Count of Guzkow, Lord of the lands of Lauenburg and Butow, and my gracious feudal seigneur, having commanded me, Dr. Theodore Plonnies, formerly bailiff at the ducal court, to make search throughout all the land for information respecting the world-famed sorceress Sidonia von Bork, and write down the same in a book, I set out for Stargard, accompanied by a servant, early one Friday after the Visitationis Mariæ, 1629; for in my opinion, in order to form a just judgment respecting the character of any one, it is necessary to make one's self acquainted with the circumstances of their early life; the future man lies enshrined in the child, and the peculiar development of each individual nature is the result entirely of education. Sidonia's history is a remarkable proof of this. I visited first, therefore, the scenes of her early years; but almost all who had known her were long since in their graves, seeing that ninety years had passed since the time of her birth. However, the old innkeeper at Stargard, Zabel Wiese, himself very far advanced in years (whom I can recommend to all travellers; he lives in the Pelzerstrasse), told me that the old bachelor, Claude Uckermann of Dalow, an aged man of ninety-two years old, was the only person who could give me the information I desired, as in his youth he had been one of the many followers of Sidonia. His memory was certainly well nigh gone from age, still all that had happened in the early period of his life lay as fresh as the Lord's Prayer upon his tongue. Mine host also related some important circumstances to me myself, which shall appear in their proper place. I accordingly proceeded to Dalow, a little town half a mile from Stargard, and visited Claude Uckermann. I found him seated by the chimney corner, his hair as white as snow. "What did I want? He was too old to receive strangers; I must go on to his son Wedig's

house, & leave him in quiet," &c. &c. But when I said that I brought him a greeting from his Highness, his manner changed, & he pushed the seat over for me beside the fire, and began to chat first about the fine pine-trees, from which he cut his fire-wood, they were so full of resin; and how his son, a year before, had found an iron pot in the turf moor under a tree, full of bracelets and ear-rings, which his little grand-daughter now wore.

When he had tired himself out, I communicated what his Highness had so nobly commanded to be done, and prayed him to relate all he knew and could remember of this detestable sorceress, Sidonia von Bork. He sighed deeply, and then went on talking for about two hours, giving me all his recollections just as they started to his memory. I have arranged what he then related, in proper order. It was to the following effect:

WHENEVER his father, Philip Uckermann, attended the fair at Stramehl, a town belonging to the Bork family, he was in the habit of visiting Otto von Bork at his castle, who, being very rich, gave free quarters to all the young noblemen of the vicinity, so that from thirty to forty of them were generally assembled at his castle while the fair lasted; but after some time his father discontinued these visits, his conscience not permitting him further intercourse. The reason was this. Otto von Bork, during his residence in Poland, had joined the sect of the Enthusiasts, ∴ and had lost his faith there, and as a young maiden might her honour. He made no secret of his new opinions, but openly at Martinmas fair, 1560, told the young nobles at dinner that Christ was but a man like other people, and ignorance alone had elevated him to a God; which notion had been encouraged by the greed and avarice of the clergy. They should, therefore, not credit what the hypocritical priests chattered to them every Sunday, but believe only what reason and their five senses told them was truth, and that, in fine, if he had his will, he would send every priest to the devil. All the young nobles remained silent but Claude Zastrow, a feudal retainer of the Borks, who rose up (it was an evil moment to him) & made answer: "Most powerful feudal lord, were the holy apostles then filled with greed & covetousness, who were the first to proclaim that Christ was God, and who left all for his sake? Or the early Christians who, with one accord, sold their possessions, and gave the price to the poor?" Claude had before this displeased the knight, who now grew red with anger at the insolence of his vassal in thus answering him, and replied: "If they were not preachers for gain, they were at least stupid

∴ Probably the sect afterwards named Socinians; for we find that Laelius Socinus taught in Poland, even before Melancthon's death (1560).

∴ This axiom is certainly opposed to modern ontology, which denies all ideas to the brute creation, & explains each proof of their intellectual activity by the unintelligible word "instinct." The ancients held very different opinions, particularly the new Platonists, one of whom (Porphyry, liber ii. de abstinentia) treats largely of the intellect and language of animals. Since Cartesius, however, who denied not only understanding, but even feeling, to animals, and represented them as mere animated machines (De Passionib. Pars i. Artic. iv. et de Methodo, No. 5, page 29, &c.); these views upon the psychology of animals produced the most mischievous results; for they were carried out until if not feeling, at least intellect, was denied to all animals more or less; & modern philosophy at length arrived at denying intelligence even to God, in whom and by whom, as formerly, man no longer attains to consciousness, but it is by man and through man that God arrives to a conscious intelligent existence. Some philosophers of our time, indeed, are condescending enough to ascribe understanding to animals and reason to man as the generic difference between the two. But I cannot comprehend these new-fashioned distinctions; for it seems to me absurd to split into the two portions of reason and understanding one and the same spiritual power, according as the object on which it acts is higher or lower. Just as if we adopted two names for the same hand that digs up the earth & directs the telescope to heaven, or maintained that the latter was quite a different hand from the former. No. There is but one understanding for man & beasts, as but one common substance for their material forms. The more perfect the form, so much the more perfect is the intellect; & human and animal intellects are only dynamically different in human & animal bodies. And even if, among animals of the more perfect form, understanding has been discovered, yet in man alone has been found the innate feeling of connection with the supernatural, or Faith. If this, as the generic sign of difference, be called Reason, I have nothing to object, except that the word generally conveys a different meaning. But Faith is, in fact, the pure Reason, & is found in all men, existing alike in the lowest superstitions as well as in the highest natures.

fellows." Hereupon a great murmur arose in the hall, but the aforesaid Zastrow is not silenced, and answered: "It is surprising, then, that the twelve stupid apostles performed more than twelve times twelve Greek or Roman philosophers. The knight might rage until he was black in the face, & strike the table. But he had better hold his tongue and use his understanding; though, after all, the intellect of a man who believed nothing but what he received through his five senses was not worth much; for the brute beasts were his equals, inasmuch as they received no evidence either but from the senses."

THEN Otto sprang up raging, & asked him what he meant, to which the other answered: "Nothing more than to express his opinion that man differed from the brute, not through his understanding, but by his faith, for that animals had evidently understanding, but no trace of faith had ever yet been discovered in them." ∴

OTTO'S rage now knew no bounds, and he drew his dagger, roaring "What! thou insolent knave, dost thou dare to compare thy feudal lord to a brute?" And before the other had time to draw his poignard to defend himself, or the guests could in any way interfere to prevent him, Otto stabbed him to the heart, as he sat there by the table. (It was a blessed death, I think, to

die for his Lord Christ.) And so he fell down upon the floor with contorted features, and hands and feet quivering with agony; every one was struck dumb with horror at such a death, but the knight laughed loudly & cried: "Ha! thou base-born serf, I shall teach thee how to liken thy feudal lord to a brute," & striding over his quivering limbs, he spat upon his face. Then the murmuring and whispering increased in the hall, & those nearest the door rushed out and sprang upon their horses; and finally all the guests, even old Uckermann, fled away, no one venturing to take up the quarrel with Otto Bork. After that, he fell into disrepute with the old nobility, for which he cared little, seeing that his riches and magnificence always secured him companions enough, who were willing to listen to his wisdom, and were consoled by his wine.

AND when I, Dr. Theodore Plonnies, inquired from the old bachelor, if his Serene Highness had not punished the noble for his shameful crime, he replied that his wealth and powerful influence protected him. At least it was whispered that justice had been blinded with gold; & the matter was probably related to the prince in quite a different manner from the truth; for I have heard that a few years after, his Highness even visited this godless knight at his castle in Stramehl.

AS to Otto, no one observed any sign of repentance in him. On the contrary, he seemed to glory in his crime, & the neighbouring nobles related that he frequently brought in his little daughter Sidonia, whom he adored for her beauty, to the assembled guests, magnificently attired; and when she was bowing to the company, he would say: "Who art thou, my little daughter?" then she would cease the salutations which she had learned from her mother, and drawing herself up, proudly exclaim: "I am a noble maiden, dowered with towns and castles!" Then he would ask, if the conversation turned upon his enemies (and half the nobles were so): "Sidonia, how does thy father treat his enemies?" Upon which the child would straighten her finger, & running at her father, strike it into his heart, saying: "Thus he treats them." At which Otto would laugh loudly, & tell her to show him how the knave looked when he was dying. Then Sidonia would fall down, twist her face, and writhe her little hands and feet in horrible contortions. Upon which Otto would lift her up, and kiss her upon the mouth; but it will be seen how the just God punished him for all this, & how the

words of the Scriptures were fulfilled: "Err not, God is not mocked; for what a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

HE parson of Stramehl, David Dilavius, related also to old Uckermann another fact, which, though it hardly seems credible, the bachelor reported thus to me. This Dilavius was a learned man whom Otto had selected as instructor to his young daughter, "but only teach her," he said, "to read and write, & the first article of the ten commandments. The other Christian doctrines I can teach her myself; besides, I do not wish the child to learn so many dogmas". Dilavius, who was a worthy, matter of fact, good simple character, did as he was ordered, and gave himself no further trouble until he came to ask the child to recite the first article of the creed out of the catechism for him. There was nothing wrong in that, but when he came to the second article, he crossed himself, not because it concerned the Lord Christ, but her own father, Otto von Bork, and ran somewhat thus: "And I believe in my earthly father, Otto von Bork, a distinguished son of God, born of Anna von Kleist, who sitteth in his castle at Stramehl, from whence he will come to help his children and friends, but to slay his enemies and tread them in the dust." The third article was much in the same style, but he had partly forgotten it, neither could he remember if Dilavius had called the father to any account for his profanity, or taught the daughter some better Christian doctrine. In fine, this was all the old bachelor could tell me of Sidonia's education. Yes: he remembered one anecdote more. Her father had asked her one day, when she was about ten or twelve years old: "What kind of a husband she would like?" and she replied: "One of equal birth." Ille: "Who is her equal in the whole of Pomerania?" Illa: "Only the Duke of Pomerania, or the Count von Ebersburg." Ille: "Right! therefore, she must never marry any other but one of these."

T happened soon after, old Philip Uckermann, his father, riding one day through the fields near Stramehl, saw a country-girl seated by the road-side, weeping bitterly. "Why do you weep?" he asked. "Has any one injured you?" "Sidonia has injured me," she replied. "What could she have done? Come, dry your tears, and tell me." Whereupon the little girl related that Sidonia, who was then about fourteen, had besought her to tell her what marriage was, because her father was always talking to her about it. The girl had told her to the best of her ability, but the young lady

beat her, & said it was not so, that long Dorothy had told her quite differently about marriage, and there she went on tormenting her for several days, but upon this evening Sidonia, with long Dorothy, and some of the milkmaids of the neighbourhood, had taken away one of the fine geese which the peasants had given her in payment of her labour. They picked it alive, all except the head and neck, then built up a large fire in a circle, and put the goose and a vessel of water in the centre. So the fat dripped down from the poor creature alive, and was fried in a pan as it fell, just as the girls eat it on the bread for supper. And the goose, having no means of escape, still went on drinking the water as the fat dripped down, whilst they kept cooling its head and heart with a sponge dipped in cold water, fastened to a stick, until at last the goose fell down when quite roasted, though it still screamed, and then Sidonia and her companions cut it up for their amusement, living as it was, and eat it for their supper, in proof of which, the girl showed him the bones and the remains of the fire, and the drops of fat still lying on the grass.

THEN she wept afresh, for Sidonia had promised to take away a goose every day, and destroy it as she had done the first. So my father consoled her by giving her a piece of gold, and said: "If she does so again, run by night and cloud, and come to Dalow by Stargard, where I will make thee keeper of my geese." But she never came to him, and he never heard more of the maiden and her geese. So far old Uckermann related to me the first evening, promising to tell me of many more strange doings upon the following morning, which he would try to think over during the night.

CHAPTER II. OF THE BEAR-HUNT AT STRAMEHL, AND THE STRANGE THINGS THAT BEFEL THERE.

THE following morning, by seven o'clock, the old man summoned me to him, & on entering I found him seated at breakfast by the fire. He invited me to join him, and pushed a seat over for me with his crutch, for walking was now difficult to him. He was very friendly, & the eyes of the old man burned as clear as those of a white dove. He had slept little during the night, for Sidonia's form kept floating before his eyes, just as she had looked in the days when he paid court to her. Alas! he

had once loved her deeply, like all the other young nobles who approached her, from the time she was of an age to marry. In her youth she had been beautiful; and old and young declared that for figure, eyes, bosom, walk, and enchanting smile, there never had been seen her equal in all Pomerania. "Nothing shall be concealed from you," he said, "of all that concerns my foolish infatuation, that you and your children may learn how the all-wise God deals best with his servants, when he uses the rod and denies that for which they clamour as silly children for a glittering knife." Here he folded his withered hands, murmured a short prayer, and proceeded with his story.

YOU must know that I was once a proud and stately youth, upon whom a maiden's glance in no wise rested indifferently, trained in all knightly exercise, and only two years older than Sidonia. It happened in the September of 1566, that I was invited by Caspar Roden to see his eel-nets, as my father intended laying down some also at Krampehl, and along the coast. When we returned home weary enough in the evening, a letter arrived from Otto von Bork, inviting him the following day to a bear-hunt; as he intended, in honour of the nuptials of his eldest daughter Clara, to lay bears' heads and bears' paws before his guests, which even in Pomerania would have been a rarity, and desiring him to bring as many huntsmen with him as he pleased. So I accompanied Caspar Roden, who told me on the way that Count Otto had at first looked very high for his daughter Clara, and scorned many a good suitor, but that she was now getting rather old, and ready, like a ripe burr, to hang on the first that came by. Her bridegroom was Vidante von Meseritz, a feudal vassal of her father's, upon whom, ten years before, she would not have looked at from a window. Not that she was as proud as her young sister Sidonia; however, their mother was to blame for much of this, but she was dead now, poor lady, let her rest in peace.

SO in good time we reached the castle of Stramehl, where thirty huntsmen were already assembled, all noblemen, and we joined them in the grand state hall, where the morning meal was laid out. Count Otto sat at the head of the table, like a prince of Pomerania, upon a throne whereon his family arms were both carved and embroidered. He wore a doublet of elk-skin, and a cap with a heron's plume upon his head. He did not rise as we en-

tered but called to us to be seated and join the feast, as the party must move off soon. Costly wines were sent round; & I observed that on each of the glasses the family arms were cut. They were also painted upon the window of the great hall, and along the walls, under the horns of all the different wild animals killed by Otto in the chase: bucks, deers, harts, roes, stags, and elks: which were arranged in fantastical groups.

AFTER a little while his two daughters, Clara and Sidonia, entered. They wore green hunting-dresses, trimmed with beaver skin, and each had a gold net thrown over her hair. They bowed, & bid the knights welcome. But we all remained breathless gazing upon Sidonia, as she lifted her beautiful eyes first on one, and then on another, inviting us to eat and drink; and she even filled a small wine-glass herself, and prayed us to pledge her. As for me, unfortunate youth, from the moment I beheld her I breathed no more through my lungs but through my eyes alone, and springing up, gave her health publicly. A storm of loud, animated, passionate voices soon responded to my words with loud vivas. The guests then rose, for the ladies were impatient for the hunt, and found the time hang heavily. So we set off with all our implements and our dogs, and a hundred beaters went before us. It happened that my host, Caspar Roden, and I found an excellent sheltered position for a shot near a quarry, and we had not long been there (the beaters had not even yet begun their work) when I spied a large bear coming down to drink at a small stream not twenty paces from me. I fired, but she retired quickly behind an oak, and growling fiercely, disappeared amongst the bushes. Not long after, I heard the cries of women close to us; & running as fast as possible in the direction from whence they came, I perceived an old bear trying to climb up to the platform where Clara and Sidonia stood. There was a ruined chapel here which, in the time of papacy, had contained a holy image, and a scaffolding had been erected round it, adorned with wreaths of evergreen & flowers, from which the ladies could obtain an excellent view of the hunt, as it commanded a prospect of almost the entire wood, and even part of the sea. Attached to this scaffolding was a ladder, up which Bruin was anxiously trying to ascend, in order to visit the young ladies, who were now assailed by two dangers, the bear from below, and a swarm of bees above; for myriads of these insects were tormenting them, trying to settle upon their golden hair-nets; and the young ladies, screaming as if the last day had come, were vainly trying to

beat them off with their girdles, or trample them under their feet. A huntsman who stood near fired, indeed, at Bruin, but without effect, and the bees assailing his hands and face at the same time, he took to flight and hid himself, groaning in the quarry.

IN the meantime I had reached the chapel, & Sidonia stretched forth her beautiful little hands, crying, along with her sister: "Help! help! He will eat us. Will you not kill him?" But the bear, as if already aware of my intention, began now to descend the ladder. However, I stepped before him, & as he descended, I ascended. Luckily for me, the interval between each step was very small, to accommodate the ladies' little feet, so that when Bruin tried to thrust his snout between them, to get at me, he found it rather difficult work to make it pass. I had my dagger ready; and though the bees which he had brought with him in his fur flew on my hands, I heeded them not, but watching my opportunity, plunged it deep into his side, so that he tumbled right down off the ladder; & though he raised himself up once and growled horribly, yet, in a few seconds, he lay dead before our eyes. How the ladies now tripped down the ladder, not two or three, but four or five steps at a time! and what thanks poured forth from their lips! I rushed first to Sidonia, who laid her little head upon my breast, while I endeavoured to remove the bees which had got entangled in her hair-net. The other lady went to call the huntsman, who was hiding in the quarry, and we were left alone! Heavens! how my heart burned, more than my inflamed hands all stung with the bees, as she asked, how could she repay my service? I prayed her for one kiss, which she granted. She had escaped with but one sting from the bees, who could not manage to get through her long, thick, beautiful hair, and she advanced joyfully to meet her father and the hunting-train, who had heard the cries of the ladies. When Count Otto had heard what had happened, and saw the dead bear, he thanked me heartily, praying me to attend his daughter Clara's wedding, which was to be celebrated next week, at the castle; and to remain as his guest until then. There was nothing in the world I could have desired beyond this, and I gratefully accepted his offer. Alas! I suffered for it after, as the cat from poisoned dainties.

BUT to return to our hunt. No other bear was killed that day, but plenty of other game, as harts, stags, roes, boars, more than enough. And now we discovered what an old hunter had conjectured, that the dead bear was the father, who had been alarmed by the growls of his partner, at whom I had fired whilst he was endeavouring to carry off the honey from a nest of wild bees in a neighbouring tree. For looking around us, we saw, at the distance of about twenty paces, a tall oak-tree, about which clouds of bees were still flying, in which he had been following his occupation. No one dared to approach it, to bring away the honeycombs which still lay beneath, by reason of the bees, and moreover swarms of ants, by which they were covered. At length Otto Bork ordered the huntsman to sound the return; and after supper I obtained another little kiss from Sidonia, which burned so like fire through my veins that I could not sleep the whole night. I resolved to ask her hand in marriage from her father.

STUPID youth as I was, I then believed that she looked upon me with equal love; and although I knew all about the mode in which she had been brought up, & many other things beside, which have now slipped from my memory, yet I looked on them but as idle stories, & was fully persuaded that Sidonia was sister to the angels in beauty, goodness, & perfection. In a few days, however, I had reason to change my opinion.

NEXT day the two young ladies were in the kitchen, overseeing the cooking of the bear's head, and as I passed by and looked in, they began to titter, which I took for a good omen, and asked, might I not be allowed to enter? They said: "Yes, I might come in, and help them to cleave the head." So I entered, and they both began to give me instructions, with much laughter and merry jesting. First, the bear's head had to be burned with hot irons, & when I said to Sidonia, that thus she burned my heart, she nearly died of laughter. Then I cut some flesh off the mouth, broke the nose, & handed it all over to the maidens, who set it on the fire with water, wine, and vinegar. As I now played the part of kitchen-boy, they sent me to the castle garden for thyme, sage, and rosemary, which I brought, and begged then for a taste of the head; but they said it was not fit to eat yet, must be cooled in brine first, so in place of it I asked one little kiss from each of the maidens, which Sidonia granted,

but her sister refused. However, I was not in the least displeased at her refusal, seeing it was only the little sister I cared for.

UT (judge of my rage and jealousy!) that same day a cousin arrived at the castle, & I observed that Sidonia allowed him to kiss her every moment. She never even appeared to offer any resistance, but looked over at me languishingly every time to see what I would say. What could I say? I became pale with jealousy, but said nothing. At last I rushed from the hall, mute with despair, when I observed him finally draw her on his knee. I only heard the peal of laughter that followed my exit, & I was just near leaving the whole wedding-feast and Stramehl for ever, when Sidonia called after me from the castle gates to return. This so melted my heart, that the tears came into my eyes, thinking that now indeed I had a proof of her love. Then she took my hand, and said: "I ought not to be so unkind. That was her manner with all the young nobles. Why should she refuse a kiss when she was asked? Her little mouth would grow neither larger nor smaller for it." But I stood still and wept, and looked on the ground. "Why should I weep?" she asked. Her cousin, Clas, had a bride of his own already, and only took a little pastime with her, and so she must cure me now with another little kiss.

T WAS now again a happy man, thinking she loved me, & the heavens seemed so propitious, that I determined to ask her hand. But I had not sufficient courage as yet, and resolved to wait until after her sister's marriage, which was to take place next day. What preparations were made for this event it would be impossible adequately to describe. All the country round the castle seemed like a royal camp. Six hundred horses were led into the stables next day to be fed, for the Duke himself arrived with a princely retinue. Then came all the feudal vassals to offer homage for their fiefs to Lord Otto. But as the description is well worth hearing, I shall defer it for another chapter.

CHAPTER III. HOW OTTO VON BORK RECEIVED THE HOMAGE OF HIS SON-IN-LAW, VIDANTE VON MESERITZ, & HOW THE BRIDE & BRIDEGROOM PROCEEDED AFTERWARDS TO THE CHAPEL. ITEM: WHAT STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED AT THE WEDDING-FEAST.

NEXT morning the stir began in the castle before break of day, and by ten o'clock all the nobles, with their wives and daughters, had assembled in the great hall. Then the bride entered, wearing her myrtle wreath, and Sidonia followed, glittering with diamonds and other costly jewels. She wore a robe of crimson silk with a cape of ermine, falling from her shoulders, and looked so beautiful that I could have died for love, as she passed & greeted me with her graceful laugh. But Otto Bork, the lord of the castle, was sore displeased because his Serene Highness the Prince was late coming, and the company had been waiting an hour for his presence. A platform had been erected at the upper end of the hall covered with bearskin; on this was placed a throne, beneath a canopy of yellow velvet, and here Otto was seated dressed in a crimson doublet, & wearing a hat half red and half black, from which depended plumes of red and black feathers that hung down nearly to his beard, which was as venerable as a Jew's. Every instant he despatched messengers to the tower to see if the prince were at hand, and as the time hung heavy, he began to discourse his guests: "See how this turner's apprentice must have stopped on the road to carve a puppet. God keep us from such dukes!" For the prince passed all his leisure hours in turning & carving, particularly while travelling, and when the carriage came to bad ground, where the horses had to move slowly, he was delighted, and went on merrily with his work, but when the horses galloped, he grew ill-tempered and threw down his tools.

∴ This was the feudal term for the next relation of a deceased vassal, upon whom it devolved to do homage for the lands to the feudal lord.

AT length the warder announced from the tower that the duke's six carriages were in sight, and the knight spoke from his throne: "I shall remain here, as befits me, but Clara and Sidonia, go ye forth and receive his highness; & when he has entered, the kinsman ∴ in full armour shall ride into the hall upon his war-horse, bearing the banner of his house in his hand, and all my re-

tainers shall follow on horses, each bearing his banner also, & shall range themselves by the great window of the hall; and let the windows be open, that the wind may play through the banners & make the spectacle yet grander."

THEN all rushed out to meet the Duke, & I too went, for truly the court-yard presented a gorgeous sight, all decorated as it was, & the pride and magnificence of Lord Otto were here fully displayed; for from the upper story of the castle floated the banner of the Emperor, and just beneath it that of Lord Otto (two crowned wolves with golden collars on a field or for the shield) and the crest a crowned red-deer springing. Beneath this banner, but much inferior to it in size and execution, waved that of the Dukes of Pomerania; and lowest of all, hung the banner of Otto's feudal vassals, but they themselves were not visible. Neither did the kinsman appear to receive and greet his Highness. Otto knew well, it seems, that he could defy the Duke (however, I think if my gracious Lord of Wolgast had been there, he would not have suffered such insults, but would have taken Otto's banner & flung it in the mud)∴ Be this as it may, Duke Barnim never appeared to notice anything except Otto's two daughters. He was a little man with a long gray beard, and as he stepped slowly out of the carriage held a little puppet by the arm, which he had been carving to represent Adam. It was intended for a present to the convent at Kobatz. His superintendens generalis, Fabianus Timæus (a dignified-looking personage) accompanied him in the carriage, for his Highness was going on the same day to attend the diet at Treptow, and only meant to pay a passing visit here. But Lord Otto concealed this fact, as it hurt his pride. The other carriages contained the equerries & pages of his Highness, & then followed the heavy wagons with the cooks, valets, & stewards. When the Prince entered the state hall, Lord Otto rose from his throne, and said: "Your Highness is welcome, and I trust will pardon me for not having gone forth with my greetings; but those of a couple of young damsels were probably more agreeable than the compliments of an old knight like myself, who, besides, as your Grace perceives, is engaged here in the exercise of his duty. And now, I pray your Highness, to take this seat at my right hand." Whereupon he pointed to a plain chair, not in the least raised from the ground, and altogether as common a seat as there was to be found in the hall; but his Highness sat down quietly (at which every one wondered in silence) and took the little puppet in

∴ Marginal note of Duke Bogislaff: "And so would I."

his lap, only exclaiming in low German: "What the devil, Otto! you make more of yourself, man, than I do"; to which the knight replied: "Not more than is necessary."

AND now," continued the old man, "the ceremony of offering homage commenced, which is as fresh in my memory as if all had happened but yesterday, and so I shall describe it that you may know what were the usages of our fathers, for the customs of chivalry are, alas! fast passing away from amongst us" When Otto Bork gave the sign with his hand, six trumpets sounded without, whereupon the doors of the hall were thrown wide open as far as they could go, & the kinsman, Vidante von Meseritz, entered on a black charger, and dressed in complete armour, but without his sword. He carried the banner of his house (a pale gules with two foxes running) and riding straight up to Lord Otto, lowered it before him. Otto then demanded: "Who art thou, & what is thy request?" To which he answered: "Mighty feudal Lord, I am kinsman of Dinnies von Meseritz, and pray you for the fief." "And who are these on horseback who follow thee?" "They are the feudal vassals of my Lord, even as my father was." And Otto said: "Ride up, my men, and do as your fathers have done." Then Frederick Ubeske rode up, lowered his banner (charged with a sun and peacock's tail) before the knight, then passed on up to the great windows of the hall, where he took his place and drew his sword, while the wind played through the folds of his standard. Next came Walter von Locksted, lowered his banner (bearing a springing unicorn), rode up to the window, & drew his sword. After him, Claud Drosedow, waving his black eagle upon a white and red shield, rode up to the window and drew his sword; then Jacob Pretz, on his white charger, bearing two spears transverse through a fallen tree, on his flag; and Dieterich Mallin, whose banner fell in folds over his hand, so that the device was not visible; and Lorenz Prechel, carrying a leopard gules upon a silver shield; & Jacob Knut, with a golden becker upon an azure field, and three plumes on the crest; and Tesmar von Kettler, whose spurs caught in the robe of a young maiden as he passed, & merry laughter resounded through the hall, many saying it was a good omen, which indeed was the truth, for that evening they were betrothed; & finally came Johann Zastrow, bearing two buffaloes' horns on his banner, and a green five-leaved bush, rode up to the window after the others, and drew his sword.

THERE stood the nine, like the muses at the nuptials of Peleus, & the wind played through their banners. Then Lord Otto spoke: "True, these are my leal vassals. And now, kinsman of Meseritz, dismount & pay homage, as did thy father, ere thou canst ride up and join them." So the young man dismounted, threw the reins of his horse to a squire, and ascended the platform. Then Otto, holding up a sword, spoke again: "Behold, kinsman, this is the sword of thy father; touch it with me, and pronounce the feudal oath." Here all the vassals rode up from the window, & held their swords crosswise over the kinsman's head, while he spake thus: "I, Vidante von Meseritz declare, vow, and swear to the most powerful, noble, and brave Otto von Bork, lord of the lands and castles of Labes, Pansin, Stramehl, Regenwalde, and others, and my most powerful feudal lord, and to his lawful heirs, a right loyal fealty, to serve him with all duty and obedience, to warn him of all evil, and defend him from all injury, to the best of my ability and power." Then he kissed the knight's hand, who girded his father's sword on him, and said: "Thus I acknowledge thee for my vassal, as my father did thy father." Then turning to his attendants he cried: "Bring hither the camp furniture." Hereupon the circle of spectators parted in two, & the pages led up, first, Vidante's horse, upon which he sprung; then others followed, bearing rich garments, and his father's signet, and laid them down before him, saying: "Kinsman, the garments and the seal of thy father." A third and a fourth bore a large couch with a white coverlet, set it down before him, & said: "Kinsman, a couch for thee and thy wife." Then came a great crowd, bearing plates, and dishes, and napkins, and table-covers, besides eleven tin-cans, a fish-kettle, and a pair of iron pot-hooks; in short, a complete camp furniture; all of which they set down before the young man, and then disappeared.

DURING this entire time no one noticed his Highness the Duke, though he was indeed the feudal head of all. Even when the trumpets sounded again, & the vassals passed out in procession, they lowered their standards only before Otto, as if no princely personages were present. But I think this proud Lord Otto must have commanded them so to do, for such an omission or breach of respect was never before seen in Pomerania. Even his Highness seemed, at last, to feel displeasure, for he drew forth his knife, and began to cut away at the little wooden Adam, without taking fur-

ther notice of the ceremony. At length when the vassals had departed, and many of the guests also, who wished to follow them, had left the hall, the Duke looked up with his little glittering eyes, scratched the back of his head with the knife, & asked his Chancellor, Jacob Kleist, who had evidently been long raging with anger: "Jacob, what dost thou think of this spectaculo?" who replied: "Gracious lord, I esteem it a silly thing for an inferior to play the part of a prince or for a prince to be compelled to play the part of an inferior." Such a speech offended Otto mightily, who drew himself up and retorted scornfully: "Particularly a poor inferior who, as you see, is obliged to draw the plough by turns with his serfs." Hereupon the Chancellor would have flung back the scorn, but his Highness motioned with the hand that he should keep silence, saying: "Remember, good Jacob, that we are here as guests; however, order the carriages, for I think it is time that we proceed on our journey." When Otto heard this, he was confounded, & descending from his throne, uttered so many flattering things, that his Highness at length was prevailed upon to remain (I would not have consented, to save my soul, had I been the prince, no, not even if I had to pass the night with the bears and wolves in the forest before I could reach Treptow); so the good old prince followed him into another hall, where breakfast was prepared, and all the lords and ladies stood there in glittering groups round the table, particularly admiring the bear's head, which seemed to please his Highness mightily also. Then each one drained a large goblet of wine, and even the ladies sipped from their little wineglasses, to drink themselves into good spirits for the dance.

OTTO now related all about the hunt, & presented me to his Grace, who gave me his hand to kiss, saying: "Well done, young man, I like this bravery. Were it not for you, in place of a wedding, and a bear's head in the dish, Lord Otto might have had a funeral and two human heads in a coffin." His Grace then pledged me in a silver becker of wine; and afterwards the bride and bridegroom, who had sat till then kissing and making love in a corner; but they now came forward, and kissed the hand of the Duke with much respect. The bridegroom had on a crimson doublet, which became him well; but his father's jack-boots, which he wore according to custom, were much too wide, and shook about his legs. The bride was arrayed in a scarlet velvet robe, and bodice furred with ermine. Sidonia carried a little balsam flask, depending from a gold chain

which she wore round her neck. (She soon needed the balsam, for that day she suffered a foretaste of the fate which was to be the punishment for her after evil deeds). And now, as we set forward to the church, a group of noble maidens distributed wreaths to the guests; but the bride presented one to the Duke, & Sidonia (that her hand might have been withered!) handed one to me, poor love-stricken youth.

IT was the custom then, as now, in Pomerania, for all the bride-maidens, crowned with beautiful wreaths, to precede the bride and bridegroom to church. The crowd of lords and ladies and young knights pouring out of the castle gates, in order to see them, separated Sidonia from this group, & she was left alone weeping. Now the whole population of the little town were running from every street leading to the church; and it happened that a courser ∴ of Otto Bork's came right against Sidonia with such violence, that, with a blow of his head, he knocked her down into the puddle (she was to lie there really in after-life). Her little balsam-flask was of no use to her here. She had to go back, dripping, to the castle, & appeared no more at her sister's nuptials, but consoled herself, however, by listening to the bellowing of the huntsman, whom they were beating black and blue by her orders beneath her window. I would willingly have returned with her, but was ashamed so to do, and therefore followed the others to church. All the common people that crowded the streets were allowed to enter. Then the bridegroom and his party, of whom the Duke was chief, advanced up to the right of the altar, and the bride and her party, of which Fabianus Timæus was the most distinguished, arrayed themselves on the left. I had now an opportunity of hearing the learned & excellent parson Dilavius myself; for he represented his patron (who was not present at the feast, but apologized for his absence by alleging that he must remain at the castle to look after the preparations) almost as an angel, and the young ladies, especially the bride, came in for even a larger share of his flattery; but he was so modest before these illustrious personages, that I observed, whenever he looked up from the book, he had one eye upon the Duke and another on Fabianus.

∴ A man who courses greyhounds

WHEN we returned to the castle, Sidonia met the bride-maidens again with joyous smiles. She now wore a white silk robe, laced with gold, and dancing-slippers with white silk hose. The diamonds still remained on her head, neck, and arms. She looked beautiful thus; and I could not withdraw my eyes

from her. We all now entered the bride-chamber, as the custom is, & there stood an immense bridal couch, with coverlet and draperies as white as snow; and all the bride-maids & the guests threw their wreaths upon it. Then the Prince, taking the bridegroom by the hand, led him up to it, & repeated an old German rhyme concerning the duties of the holy state upon which he had entered. When his Highness ceased, Fabianus took the bride by the hand, who blushed as red as a rose, and led her up in the same manner to the nuptial couch, where he uttered a long admonition on her duties to her husband, at which all wept, but particularly the bride-maidens. After this, we proceeded to the state hall, where Otto was seated on his throne waiting to receive them, & when his children had kissed his hand the dancing commenced. Otto invited the Prince to sit near him, and all the young knights and maidens who intended to dance ranged themselves on costly carpets, that were laid upon the floor all round by the walls. The trumpets & violins now struck up, and a band was stationed at each end of the hall, so that while the dancers were at the top one played, and when at the lower end the other.

∴ It will interest my fair readers to know that this was, word for word, the established form employed in those days for an invitation to dance.

I HASTENED to Sidonia, as she reclined upon the carpet, and bending low before her, said: "Beautiful maiden! will you not dance?" ∴ Upon which she smilingly gave me her little hand, & I raised her up, & led her away. I have said that I was a proficient in all knightly exercises, so that every one approached to see us dance. When Sidonia was tired I led her back, and threw myself beside her on the carpet. But in a little while three other young nobles came and seated themselves around her, and began to jest, and toy, & pay court to her. One played with her left hand and her rings, another with the gold net of her hair, while I held her right hand and pressed it. She coquettishly repelled them all, sometimes with her feet, sometimes with her hands. And when Hans von Damitz extolled her hair, she gave him such a blow on the nose with her head, that it began to bleed, and he was obliged to withdraw. Still one could see that all these blows, right & left, were not meant in earnest. This continued for some time until an Italian dance began, which she declined to join, & as I was left alone with her upon the carpet: "Now," thought I, "there can be no better time to decide my fate;" for she had pressed my hand frequently, both in the dance and since I had lain reclining beside her.

BEAUTIFUL Sidonia!" I said, "you know not how you have wounded my heart. I can neither eat nor sleep since I beheld you, and those five little kisses which you gave me burn through my frame like arrows" To which she answered, laughing: "It was your pastime, youth. It was your own wish to take those little kisses." "Ah! yes," I said, "it was my will, but give me more now and make me well." "What!" she exclaimed, "you desire more kisses? then will your pain become greater if, as you say, with every kiss an arrow enters your heart, so at last they would cause your death." "Ah, yes!" I answered, "unless you take pity on me, and promise to become my wife, they will indeed cause my death." As I said this, she sprang up, tore her hand away from me, and cried with mocking laughter: "What does the knave mean? Ha! ha! the poor miserable varlet!" I remained some moments stupefied with rage, then sprang to my feet without another word, left the hall, took my steed from the stable, and turned my back on the castle for ever. You may imagine how her ingratitude added to the bitterness of my feelings, when I considered that it was to me she owed her life. She afterwards offered herself to me for a wife, but she was then dishonoured, and I spat out at her in disgust. I never beheld her again till she was carried past my door to the scaffold.

GLL this the old man related with many sighs; but his after meeting with her shall be related more in extenso in its proper place. I shall now set down what further he communicated about the wedding feast "You may imagine," he said, "that I was curious to know all that happened after I left the castle, and my friend, Bogislaff von Suckow of Pegelow, told me as follows. After my departure, the young lords grew still more free and daring in their manner to Sidonia, so that when not dancing she had sufficient exercise in keeping them off with her hands and feet, until my friend Bogislaff attracted her whole attention, by telling her that he had just returned from Wolgast, where the ducal widow was much comforted by the presence of her son, Prince Ernest Ludovick, whom she had not seen since he went to the university. He was the handsomest youth in all Pomerania, and played the lute so divinely that at court he was compared to the god Apollo. Sidonia upon this fell into deep thought. In the meanwhile it was evident that his Highness old Duke Barnim, was greatly struck by her beauty, and wished to get near her upon the carpet; for his Grace was well known

to be a great follower of the sex, and many stories are whispered about a harem of young girls he kept at St. Mary's; but these things are allowable in persons of his rank. However, Fabianus Timæus, who sat by him, wished to prevent him approaching Sidonia, and made signs, and nudged him with his elbow; and finally they put their heads together and had a long argument.

AT last the Prince started up, and stepping to Otto, asked him, would he not dance? "Yes," he replied, "if your Grace will dance likewise." "Good," said the prince, "that can be soon arranged," and therewith he solicited Sidonia's hand. At this Fabianus was so scandalised, that he left the hall, and appeared no more until supper. After the dance, his Highness advanced to Otto, who was reseated on his throne, and said: "Why Otto, you have a beautiful daughter in Sidonia. She must come to my court, and when she appears amongst the other ladies, I swear she will make a better fortune than by staying shut up here in your old castle". On which Otto replied, sarcastically smiling: "Ay, my gracious Prince, she would be a dainty morsel for your Highness, no doubt; but there is no lack of noble visitors at my castle, I am proud to say". Jacob Kleist, the Chancellor, was now so humbled at the Duke's behaviour, that he, too, left the hall and followed Fabianus. Even the Duke changed colour, but before he had time to speak, Sidonia sprang forward, and having heard the whole conversation, entreated her father to accept the Duke's offer, and allow her either to visit the court at Wolgast, or at Old Stettin. What was she to do here? When the wedding-feast was over, no one would come to the castle but huntsmen and such like. So Otto at last consented that she might visit Wolgast, but on no account the court at Stettin. Then the young Sidonia began to coax and caress the old Duke, stroking his long beard, which reached to his girdle, with her little white hands, and prayed that he would place her with the princely Lady of Wolgast, for she longed to go there. People said that it was such a beautiful place, and the sea was not far off, which she had never been at in all her life. And so the Duke was pleased with her caresses, & promised that he would request his dear cousin, the ducal widow of Wolgast, to receive her as one of her maids of honour. Sidonia then further entreated that there might be no delay, and he answered that he would send a note to his cousin from the Diet, at Treptow, by the Grand Chamberlain of Wolgast, Ulrich von Schwerin, and that she would not have to wait long. But she

must go by Old Stettin, and stop at his palace for a while, and then he would bring her on himself to Wolgast, if he had time to spare.

WHILE Sidonia clapped her hands and danced about for joy, Otto looked grave, and said: "But, gracious Lord, the nearest way to Wolgast is by Cammin. Sidonia must make a circuit, if she goes by Old Stettin" The conversation was now interrupted by the lacqueys who came to announce that dinner was served Otto requested the Duke to take a place beside him at table, and treated him with somewhat more distinction than he had done in the morning; but a hot dispute soon arose, and this was the cause. As Otto drank deep in the wine-cup, he grew more reckless and daring, and began to display his heretical doctrines as openly as he had hitherto exhibited his pomp and magnificence, so that every one might learn that pride and ungodliness are twin brothers. May God keep us from both! And one of the guests having said, in confirmation of some fact, "The Lord Jesus knows I speak the truth!" the godless knight laughed scornfully, exclaiming: "The Lord Jesus knows as little about the matter as my old grandfather, lying there in his vault, of our wedding-feast to-day" There was a dead silence instantly, and the Prince, who had just lifted up some of the bear's paw to his lips, with mustard sauce and pastry all round it, dropped it again upon his plate, and opened his eyes as wide as they could go; then, hastily wiping his mouth with the salvet, exclaimed in low German: "What the devil, Otto! art thou a free-thinker?" who replied: "A true nobleman may, in all things, be a freethinker, and neither do all that a prince commands nor believe all that a pope teaches." To which the Duke answered: "What concerns me I pardon, for I do not believe that you will ever forget your duty to your prince. The times are gone by when a noble would openly offer violence to his sovereign, but for what concerns the honour of our Lord Christ, I must leave you in the hands of Fabianus to receive proper chastisement."

NOW Fabianus, seeing that all eyes were fixed on him, grew red and cleared his throat, and set himself in a position to argue the point with Lord Otto, beginning: "So you believe that Christ the Lord remained in the grave, and is not living and reigning for all eternity?"

Ille: "Yes; that is my opinion."

Hic: "What do you believe then? or do you believe in anything?"

∴ The history of all philosophy shows that this is psychologically true. Even Lucian satirizes the philosophers of his age who see God, or Gods in numbers, dogs, geese, trees, and other things. But monotheistic Christianity has preserved us for nearly 2,000 years from these aberrations of philosophy. However, as the authority of Christianity declined, the pagan tendency again became visible; until at length, in the Hegelian school, we have fallen back helplessly into the same pantheism which we left 2,000 years ago. In short, what Kant asserts is perfectly true: that the existence of God cannot be proved from reason. For the highest objects of all cognition: God, Freedom, and Immortality, can as little be evolved from the new philosophy, as beauty from the disgusting process of decomposition. And yet more impossible is it to imagine that this feeble Hegelian pantheism should ever become the crown and summit of all human thought, and final resting-place for all human minds. Reason, whether from an indwelling instinct, or from an innate causality-law, may assert that something supermundane exists, but can know nothing more and nothing further.

Ille: "Yes; I believe firmly in an all-powerful and omniscient God."
Hic: "How do you know he exists?"
Ille: "Because my reason tells me so."
Hic: "Your reason does not tell you so, good sir. It merely tells you that something supermundane exists, but cannot tell you whether it be one God or two Gods, or a hundred Gods, or of what nature are these Gods: whether spirits, or stars, or trees, or animals, or, in fine, any object you can name, for paganism has imagined a Deity in everything, which proves what I assert. You only believe in one God, because you sucked in the doctrine with your mother's milk." ∴
Ille: "How did it happen, then, that Abraham arrived at the knowledge of the one God, and called on the name of the Lord?"
Hic: "Do you compare yourself with Abraham? Have you ever studied Hebrew?"
Ille: "A little. In my youth I read through the book of Genesis."
Hic: "Good! then you know the Hebrew word for name is Shem?"
Ille: "Yes; I know that."
Hic: "Then you know that, from the time of Enos,

So we see the absurdity of chattering, in our journals & periodicals, of the progress of reason. The advance has been only formal, not essential. The formal advance has been in printing, railroads, & such like, in which direction we may easily suppose progression will yet further continue. But there has been no essential advance whatever. We know as little now of our own being, of the being of God, or even of that of the smallest Infusoria, as in the days of Thales and Anaximander. In short, when life begins, begins also our feebleness. "Therefore," says Paul, "we walk by faith, not by sight." Yet these would-be philosophers of our day will only walk by sight, not by faith, although they cannot see into anything, not even into themselves.

the name ∴ was preached (Genesis iv. 26), showing that the pure doctrine was known from the beginning. This doctrine was darkened & obscured by wise people like you, so that it was almost lost at the time of Abraham, who again preached the name of the Lord to unbelievers."

Ille: "What did this primitive doctrine contain?"

Hic: "Undoubtedly not only a testimony of the one living God of heaven and earth, but also clearly of Christ the Messiah, as he who was promised to our fallen parents in paradise (Genesis iii. 15)."

Ille: "Can you prove that Abraham had the witness of Christ?"

Hic: "Yes; from Christ's own words (John viii. 56): 'Abraham your father, rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad.' Item: Moses and all the prophets have witnessed of Him, of whom you say that he lies dead in the grave."

Ille: "Oh, that is just what the priests say."

Hic: "And Christ himself, Luke xxvi. 25 and 27. Do you not see, young man, that you mock the Prince of Life whom God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began (Titus i. 2.)? ay, even more than you mocked your temporal prince, this day? Poor sinner, what does it help you to believe in one God?"

"Even the devils believe and tremble," added Jacob Kleist, the Chancellor. "No, there is no other name given under heaven by which you can be saved; and will you be more wise than Abraham & the Prophets, and the Apostles, and all holy Christian churches up to this day? Shame on you, and remember what St. Paul says: 'Thinking themselves wise they became fools.' And in 1st Cor. xv. 17, "If Christ be not risen, then is your faith vain, and our preaching also vain. Ye are yet in your sins, and they who sleep in Christ are lost." ∴

SO Otto was silenced and coughed, for he had nothing to answer, and all the guests laughed; but fortunately, just then the offering-plate was handed round, and the Duke laid down two ducats, at which Otto smiled scornfully, and flung in seven rix-dollars, but laughed outright when Fabianus put down only four

∴ In order to understand the argument, the reader must remember that the name here is taken in the sense of the Greek λογος, and is considered as referring especially to Christ.

∴ This proof of Christ's divinity from the Old Testament was considered of the highest importance in the time of the apostles; but Schleiermacher, in his strange system, which may be called a mystic Rationalism, endeavours to shake the authority of the Old Testament in a most unpardonable and incomprehensible manner. This appears to me as if a man were to tear down a building from the sure foundation on which it had rested for a thousand years, and imagine it could rest in true stability only on the mere breath of his words.

groschen. This seemed to affront his Highness, for he whispered to his Chancellor to order the carriages, and rose up from table with his attendants. Then, offering his hand to Otto, said: "Take care, Otto, or the devil will have you one day in hell, like the rich man in Scripture." To which Otto replied, bowing low: "Gracious Lord, I hope at least to meet good company there. Farewell, and pardon me for not attending you to the castle gates, but I may not leave my guests." Then all the nobles rose up, and the young knights accompanied his Highness, as did also Sidonia, who now further entreated his Grace to remove her from her father's castle, since he saw himself how lightly God's word was held there. Fabianus was infinitely pleased to hear her speak in this manner, and promised to use all his influence towards having her removed from this Egypt.

HERE ended all that old Uckermann could relate of Sidonia's youth; so I determined to ride on to Stramehl, and learn there further particulars if possible. Accordingly, next day I took leave of the good old man, praying God to give him a peaceful death, and arrived at Stramehl with my servant. Here, however, I could obtain no information; for even the Bork family pretended to know nothing, just as if they never had heard of Sidonia (they were ashamed, I think, to acknowledge her), and the townspeople who had known her were all dead. The girl, indeed, was still living whose goose Sidonia had killed, but she was now an old woman in second childhood, and fancied that I was myself Sidonia, who had come to take away another goose from her. So I rode on to Freienwald, where I heard much that shall appear in its proper place; then to Old Stettin; and, after waiting three days for a fair wind, set sail for Wolgast, expecting to obtain much information there.

CHAPTER IV. HOW SIDONIA CAME TO THE COURT AT WOLGAST, & OF WHAT FURTHER HAPPENED TO HER THERE.

IN Wolgast I met with many persons whose fathers had known Sidonia, & what they related to me concerning her I have summed up into connexion for your Highness as follows: When Duke Barnim reached the Diet at Treptow, he immediately made known Sidonia's request to the Grand Chamberlain of Wolgast, Ulrich von Schwerin, who was also guardian to the five young princes. But he grumbled, and said: "The Ducal

Widow had maids of honour enough to dam up the river with if she chose; and he wished for no more pet doves to be brought to court, particularly not Sidonia; for he knew her father was ambitious and longed to be called 'your Grace.'" Even Fabianus could not prevail in Sidonia's favour. So the Duke & he returned home to Stettin; but scarcely had they arrived there, when a letter came from the ducal widow of Wolgast, saying, that on no account would she receive Sidonia at her court. The Duke might therefore keep her at his own if he chose. So the Duke took no further trouble, but Sidonia was not so easily satisfied; and taking the matter in her own hands, she left her father's castle without waiting his permission, and set off for Stettin. On arriving, she prayed the Duke to bring her to Wolgast without delay, as she knew there was an honourable, noble lady that would watch over her, as indeed she felt would be necessary at a court. And Fabianus supported her petition; for he was much edified with her expressed desire to crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts. Ah! could he have known her!

SO the kind-hearted Duke embarked with her immediately, without telling any one; and having a fair wind sailed up directly to the little water-gate, and anchored close beneath the Castle of Wolgast. Here they landed; the Duke having Sidonia under one arm, and a little wooden puppet under the other. It was an Eve, for whom Sidonia had served as the model; & truly she was an Eve in sin, and brought as much evil upon the land of Pomerania as our first mother upon the whole world. Sidonia was enveloped in a black mantle, and wore a hood lined with fur covering her face. The Duke also had on a large wrapping cloak, and a cap of yellow leather upon his head. So they entered the private gate and on through the first and second courts of the castle, without her Grace hearing a word of their arrival. And they proceeded on through the gallery, until they reached the private apartments of the princess, from whence resounded a psalm which her Grace was singing with her ladies while they spun, & which psalm was played by a little musical box placed within the Duchesse's own spinning-wheel. Duke Barnim had made it himself for her grace, & it was right pleasant to hear. After listening some time, the Duke knocked, & a maid of honour opened the door. When they entered, her Grace was so confounded that she dropped her thread & exclaimed: "Dear uncle! is this maiden, then, Sidonia?" examining her from head to foot while she spoke. The Duke excused himself by saying that he

had promised her father to bring her here; but her Grace cut short his apologies with: "Dear uncle, Dr. Martin Luther told me, on my wedding-day, that he never allowed himself to be interrupted at his prayers, because it betokened the presence of something evil. And you have now broken in on our devotions; therefore sit down with the maiden and join our psalm, if you know it." Then her Grace took up the reel again, and having set the clock-work going with her foot, struck up the psalm once more, in a clear loud voice, joined by all her ladies. But Sidonia sat still, and kept her eyes upon the ground. When they had ended, her Grace, having first crossed herself, advanced to Sidonia and said: "Since you arrived at my court, you may remain; but take care that you never lift your eyes upon the young men. Such wantons are hateful to my sight; for as the Scripture says, 'A fair woman without discretion is like a circlet of gold upon a swine's head.'" Sidonia changed colour at this, but the Duke, who held quite a diffent opinion about such women, entreated her Grace not to be always so gloomy and melancholy: that it was time now for her to forget her late spouse, and think of gayer subjects. To which she answered: "Dear uncle, I cannot forget my Philip, particularly as my fate was foreshadowed at my bridal by a most ominous occurrence." Now the Duke had heard this story of the bridal a hundred times; yet to please her he asked: "And what was it, dear cousin?" "Listen," she replied. "When Dr. Martin Luther exchanged our rings, mine fell from his hand to the ground; at which he was evidently troubled, and taking it up, he blew on it; then turning round, exclaimed, 'Away with thee, Satan! away with thee, Satan! Meddle not in this matter!' And so my dear lord was taken from me in his forty-fifth year, & I was left a desolate widow." Here she sobbed & put her kerchief to her eyes. "But, cousin," said the Duke, "remember you have a great blessing from God in your five fine sons. And that reminds me: where are they all now?" This restored her Grace, and she began to discourse of her children, telling how handsome was the young Prince Ernest, and that he and the little Casimir were only with her now. Here Sidonia, as the other ladies remarked, moved restlessly on her chair, & her eyes flashed like torches, so that it was evident some plan had struck her, for she was strengthening day by day in wickedness. "Ay, cousin," cried the Duke, "it is no wonder a handsome mother should have handsome sons. And now what think you of giving us a jolly wedding? It is time for you to think of a second husband, methinks, after having wept ten years for your Philip. The best doctor, they

say, for a young widow, is a handsome lover. What think you of myself, for instance?" And he pulled off his leather cap, and put his white head and beard up close to her Grace. Now though her Grace could not help laughing at his position & words, yet she grew as sour as vinegar again immediately; for all the ladies tittered, and, as to Sidonia, she laughed outright. "Fie! uncle," said her Grace, "a truce to such folly; do you not know what St. Paul says: 'Let the widows abide even as I?'" "Ay, true, dear cousin; but, then, does he not say, too: 'I will that the younger widows marry'?" "Ah, but dear uncle, I am no longer young." "Why, you are as young and active as a girl; and I engage, cousin, if any stranger came in here to look for the widow, he would find it difficult to make her out amongst the young maidens; don't you think so, Sidonia?" "Ah, yes," she replied; "I never imagined her Grace was so young. She is as blooming as a rose." This appeared to please the Princess, for she smiled slightly and then sighed; but gave his Grace a smart slap when he attempted to seize her hand & kiss it, saying: "Now, uncle, I told you to leave off this foolery."

AT this moment the band outside struck up Duke Bogislaff's march, the same that was played before him in Jerusalem when he ascended the Via Dolorosa up to Golgotha; for it was the custom here to play this march half an hour before dinner, in order to gather all the household, knights, squires, pages, and even grooms and peasants, to the castle, where they all received entertainment. And ten rooms were laid with dinner, and all stood open, so that any one might enter under the permission of the Court Marshal. All this I must notice here, because Sidonia afterwards caused much scandal by these means. The music now rejoiced her greatly, and she began to move her little feet, not in a pilgrim, but in a waltz measure, & to beat time with them, as one could easily perceive by the motion underneath her mantle. The Grand Chamberlain, Ulrich von Schwerin, now entered, and having looked at Sidonia with much surprise, advanced to kiss the hand of the Duke and bid him welcome to Wolgast. Then, turning to her Grace, he inquired if the twelve pages should wait at table to do honour to the Duke of Stettin. But the Duke forbade them, saying he wished to dine in private for this day with the Duchess and her two sons; the Grand Chamberlain, too, he hoped would be present, and Sidonia might have a seat at the ducal table, as she was of noble blood; besides, he had taken her likeness as Eve, & the first of women ought

to sit at the first table. Hereupon, the Duke drew forth the puppet, and called to Ulrich: "Here! you have seen my Adam in Treptow, what think you now of Eve? Look, dear cousin, is she not the image of Sidonia?" At this speech both looked very grave. Ulrich said nothing, but her Grace replied: "You will make the girl vain, dear uncle." And Ulrich added: "Yes, and the image has such an expression, that, if the real Eve looked so, I think she would have left her husband in the lurch, and run with the devil himself to the devil" While the last verse of the march was playing "To Zion comes Pomerania's Prince," they proceeded to dinner; the Duke and the Princes leading, while from every door along the corridor, the young knights and pages peeped out to get a sight of Sidonia, who having thrown off her mantle, swept by them in a robe of crimson velvet laced with gold When they entered the dining-hall, Prince Ernest was leaning against one of the pillars wearing a black Spanish mantle, fastened with chains of gold. He stepped forward to greet the Duke, & inquire after his health The Duke was well pleased to see him, & tapped him on the cheek, exclaiming: "By my faith, cousin, I have not heard too much of you. What a fine youth you have grown up since you left the university."

BUT how Sidonia's eyes sparkled when (for his misfortune) she found herself seated next him at table. The Duchess now called upon Sidonia to say the "gratias," but she blundered and stammered, which many imputed to modesty, so that Prince Ernest had to repeat it in her stead This seemed to give him courage; for when the others began to talk around the table, he ventured to bid her welcome to his mother's court When they rose from table, Sidonia was again commanded to say grace, but being unable, the Prince came to her relief and repeated the words for her. And now the evil spirit without doubt put it into the Duke's head, who had drunk rather freely, to say to her Grace: "Dear Cousin, I have introduced the Italian fashion at my court, which is, that every knight kisses the lady next him on rising from dinner . . let us do the same here." And herewith he first kissed her Grace & then Sidonia. Ulrich von Schwerin looked grave at this and shook his head, particularly when the Duke encouraged Prince Ernest to follow his example; but the poor youth looked quite ashamed, and cast down his eyes. However, when he raised them again Sidonia's were fixed on him, and she murmured: "Will you not learn?" with such a glance accompanying the words, that he could no longer resist to

touch her lips. So there was great laughing in the hall; & the Duke, then taking his puppet under one arm and Sidonia under the other, descended with her to the Castle Gardens, complaining that he never got a good laugh in this gloomy house, let him do what he would. And the next day he departed, though the Prince sent his equerry to know would his Grace desire to hunt that day, or if he preferred fishing there were some excellent carp within the domain. But the Duke replied, that he would neither ride nor fish, but sail away at ten of the clock, if the wind were favourable. So many feared that his Grace was annoyed, and therefore the Duchess and Prince Ernest, along with the Grand Chamberlain, attended him to the gate; and even to please him, Sidonia was allowed to accompany them. The Pomeranian standard also was hoisted to do him honour, and finally he bade the illustrious widow farewell, recommending Sidonia to her care. But the fair maiden herself he took in his arms, she weeping and sobbing, and admonished her to be careful and discreet. And so, with a fair wind, set sail from Wolgast, & never once looked back.

CHAPTER V. SIDONIA KNOWS NOTHING OF GOD'S WORD, BUT SEEKS TO LEARN IT FROM THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WOLGAST.

EXT day, Sunday, her Grace was unable to attend divine service in the church, having caught cold by neglecting to put on her mantle, when she accompanied the Duke down to the water-gate. However, though her Grace could not leave her chamber, yet she heard the sermon of the preacher all the same; for an ear-tube descended from her apartment down on the top of the pulpit by which means every word reached her, and a maid of honour always remained in attendance to find out the lessons of the day, and the other portions of the divine service for her Grace, who thus could follow the clergyman word for word. Sidonia was the one selected for the office on this day. But, gracious Heavens! when the Duchess said: "Find me out the prophet Isaiah," Sidonia looked in the New Testament; and when she said, "Open the gospel of St. John," Sidonia looked in the Old Testament. At first her Grace did not perceive her blunders, but when she became aware of them, she started up, and tearing the Bible out of her hands, exclaimed: "What! are you a heathen? Yesterday you could

not repeat a simple grace that every child knows by heart, and today you do not know the difference between the Old & New Testaments. For shame. Alas! what an ill weed I have introduced into my house." So the cunning wench began to weep, and said, her father had never allowed her to learn Christianity, though she wished to do so ardently, but always made a mock of it, and for this reason she had sought a refuge with her Grace, where she hoped to become a truly pious and believing Christian. The Duchess was quite softened by her tears, and promised that Dr. Dionysius Gerschovius should examine her in the catechism, and see what she knew. He was a learned man from Daber, and her Grace's chaplain. The very idea of the doctor frightened Sidonia so much, that her teeth chattered, and she entreated her Grace, while she kissed her hand, to allow her at least a fortnight for preparation and study before the doctor came. The Duchess promised this, and said, that Clara von Dewitz, another of her maidens, would be an excellent person to assist her in her studies, as she came from Daber also, and was familiar with the views and doctrines held by Dr. Gerschovius. This Clara we shall hear more of in our history. She was a year older than Sidonia, intelligent, courageous, and faithful, with a quiet, amiable disposition, and of most pious and Christian demeanour. She wore a high stiff ruff, out of which peeped forth her head scarcely visible, and a long robe, like a stole, sweeping behind her. She was privately betrothed to her Grace's Master of the Horse, Marcus Bork by name, a cousin of Sidonia's; for, as her Grace discouraged all kinds of gallantry or love-making at her court, they were obliged to keep the matter secret; so that no one, not even her Grace, suspected anything of the engagement. This was the person appointed to instruct Sidonia in Christianity; and every day the fair pupil visited Clara in her room for an hour; but, alas! theology was sadly interrupted by Sidonia's folly and levity, for she chattered away on all subjects: first about Prince Ernest: was he affianced to any one? was he in love? had Clara herself a lover? and if that old proser, meaning the Duchess, looked always as sour? Did she never allow a feast or a dance? and then she would toss the catechism under the bed, or tear it and trample on it, muttering, with much ill-temper, that she was too old to be learning catechisms like a child. Poor Clara tried to reason with her mildly, and said: "Her Grace was very particular on these points. The maids of honour were obliged to assemble weekly once in the church and once in her Grace's own room, to be examined by Dr. Gerschovius, not only in the Lutheran

catechism, which they all knew well, but also in that written by his brother, Dr. Timothy Gerschovius of Old Stettin; so Sidonia had better first learn the Catechismum Lutheri, & afterwards the Catechismum Gerschovii." At last Sidonia grew so weary of catechisms, that she determined to run away from court.

BUT Satan had more for her to do; so he put a little syrup into the wormwood draught, and thus it was. One day passing along the corridor from Clara's room, it so happened that Prince Ernest opened his door, just as she came up to it, to let out the smoke, and then began to walk up and down, playing softly on his lute. Sidonia stood still for a few minutes with her eyes thrown up in extasy, & then passed on; but the Prince stepped to the door, and asked her, did she play? "Alas! no," she answered. "Her father had forbidden her to learn the lute, though music was her passion, and her heart seemed almost breaking with joy when she listened to it. If his Highness would but play one little air over again for her?" "Yes, if you will enter, but not while you are standing there at my door" "Ah, do not ask me to enter, that would not be seemly; but I will sit down here on this beer-barrel in the corridor and listen; besides, music is improved by distance." And she looked so tenderly at the young Prince that his heart burned within him, and he stepped out into the corridor to play; but the sound reaching the ears of her Grace, she looked out, and Sidonia jumped up from the beer-barrel, and fled away to her own room.

WHEN Sunday came again, all the maids of honour were assembled, as usual, in her Grace's apartment, to be examined in the catechism; and probably the Duchess had lamented much to the doctor over Sidonia's levity and ignorance, for he kept a narrow watch on her the whole day. At four of the clock, Dr. Gerschovius entered in his gown and bands, looking very solemn; for it was a saying of his, "that the devil invented laughter; and that it were better for a man to be a weeping Heraclitus than a laughing Democritus." After he had kissed the hand of her Grace, he said they had better now begin with the Commandments; and, turning to Sidonia, asked her: "What is forbidden by the seventh commandment?" Now Sidonia, who had only learned the Lutheran catechism, did not understand the question in this form out of the Gerschovian catechism, and remained silent. "What!" said the Doctor, "not know my brother's catechism! You must get one directly from

the court bookseller, the catechism of Doctor Timothy Gerschovius, and have it learned by next Sunday." Then, turning to Clara, he repeated the question, and she having answered, received great praise. Now it happened that just at this time the ducal horses were led up to the horse-pond to water, and all the young pages and knights were gathered in a group under the window of her Grace's apartment, laughing and jesting merrily. So Sidonia looked out at them, which the doctor no sooner perceived than he slapped her on the hand with the catechism, exclaiming: "What! have you not heard just now that all sinful desires are forbidden by the seventh commandment, and yet you look forth upon the young men from the window? Tell me what are sinful desires?" But the proud girl grew red with indignation, and cried: "Do you dare to strike me?" Then turning to her Grace, she said: "Madam, that sour old priest has struck me on the fingers. I will not suffer this. My father shall hear of it". Hereupon her Grace, and even the doctor, tried to appease her, but in vain, and she ran crying from the apartment. In the corridor she met the old Treasurer, Jacob Zitsewitz, who hated the doctor and all his rigid doctrines. So she complained of the treatment which she had received, and pressed his hand and stroked his beard, saying, would he permit a castle & land-dowered maiden to be scolded and insulted by an old parson, because she looked out at a window? That was worse than in the days of popery. Now Zitsewitz, who had a little wine in his head, on hearing this, ran in great wrath to the apartment of her Grace, where soon a great uproar was heard. For the treasurer, in the heat of his remonstrance with the priest, struck a little table violently which stood near him, and overthrew it. On this had lain the superb escritoir of her Highness, made of Venetian glass, in which the ducal arms were painted; and also the magnificent album of her deceased lord, Duke Philip; the escritoir was broken, the ink poured forth upon the album, from thence ran down to the costly Persian carpet, a present from her brother the Prince of Saxony, and finally stained the velvet robe of her Highness herself, who started up screaming, so that the old chamberlain rushed in to know what had happened, and then he fell into a rage both with the priest and the treasurer. At length her Grace was comforted by hearing that a chymist in Grypswald could restore the book, and mend the glass again as good as new; still she wept, and exclaimed: "Alas! who could have thought it? all this was foreshadowed to her by Dr. Martinus dropping her ring". Here the treasurer, to conciliate her Grace, pretended that he never had

heard the story of the betrothal, & asked: "What does your Grace mean?" Whereupon drying her eyes she answered: "Oh, Master Jacob, you will hear a strange story," and here she went over each particular, though every child in the street had it by heart. So this took away her grief, and every one got to rights again, for that day. But worse was soon to befal.

I HAVE said that half an hour before dinner the band played to summon all within the castle and the retainers to their respective messes, as the custom then was; so that the long corridor was soon filled with a crowd of all conditions, pages, knights, squires, grooms, maids, and huntsmen, all hurrying to the apartments where their several tables were laid. Sidonia, being aware of this, upon the first toll of the drum skipped out into the corridor, dancing up & down the whole length of it to the music, so that the players declared they had never seen so beautiful a dancer, at which her heart beat with joy; & as the crowd came up, they stopped to admire her grace and beauty. Then she would pause and say a few pleasing words to each, to a huntsman, if he were passing: "Ah, I think no deer in the world could escape you, my fine young peasant;" or if a knight, she would praise the colour of his doublet & the tie of his garter; or if a laundress she would commend the whiteness of her linen which she had never seen equalled, and as to the old cook and butler, she enchanted them by asking had his Grace of Stettin ever seen them; for assuredly if he had, he would have taken their fine heads as models for Abraham and Noah. Then she flung largess amongst them to drink the health of the Duchess; only when a young noble passed, she grew timid and durst not venture to address him, but said, loud enough for him to hear: "Oh, how handsome! Do you know his name?" Or: "It is easy to see that he is a born nobleman," & such like hypocritical flatteries. The princess never knew a word of all this, for, according to etiquette, she was the last to seat herself at table. So Sidonia's doings were not discovered until too late, for by that time she had won over the whole court, great & small, to her interests. Amongst the cavaliers who passed one day, were two fine young men, Wedig von Schwetzkow, and Johann Appelmann, son of the burgomaster at Stargard. They were both handsome, but Johann was a dissolute wild profligate, and Wedig was not troubled with too much sense. Still he had not fallen into the evil courses which made the other so notorious. "Who is that handsome youth?" asked Sidonia, as Johann passed, & when

they told her, "Ah, a gentleman!" she exclaimed; "who is of far higher value in my eyes than a nobleman" Summa; they both fell in love with her on the instant; but all the young squires were the same more or less, except her cousin Marcus Bork, seeing that he was already betrothed. Likewise after dinner, in place of going direct to the ladies' apartments, she would take a circuitous rout, so as to go by the quarter where the men dined, and as she passed their doors, which they left open on purpose, what rejoicing there was, and such running and squeezing just to get a glimpse of her, the little putting their heads under the arms of the tall, and there they began to laugh & chat; but neither the Duchess nor the old Chamberlain knew anything of this, for they were in a different wing of the castle, and besides always took a sleep after dinner However, old Zitsewitz, when he heard the clamour, knew well it was Sidonia, and would jump up from the marshal's table, though the old marshal shook his head, and run to the gallery to have a chat with her himself, and she laughed and coquetted with him, so that the old knight would run after her & take her in his arms, asking her where she would wish to go. Then she sometimes said: to the castle garden to feed the pet stag, for she had never seen so pretty a thing in all her life, and she would fetch crumbs of bread with her to feed it. So he must needs go with her, and Sidonia ran down the steps with him that led from the young men's quarter to the castle court, while they all rose up to look after her, and laugh at the old fool of a treasurer. But in a short time they followed too, running up and down the steps in crowds, to see Sidonia feeding the stag and caressing it, and sometimes trying to ride on it, while old Zitsewitz held the horns Prince Ernest beheld all this from a window, & was ready to die with jealousy and mortification, for he felt that Sidonia was gay and friendly with every one but him. Indeed, since the day of the lute playing, he fancied she shunned him & treated him coldly. But as Sidonia had observed particularly, that whenever the young prince passed her in the gallery, he cast down his eyes and sighed, she took another way of managing him.

CHAPTER VI. HOW THE YOUNG PRINCE PREPARED A PETITION TO HIS MOTHER THE DUCHESS IN FAVOUR OF SIDONIA: ITEM, OF THE STRANGE DOINGS OF THE LAPLANDER WITH HIS MAGIC DRUM.

THE day preceding that on which Sidonia was to repeat the Catechism of Doctor Gerschovius (of which, by the way, she had not learned one word), the young Duke suddenly entered his mother's apartment, where she and her maidens were spinning, and asked her if she remembered anything about a Laplander with a drum, who had foretold some event to her and his father whilst they were at Penemunde, some years before; for he had been arrested at Eldena, and was now in Wolgast. "Alas," said her Grace, "I perfectly remember the horrible sorcerer. One spring I was at the hunt with your father, near Penemunde, when this wretch suddenly appeared driving two cows before him, on a large ice-field. He pretended that while he was telling fortunes to the girls who milked the cows, a great storm arose, and drove him out into the wide sea, which was a terrible misfortune to him. But your father told him, in Swedish, which language the knave knew, that it had been better to prophesy his own destiny. To which he replied, a man could as little foretell his own fate as see the back of his own head, which every one can see but himself. However, if the Duke wished, he would tell him his fortune, and if it did not come out true, let all the world hold him as a liar for his life long. Alas! your father consented. Whereupon the knave began to dance and play upon his drum like one frenzied; so that it was evident to see the spirit was working within him. Then he fell down like one dead, and cried, 'Woe to thee when thy house is burning! Woe to thee when thy house is burning!' "Therefore be warned, my son; have nothing to do with this fellow, for it so happened even as he said. On the 11th December, '57, our castle was burned, and your poor father had a rib broken in consequence. Would that I had been the rib, broken for him, so that he might still reign over the land; & this was the true cause of his untimely death. Therefore, dismiss this sorcerer, for it is Satan himself speaks in him". Here Sidonia grew quite pale, & dropped the thread, as if taken suddenly ill. Then she prayed the Duchess to excuse her, and permit her to retire to her own room. The moment the Duchess gave permission, Sidonia glided

out; but, in place of going to her chamber, she threw herself in a languid attitude upon a seat in the corridor, just where she knew Prince Ernest must pass, & leaned her head upon her hand. He soon came out of his mother's room, & seeing Sidonia, took her hand tenderly, asking, with visible emotion: "Dear lady, what has happened?" "Ah," she answered, "I am so weak that I cannot go on to my little apartment. I know not what ails me; but I am so afraid" "Afraid of what, dearest lady?" "Of that sour old priest. He is to examine me to-morrow in the Catechism of Gerschovius, and I cannot learn a word of it, do what I will. I know Luther's Catechism quite well" (this was a falsehood, we know), "but that does not satisfy him, & if I cannot repeat it he will slap my hands or box my ears, and my lady the Duchess will be more angry than ever; but I am too old now to learn catechisms" Then she trembled like an aspen-leaf, and fixed her eyes on him with such tenderness that he trembled likewise, and drawing her arm within his, supported her to her chamber. On the way she pressed his hand repeatedly, but with each pressure, as he afterwards confessed, a pang shot through his heart, which might have excited compassion from his worst enemy.

THEN they reached her chamber, she would not let him enter, but modestly put him back, saying, "Leave me: ah! leave me, gracious Prince. I must creep to my bed; and in the meantime, let me entreat you to persuade the priest not to torment me to-morrow morning." The Prince now left her, & forgetting all about the Lapland wizard whom he had left waiting in the courtyard, he rushed over the drawbridge, up the main street behind St. Peter's, and into the house of Dr. Gerschovius. The doctor was indignant at his petition. "My young Prince," he said, "if ever a human being stood in need of God's word, it is that young maiden." At last, however, upon the entreaties of Prince Ernest, he consented to defer her examination for four weeks, during which time she could fully perfect herself in the catechism of his learned brother. He then prayed the Prince not to allow his eyes to be dazzled by this fair, sinful beauty, who would delude him as she had done all the other men in the castle, not excepting even that old sinner Zitsewitz.

WHEN the Prince returned to the castle, he found a great crowd assembled round the Lapland wizard, all eagerly asking to have their fortunes told, & Sidonia was amongst them, as merry and lively as if nothing had ailed her. When the Prince expressed his surprise, she said, that finding herself much relieved by

lying down, she had ventured into the fresh air, to recreate herself, and have her fortune told. Would not the Prince likewise wish to hear his? So, forgetting all his mother's wise injunctions, he advanced with Sidonia to the wizard. The Lapland drum, which lay upon his knees, was a strange instrument; & by it we can see what arts Satan employs to strengthen his kingdom, in all places and by all means. For the Laplanders are Christians, though they in some sort worship the devil, and therefore he imparts to them much of his own power. This drum which they use is made out of a piece of hollow wood, which must be either fir, pine, or birch, and which grows in such a particular place, that it follows the course of the sun; that is, the Pectines, Fibræ, and Lineæ, in the annual rings of the wood, must wind from right to left. Having hollowed out such a tree, they spread a skin over it, fastened down with little pegs; and on the centre of the skin is painted the sun, surrounded by figures of men, beasts, birds, & fishes, along with Christ and the holy apostles. All this is done with the rind of the elder-tree, chewed first beneath their teeth. Upon the top of the drum there is an index in the shape of a triangle, from which hang a number of little rings and chains. When the wizard wishes to propitiate Satan & receive his power, he strikes the drum with a hammer made of the rein-deer's horn, not so much to procure a sound as to set the index in motion with all its little chains, that it may move over the figures, & point to whatever gives the required answer. At the same time the magician murmurs conjurations, springs sometimes up from the ground, screams, laughs, dances, reels, becomes black in the face, foams, twists his eyes, & falls to the ground at last in an ecstasy, dragging the drum down upon his face. Any one may then put questions to him, and all will come to pass that he answers. All this was done by the wizard, but he desired strictly that when he fell upon the ground, no one should touch him with the foot, and, secondly, that all flies & insects should be kept carefully from him. So after he had danced, & screamed, and twisted his face so horribly that half the women fainted, and foamed and raged until the demon seemed to have taken full possession of him, he fell down, & then every one put questions to him, to which he responded; but the answers sometimes produced weeping, sometimes laughing, according as some gentle maiden heard that her lover was safe, or that he had been struck by the mast on shipboard and tumbled into the sea. And all came out true, as was afterwards proved. Sidonia now invited the prince to try his fortune, & so, forgetting the admonitions of the Duchess, he said, "What dost thou prophesy to me?" "Beware of a woman, if you would live long & happily," was the answer. "But of what woman?" "I will not name her,

for she is present." Then the Prince turned pale & looked at Sidonia, who grew pale also, but made no answer, only laughed & advancing asked: "What dost thou prophesy to me?" But immediately the wizard shrieked: "Away! away! I burn, I burn! thou makest me yet hotter than I am!" Many thought these exclamations referred to Sidonia's beauty, particularly the young lords, who murmured: "Now every one must acknowledge her beauty, when even this son of Satan feels his heart burning when she approaches." And Sidonia laughed merrily at their gallantries. Just then the Grand Chamberlain came by, and having heard what had happened, he angrily dismissed the crowd, and sending for the executioner, ordered the cheating impostor to be whipped and branded, & then sent over the frontier. The wizard, who had been lying quite stiff, now cried out (though he had never seen the Chamberlain before): "Listen, Ulrich! I will prophesy something to thee: if it comes not to pass, then punish me; but if it does, then give me a boat and seven loaves, that I may sail away to-morrow to my own country" Ulrich refused to hear his prophecy, but the wizard cried out: "Ulrich, this day thy wife Hedwig will die at Spantekow" Ulrich grew pale, but only answered: "Thou liest! how can that be?" He replied: "Thy cousin Clas will visit her; she will descend to the cellar to fetch him some of the Italian wine for which you wrote, & which arrived yesterday. A step of the stairs will break as she is ascending. She will fall forward upon the flask, which will cut her throat through, and so she will die" When he ceased, the alarmed Ulrich called loudly to the chief equerry, Appelmann, who just then came by: "Quick! saddle the best racer in the stables, & ride for life to Spantekow, for it may be as he has prophesied, and let us outwit the devil. Haste, haste, for the love of God, and I will never forget it to thee" So the equerry rode without stop or stay to Spantekow, & he found the cousin Clas in the house, but when he asked for the Lady Hedwig, they said, "She is in the cellar." So no misfortune had happened then; but as they waited and she appeared not, they descended to look for her, and lo! just as the wizard had prophesied, she had fallen upon the stairs while ascending, & there lay dead. The mournful news was brought by sunset to Wolgast, and Ulrich, in his despair and grief, wished to burn the Laplander, but Prince Ernest hindered him, saying: "It is more knightly, Ulrich, to keep your word than to cool your vengeance." So the old man stood silent a long space, and then said: "Well, young man, if you abandon Sidonia, I will release the Laplander" The Prince coloured, and the Lord Chamberlain thought that he had discovered a secret; but as the prophecy of the

wizard came again into Prince Ernest's mind, he said: "Well, Ulrich, I will give up the maiden Sidonia. Here is my hand" Accordingly, next morning the wizard was released from prison & given a boat, with seven loaves and a pitcher of water, that he might sail back to his own country. The wind, however, was due north, but the people who crossed the bridge to witness his departure were filled with fear, when they saw him change the wind at his pleasure to suit himself; for he pulled out a string full of knots and having swung it about, murmuring incantations, all the vanes on the towers creaked and whirled right about, all the windmills in the town stopped, all the vessels and boats that were going up the stream became quite still, and their sails flapped on the masts, for the wind had changed in a moment from north to south, and the north waves & the south waves clashed together As every one stood wondering at this, the sailors & fishermen in particular, the wizard sprang into his boat and set forth with a fair wind, singing loudly, Jooike Duara! Jooike Duara!" ∴ and soon disappeared from sight, nor was he ever again seen in that country.

∴ This is the beginning of a magic rhyme, chanted even by the distant Calmucks, namely, Dschiejo eiejog

CHAPTER VII. HOW ULRICH VON SCHWERIN BURIES HIS SPOUSE, & DOCTOR GERSCHOVIUS COMFORTS HIM OUT OF GOD'S WORD.

THIS affair with the Lapland wizard much troubled the grand chamberlain, and his faith suffered sore temptations. So he referred to Dr. Gerschovius, and asked him how the prophets of God differed from those of the devil. Whereupon the doctor recommended him to meditate on God's word, wherein he would find a source of consolation and a solution of all doubts So the mourning Ulrich departed for his castle of Spantekow, trusting in the assistance of God. And her Grace, with all her court, resolved to attend the funeral also, to do him honour. They proceeded forth, therefore, dressed in black robes; their horses also caparisoned with black hangings; and the Duchess ordered a hundred wax lights for the ceremony. Sidonia alone declined attending, and gave out that she was sick in bed. The truth, however, was, that as Duke Ernest was obliged to remain at home to take the command of the castle, & affix his signature to all papers, she wished to remain also The mourning cortege, therefore, had scarcely left the court, when Sidonia rose and seated herself at the window, which she knew the young Prince must pass along with

his attendants, on their way to the office of the castle. Then taking up a lute, which she had purchased privately, & practised night and morning in place of learning the catechism, she played a low soft air, to attract their attention. So all the young knights looked up; and when Prince Ernest arrived he looked up also, and seeing Sidonia exclaimed, with surprise, "Beautiful Sidonia, how have you learned the lute?" At which she blushed & answered modestly, "Gracious Prince, I am only self-taught. No one here understands the lute except your Highness" "Does this employment, then, give you much pleasure?" "Ah, yes! If I could only play it well, I would give half my life to learn it properly. There is no such sweet enjoyment upon earth, I think, as this" "But you have been sick, lady, and the cold air will do you an injury" "Yes, it is true I have been ill, but the air rather refreshes me; & besides I feel the melancholy of my solitude less here" "Now farewell, dear lady; I must attend to the business of the castle" This little word, "dear lady," gave Sidonia such confidence, that by the time she expected Prince Ernest to pass again on his return, she was seated at the window awaiting him with her lute, to which she now sang in a clear, sweet voice. But the Prince passed on as if he heard nothing, never even once looked up, to Sidonia's great mortification. However, the moment he reached his own apartment, he commenced playing a melancholy air upon his lute, as if in response to hers. The artful young maiden no sooner heard this than she opened the door. The Prince at the same instant opened his to let out the smoke, and their eyes met, when Sidonia uttered a feeble cry and fell fainting upon the floor. The Prince seeing this, flew to her, raised her up, &, trembling with emotion, carried her back to her room and laid her down upon the bed. Now indeed it was well for him that he had given that promise to Ulrich. When Sidonia after some time slowly opened her eyes, the Prince asked tenderly what ailed her; & she said: "I must have taken cold at the window, for I felt very ill, & went to the door to call an attendant; but I must have fainted then, for I remember nothing more." Alas! the poor Prince, he believed all this, and conjured her to lie down until he called a maid, & sent for the physician if she desired it; but, no, she refused, and said it would pass off soon. (Ah! thou cunning maiden! it may well pass off when it never was on) However, she remained in bed until the next day, when the Princess and her train returned home from the funeral. Her Grace had assisted at the obsequies with all princely state, and even laid a crown of rosemary with her own hand upon the head of the corpse, and a little prayer-book beside it, open at that fine hymn, "Pauli

Sperati" (which also was sung over the grave). Then the husband laid a tin crucifix on the coffin, with the inscription from 1 John iii. 8: "The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." After which the coffin was lowered into the grave with many tears.

SOME days after this, being Sunday, Doctor Gerschovius and the Grand Chamberlain were present at the ducal table. Ulrich indeed ate little, for he was filled with grief, only sipped a little broth, into which he had crumbled some reindeer cheese, not to appear ungracious; but when dinner was over, he raised his head, and asked Doctor Gerschovius to inform him now in what lay the difference between the prophets of God and those of the devil. The Duchess was charmed at the prospect of such a profitable discourse, and ordered a cushion and footstool to be placed for herself that she might remain to hear it. Then she sent for the whole household, maidens, squires, and pages, that they too might be edified, and learn the true nature of the devil's gifts. The hall was soon as full, therefore, as if a sermon were about to be preached; & the doctor, seeing this, stroked his beard, and he begun as follows: ∴

∴ Perhaps some readers will hold the rationalist doctrine that no prophecy is possible or credible, & that no mortal can under any circumstances see into futurity; but how then can they account for the wonderful phenomena of animal magnetism, which are so well authenticated? Do they deny all the facts which have been elicited by the great advance made recently in natural and physiological philosophy? I need not here bring forward proofs from the ancients, showing their universal belief in the possibility of seeing into futurity, nor a cloud of witnesses from our modern philosophers, attesting the truth of the phenomena of somnambulism, but only observe that this very Academy of Paris, which in 1784 anathematized Mesmer as a quack, a cheat, a charlatan or fool, and which in conjunction with all the academies of Europe (that of Berlin alone excepted), reviled his doctrines, and insulted all who upheld them, as witches had been reviled in preceding centuries, & compelled Mesmer himself to fly for protection to Frankfort; this very academy, I say, on the 12th February, 1826, rescinded all their condemnatory verdicts, & proclaimed that the wonderful phenomena of animal magnetism had been so well authenticated that doubt was no longer possible. This confession of faith was the more remarkable, because the members of the commission of inquiry had been carefully selected, on purpose, from physicians who were totally adverse to the doctrines of Mesmer. There are but two modes, I think, of explaining these extraordinary phenomena, either by supposing them effected by supernatural agency, as all seers and diviners from antiquity, through the middle ages down to our somnambulists, have pretended that they really stood in communication with spirit; or, by supposing that there is an innate latent divining element in our own natures, which only becomes evident and active under certain circumstances, and which is capable of re-

vealing the future with more or less exactitude just as the mind can recall the past. For past and future are but different forms of our own subjective intuition of time, and because this internal intuition represents no figure we seek to supply the defect by an analogy. For time exists within us not without us; it is not something which subsists of itself, but it is the form only of our internal sense. These two modes of explaining the phenomena present, I know, great difficulties; the latter especially. However, the pantheistical solution of the Hegelian school adopted by Kieser, Kluge, Wirth, Hoffman, pleases me still less. I even prefer that of Jung-Stilling and Kerner; but at all events one thing is certain, the facts are there. Only ignorance, stupidity, and obstinacy can deny them, the cause is still a subject of speculation, doubt, and difficulty. It is only by a vast induction of facts, as in natural philosophy, that we can ever hope to arrive at the knowledge of a general law. The crown of all creation is man, therefore while we investigate so acutely all other creatures, let us not shrink back from the strange & unknown depths of our own nature, which magnetism has opened to us.

∴ It is doubtful of what this drink was composed. Hieronymus & Aben Ezra imagine that it was of the nature of strong beer. Probably it resembled the potion with which the mystery-men amongst the savages of the present day produce this divining frenzy. We find such in use throughout Tartary, Siberia, America, & Africa, as if the usage had descended to them from one common tradition. Witches, it is well known, made frequent use of potions, and as all somnambulists assert that the seat of the soul's greatest activity is in the stomach, it is not incredible what Van Helmont relates, that having once tasted the root napellus his intellect all at once, accompanied by an unusual feeling of ecstacy, seemed to remove from his brain to his stomach

I AM rejoiced to treat of this subject, now considering how lately that demon Lapp befooled ye all. And I shall give you many signs, whereby in future a prophet of God may be distinguished from a prophet of the devil. First, Satan's prophets are not conscious of what they utter, but God's prophets are always perfectly conscious, both of the inspiration they receive and the revelations they make known. For as the Laplander grew frenzied, & foamed at the mouth, so it has been with all false prophets from the beginning. Even the blind heathen called prophesying mania, or, the wisdom of madness. The secret of producing this madness was known to them; sometimes it was by the use of roots or aromatic herbs, or by exhalations, as in the case of the Pythoness, whose incoherent utterances were written by the priests of Apollo; for when the fit was over, all remembrance of what she had prophesied vanished too. In the Bible we find all false prophets described as frenzied. In Isaiah, xliv. 25: "God maketh the diviners mad." In Ezekiel xiii. 3: "Wo to the foolish prophets." Hosea ix. 7: "The prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad." And Isaiah xxviii. 7, explains fully how this madness was produced; namely, by wine and the strong drink Sekar; ∴ further examples of this madness are given

in the Bible, as Saul when under the influence of the evil spirit, flung his spear at the innocent David. And the four hundred & fifty prophets of Baal, who leaped upon the altar, and screamed, & cut themselves with knives & lancets until the blood flowed. And the maiden with the spirit of divination, that met Paul in the streets of Philippi, with many others. But all this is an abomination in the sight of God. For as the Lord came not to his prophet Elijah, in the strong wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice, so does he evidence himself in all his prophets; and we find no record in Scripture, either of their madness, or of their having forgotten the oracles they uttered, like the Pythoness & others inspired by Satan. ∴ Further, you may observe that the false prophets can always prophesy when they choose, Satan is ever willing to come when they exorcise him; but the true prophets of God are but instruments in the hand of the Lord, and can only speak when he chooses the spirit to enter into them. So we find them saying invariably: "This is the word which came unto me," or "This is the word which the Lord spake unto me." For the Lord is too high and holy to come at the bidding of a creature, or obey the summons of his will. St. Peter confirms this, 2 Pet. i. 21, that no prophecy ever came at the will of man. Again the false prophets were persons of known infamous character, and in this differed from the prophets of God, who were always righteous men in word and deed. Diodorus informs us of the conduct of the Pythoness and the priests of Apollo, and also that all oracles were bought with gold, & the answer depended on the weight of the sack. As Ezekiel notices, xiii. 19; and Micah iii. 8. Further, the holy prophets suffered all manner of persecution for the sake of God, as Daniel, Elias, Micah, yet remained faithful, with but one exception, and were severely punished if they fell into crime, & the gift of prophesy taken from them; for God cannot dwell in a defiled temple, but Satan can dwell in no other. Also Satan's prophets speak only of temporal things, but God's people of spiritual things. The heathen oracles, for instance, never foretold any events but those concerning peace or war, or what men desire in riches, health, or advancement; in short, temporal matters alone. Whereas, God's people, in addition to temporal concerns, preached repentance and holiness to the Jewish people, and the coming of Christ's kingdom, in whom all nations should be blessed. For as the soul is superior to the body, so are God's prophets superior to those of the Prince of this world. And in conclusion, observe that Satan's seers abounded with lies, as all heathen history testifies, or their oracles were capable

∴ It is well known that somnambulists never remember, upon their recovery, what they have uttered during the crisis. Therefore phenomena of this class appear to belong, in some things, to that of the divining frenzy, though in others to quite a different category of the divining life.

of such different interpretations, that they became a subject of mockery and contempt to the wise amongst the ancient philosophers. But be not surprised if they sometimes spoke truth, as the Lapland wizard has done, for the devil's power is superior to man's, and he can see events which, though close at hand, are yet hidden from us, as a father can foretell an approaching storm, though his little son cannot do so, and therefore looks upon his father's wisdom as supernatural. But the devil has not the power to see into futurity, nor even the angels of God, only God himself. The prophets of God, on the contrary, are given power by Him to look through all time at a glance, as if it were but a moment, for a thousand years to him are but as a watch of the night, and therefore, they all from the beginning testified of the Saviour that was to come, and rejoiced in his day as if they really beheld Him, and all stood together as brothers in one place, and at the same time in his blessed presence; but what unanimity and feeling has ever been observed by the seers of Satan, when the contradictions amongst their oracles were notorious to every one? And as the eyes of all the holy prophets centred upon Christ, so the eyes of the greatest of all prophets penetrated the farthest depths of futurity. Not only his own life, sufferings, death, & resurrection, were foretold by him, but the end of the Jewish kingdom, the dispersion of their race, the rise of his church from the grain of mustard-seed to the wide world-spreading tree; and all has been fulfilled. Be assured, therefore, that this eternal glory, which he promised to those who trust in him, will he fulfilled likewise, when he comes to judge all nations. So, my worthy Lord Ulrich, cease to weep for your spouse who sleeps in Jesus, for a greater prophet than the Lapland wizard has said: "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth in me shall never die ∴

∴ The somnambulists also can prophesy of those events which are near at hand, but never of the distant.

∴∴ In addition to the foregoing distinctions between the satanic & the holy prophets, I may add the following: that almost all the diviners amongst the heathen were women. For instance Cassandra, the Pythia in Delphi, Triton and Peristhæa in Dodona, the Sybils, the Velleda of Tacitus, the Mandragoras, and Druidesses, the witches of the reformation age; & in fine, the modern somnambules are all women too. But throughout the whole Bible we find that the prophetic power was exclusively conferred upon men, with two exceptions; namely, Deborah, Judges iv. 4, and Hilda, 2 Chron. xxxiv. 22; for there is no evidence that Miriam had a seer spirit, she was probably only God-inspired, though classed under the general term, prophet. We find, indeed, that woe was proclaimed against the divining women who prophesy out of their own head, Ezekiel xiii. 17-23; so amongst the people of God the revelation of the future was confined to men, amongst the heathen to women, or if men are mentioned in these pagan rites, it is only as assistants and inferior agents, like animals, metals, roots, stones, and such like. See Cicero, De Divinatione i. 18.

CHAPTER VIII. HOW SIDONIA RIDES UPON THE PET STAG, AND WHAT EVIL CONSEQUENCES RESULT THEREFROM.

HEN the discourse had ended, her Grace retired to her apartment and Ulrich to his, for it was their custom, as I have said, to sleep after dinner. Doctor Gerschovius returned home, & the young Prince descended to the gardens with his lute. Now was a fine time for the young knights, for they had been sadly disturbed in their carouse by that godly prophesyng of the doctor's, & they now returned to their own quarter to finish it, headed by the old Treasurer Zitsewitz. Then a merry uproar of laughing, singing, and jesting commenced, & as the door lay wide open as usual, Sidonia heard all from her chamber; so stepping out gently with a piece of bread in her hand, she tripped along the corridor past their door. No sooner was she perceived than a loud storm of cheers greeted her, which she returned with smiles & bows, and then danced down the steps to the courtyard. Several rose up to pursue her, amongst whom Wedig and Appelmann were the most eager. But they were too late and saw nothing but the tail of her dress, as she flew round the corner into the second court. Just then an old laundress, bringing linen to the castle for her Highness, passed by, and told the young men that the young lady had been feeding the tame stag with bread, and then jumped on its back while she held the horns, & that the animal had immediately galloped off like lightning into the second court; so that the young knights and squires rushed instantly after her, fearing that some accident might happen, and presently they heard her scream twice. Appelmann was the first to reach the outer court, and there beheld poor Sidonia in a sad condition, for the stag had flung her off. Fortunately it was on a heap of soft clay, and there she lay in a dead faint. Had the stag thrown her but a few steps further, against the manger for the knights' horses, she must have been killed. But Satan had not yet done with her, and, therefore, no doubt prepared this soft pillow for her head. When Appelmann saw that she was quite insensible, he kneeled down and kissed first her little feet, then her white hands, and at last her lips, while she lay at the time as still as death, poor thing. Just then Wedig came up in a great passion; for the castellan's son, who was playing ball, had flung the ball right between his legs, out of tricks, as he was run-

ning by, & nearly threw him down, whereupon Wedig seized hold of the urchin by his thick hair to punish him, for all the young knights were laughing at his discomfiture, but the boy bit him in the hip, and then sprang into his father's house, and shut the door. How little do we know what will happen! It was this bite which caused Wedig's lamentable death a little after. But if he was angry before, what was his rage now, when he beheld the equerry, Appelmann, kissing the insensible maiden! "How now, peasant," he cried, "what means this boldness? How dare this tailor's son treat a castle- and land-dowered maiden in such a way? Are noble ladies made for his kisses?" And he draws his poignard to rush upon Appelmann, who draws forth his in return, and now assuredly there would have been murder done, if Sidonia had not just then opened her eyes, & starting up in amazement prayed them for her sake to keep quiet. She had been quite insensible, & knew nothing at all of what had happened. The old treasurer, with the other young knights, came up now, and strove to make peace between the two rivals, holding them apart by force; but nothing could calm the jealous Wedig, who still cried, "Let me avenge Sidonia! let me avenge Sidonia!" So that Prince Ernest, hearing the tumult in the garden, ran with his lute in his hand to see what had happened. When they told him, he grew as pale as a corpse that such an indignity shold have been offered to Sidonia, and reprimanded his equerry severely, but prayed that all would keep quiet now, as otherwise the Duchess and the Lord Chamberlain would certainly be awakened out of their after-dinner sleep, and then what an afternoon they would all have. This calmed every one, except the jealous Wedig, who, having drunk deeply, cried out still louder than before, "Let me go. I will give my life for the beautiful Sidonia. I will avenge the insolence of this peasant knave!"

HEN Sidonia observed all this, she felt quite certain that a terrible storm was brewing for all of them, and so she ran to shelter herself through the first open door that came in her way, and up into the second corridor; but further adventures awaited her here, for not being acquainted with this part of the castle, she ran direct into an old lumber-room, where she found, to her great surprise, a young man dressed in rusty armour, & wearing a helmet with a serpent crest upon his head. This was Hans von Marintzky, whose brain Sidonia had turned by reading the Amadis with him in the castle-gardens, and as she had often sighed, and said that she, too, could have loved the serpent knight, the poor love-stricken Hans,

taking this for a favourable sign, determined to disguise himself as described in the romance, and thus secure her love. So when her beautiful face appeared at the door, Hans screamed for joy like a young calf, and falling on one knee, exclaimed: "Adored princess, your serpent knight is here to claim your love, and tender his hand to you in betrothal, for no other wife do I desire but thee, and if the Princess Rosaliana herself was here to offer me her love, I would strike her on the face." Sidonia was rather thunderstruck, as one may suppose, and retreated a few steps, saying, "Stand up, dear youth; what ails you?" "So I am dear to you," he cried, still kneeling; "I am then really dear to you, adored princess? Ah! I hope to be yet dearer when I make you my spouse" Sidonia had not foreseen this termination to their romance reading, but she suppressed her laughter, remembering how she had lost her lover Uckermann by showing scorn; so she drew herself up with dignity, and said, with as grave a face as a chief mourner: "If you will not rise, sir knight, I must complain to her Highness; for I cannot be your spouse, seeing that I have resolved never to marry." (Ah! how willingly, how willingly you would have taken any husband half a year after.) "But if you will do me a service, brave knight, run instantly to the court, where Wedig and Appelmann are going to murder each other, and separate them, or my gracious lady and old Ulrich will awake, and then we shall all be punished." The poor fool jumped up instantly, and exclaiming: "Death for my adored princess!" he sprung down the steps, though rather awkwardly, not being accustomed to the greaves; and rushing into the middle of the crowd, with his vizor down, and the drawn sword in his hand, he began making passes at every one that came in his way, crying, "Death for my adored princess! Long live the beautiful Sidonia! Knaves, have done with your brawling, or I shall lay you all dead at my feet" At first every one stuck up close by the wall when they saw the madman to get out of reach of his sword, which he kept whirling about his head; but as soon as he was recognised by his voice, Wedig called out to him: "Help, brother, help! Will you suffer that this peasant boor Appelmann should kiss the noble Sidonia, as she lay there faint and insensible? Yet I saw him do this. So help me, relieve me, that I may brand this low-born knave for his daring" "What? My adored princess!" exclaimed the serpent knight. "This valet, this groom, dared to kiss her? and I would think myself blessed but to touch her shoe-tie!" and he fell furiously upon Appelmann.

THE uproar was now so great that it might have aroused the Duchess and Ulrich even from their last sleep, had they been in the castle. But, fortunately, some time before the riot began, both had gone out by the little private gate, to attend afternoon service at St. Peter's Church in the town. For the archdeacon was sick, and Doctor Gerschovius was obliged to take his place there. No one, therefore, was left in the castle to give orders or hold command; even the castellan had gone to hear service, and no one minded Prince Ernest, he was so young, besides being under tutelage, and as to old Zitsewitz, he was as bad as the worst of them himself. The Prince threatened to have the castle bells rung if they were not quiet; and the uproar had indeed partially subsided, just at the moment the serpent knight fell upon Appelmann. The Prince then ordered his equerry to leave the place instantly, under pain of his severe displeasure, for he saw that both had drunk rather deeply. So Appelmann turned to depart as the Prince commanded, but Wedig, who had been relieved by Hans the serpent, sprung after him with his dagger, limping though, for the bite in his hip made him stiff. Appelmann darted through the little water-gate and over the bridge, the other pursued him; and Appelmann, seeing that he was foaming with rage, jumped over the rails into a boat. Wedig attempted to do the same, but being stiff from the bite, missed the boat, and came down plump into the water. As he could not swim, the current carried him rapidly down the stream, before the others had time to come up; but he was still conscious, and called to Hans: "Comrade, save me!" So Hans, forgetting his heavy cuirass, plunged in directly, and soon reached the drowning man. Wedig, however, in his death-struggles, seized hold of him with such force that they both instantly disappeared. Then every one sprang to the boats to try and save them; but being Sunday the boats were all moored, so that by the time they were unfastened it was too late, and the two unfortunate young men had sunk for ever. What calamities may be caused by the levity and self-will of a beautiful woman! From the time of Helen of Troy up to the present moment, the world has known this well; but, alas! this was but the beginning of that tragedy which Sidonia played in Pomerania, as that other wanton did in Phrygia.

LET us hear the conclusion, however. Prince Ernest now being truly alarmed, despatched a messenger to the church for her Highness; but as Doctor Gerschovius had not yet ended his exordium, her Grace would by no means be disturbed, and desired the messenger to go to Ulrich, who no sooner heard the tidings than he rushed down to the water-gate. There he found a great crowd assembled, all eagerly trying with poles and hooks to fish out the bodies of the two young men; and one fellow even had tied a piece of barley bread to a rope, and flung it into the water; as the superstition goes that it will follow a corpse in the stream, and point to where it lies. And the women and children were weeping and lamenting on the bridge; but the old knight pushed them all aside with his elbows, and cried: "Thousand devils! what are ye all at here?" Every one was silent, for the young men had agreed not to betray Sidonia; then Ulrich asked the Prince, who replied, that Marintzky, having put on some old armour to frighten the others, as he believed, they pursued him in fun over the bridge, and he & another fell over into the water. This was all he knew of the matter, for he was playing on the lute in the garden when the tumult began. "Thousand devils!" cries Ulrich; "I cannot turn my back a moment but there must be a riot amongst the young fellows. Listen! young lord, when it comes to your turn to rule land and people, I counsel you send all the young fellows to the devil. Away with them! they are a vain & dissolute crew. Get up the bodies, if you can; but, for my part, I would care little if a few more were baptized in the same way. Speak! some of you: who commenced this tavern broil? Speak! I must have an answer" This adjuration had its effect, for a man answered: "Sidonia made the young men mad, and so it all happened." It was her own cousin, Marcus Bork, who spoke, for which reason Sidonia never could endure him afterwards, and finally destroyed him, as shall be related in due time. When Ulrich found that Sidonia was the cause of all, he raged with fury, & commanded them to tell him all. When Marcus had related the whole affair, he swore by the seven thousand devils that he would make her remember it, and that he would instantly go up to her chamber. But Prince Ernest stepped before him, saying: "Lord Ulrich, I have made you a promise; you must now make one to me: it is to leave this maiden in peace; she is not to blame for what has happened." But Ulrich would not listen to him. "Then I withdraw my promise," said the Prince. "Now act as you think proper." "Thousand devils! she had better give up that game," exclaimed

Ulrich. However, he consented to leave her undisturbed, and departed with vehement imprecations on her head, just as the Duchess returned from church, and was seen advancing towards the crowd.

CHAPTER IX. HOW SIDONIA MAKES THE YOUNG PRINCE BREAK HIS WORD: ITEM HOW CLARA VON DEWITZ IN VAIN TRIES TO TURN HER FROM HER EVIL WAYS.

T may be easily conjectured what a passion her Grace fell into, when the whole story was made known to her, & how she stormed against Sidonia. At last she entered the castle, but Prince Ernest, rightly suspecting her object, slipped up to the corridor, & met her just as she had reached Sidonia's chamber. Here he took her hand, kissed it, and prayed her not to disgrace the young maiden, for that she was innocent of all the evil that had happened. But she pushed him away, exclaiming: "Thou disobedient son, have I not heard of thy gallantries with this girl, whom Satan himself has sent into my royal house? Shame on thee! One of thy noble station to take the part of a murderess!" "But you have judged harshly, my mother. I never made love to the maiden. Leave her in peace, and do not make matters worse, or all the young nobles will fight to the death for her." "Ay, & thou, witless boy, the first of all. Oh! that my beloved spouse, Philippus Primus, could rise from his grave: what would he say to his lost son, who, like the prodigal in Scripture, loves strange women and keeps company with brawlers!" (Weeping.) "Who has said that I am a lost son?" "Doctor Gerschovius and Ulrich both say it." "Then I shall run the priest through the body, & challenge the knight to mortal combat, unless they both retract their words" "No! stay, my son," said the Duchess; "I must have mistaken what they said. Stay, I command you!" "Never! Unless Sidonia be left in peace, such deeds will be done to-day that all Pomerania will ring with them for years" In short, the end of the controversy was, that the Duchess at last promised to leave Sidonia unmolested; and then retired to her chamber much disturbed, where she was soon heard singing the 109th psalm, with a loud voice, accompanied by the little spindle clock.

SIDONIA, who was hiding in her room, soon heard of all that had happened through the Duchess' maid, whom she kept in pay; indeed all the servants were her sworn friends, in consequence of the liberal largess she gave them, and even the young lords and knights were more distractedly in love with her than ever after the occurrences of the day, for her cunning turned everything to profit. So next morning, having heard that Prince Ernest was going to Eldena to receive the dues, she watched for him, probably through the key-hole, knowing he must pass her door. Accordingly, just as he went by, she opened it, and presented herself to his eyes dressed with unusual elegance and coquetry, and wearing a short robe which showed her pretty little sandals. The prince, when he saw the short robe, & that she looked so beautiful, blushed and passed on quickly, turning away his head, for he remembered the promise he had given to Ulrich, and was afraid to trust himself near her. But Sidonia stepped before him, and flinging herself at his feet, began to weep, murmuring: "Gracious Prince and Lord, accept my gratitude, for you alone have saved me, a poor young maiden, from destruction" "Stand up, dear lady, stand up" "Never until my tears fall upon your feet." And then she kissed his yellow silk hose ardently, continuing: "What would have become of me, a helpless forlorn orphan, without your protection!" Here the young prince could no longer restrain his emotions; if he had pledged his word to the whole world, even to the great God himself, he must have broken it. So he raised her up and kissed her, which she did not resist; only sighed: "Ah! if any one saw us now, we should both be lost." But this did not restrain him, & he kissed her again and again, & pressed her to his heart, while she trembled, & murmured scarcely audibly: "Oh! why do I love you so! Leave me, my Lord, leave me; I am miserable enough" "Do you then love me, Sidonia? Oh! let me hear you say it once more. You love me, enchanting Sidonia!" "Alas!" she whispered, while her whole frame trembled, "what have I foolishly said? Oh! I am so unhappy" "Sidonia! tell me once again you love me. I cannot credit my happiness, for you are even more gracious with the young nobles than with me, and often have you martyred my heart with jealousy" "Yes; I am courteous to them all, for so my father taught me, and said it was safer for a maiden so to be: but..." "But what? Speak on" "Alas!" and here she covered her face with her hands; but Prince Ernest pressed her to his heart, and kissed her, asking her again if she really loved

him? And she murmured a faint "yes;" then as if the shame of such a confession had killed her, she tore herself from his arms, & sprang into her chamber. So the young Prince pursued his way to Eldena, but took so little heed about the dues, that Ulrich shook his head over the receipts for half a year after. When mid-day came, and the band struck up for dinner, Sidonia was prepared for a similar scene with the young knights, and, as she passed along the corridor, she gave them her white hand to kiss, glittering with diamonds, thanking them all for not having betrayed her, and praying them to keep her still in their favour, whereat they were all wild with ecstasy; but old Zitsewitz, not content with her hand, entreated for a kiss on her sweet ruby lips, which she granted, to the rage and jealousy of all the others, while he exclaimed: "Oh, Sidonia, thou canst turn even an old man into a fool!" And his words came true; for, in the evening, a dispute arose as to which of them Sidonia liked best, seeing that she uttered the same sweet things to all; and to settle it, five of them, along with the old fool, Zitsewitz, went to Sidonia's room, and each in turn asked her hand in marriage; but she gave them all the same answer, that she had no idea then of marriage, she was but a young silly creature, and would not know her own mind for ten years to come.

ONE good resulted from Sidonia's ride upon the stag; her promenades were forbidden, & she was restricted henceforth entirely to the women's quarter of the castle. Her Grace and she had frequent altercations, but with Clara she kept upon good terms, as the maiden was of so excellent & mild a disposition. This peace, however, was destined soon to be broken; for, though her Grace was silent in the presence of Sidonia, yet she never ceased complaining in private to the maids of honour, of this artful wench, who had dared to throw her eyes upon Prince Ernest. So at length they asked why her Highness did not dismiss the girl from her service. "That must be done," she replied, "and without delay. For that purpose, indeed, I have written to Duke Barnim, and also to the father of the girl, at Stramehl, acquainting them with my intention." Clara now gently remonstrated, saying that a little Christian instruction might yet do much for the poor young sinner, and that if she did not become good and virtuous under the care of her Grace, where else could she hope to have her changed? "I have tried all Christian means," said her Grace, "but in vain. The ears of the wicked are closed to the word of God" "But let her Grace re-

collect that this poor sinner was endowed with extraordinary beauty, and therefore it was no fault of hers if the young men all grew deranged for love of her". Here a violent tumult, & much scornful laughing arose amongst the other maids of honour; and one Anna Lepels exclaimed: "I cannot imagine in what Sidonia's wonderful beauty consists. When she flatters the young men, and makes free with them as they are passing to dinner, what marvel if they all run after her? Any girl might have as many lovers, if she chose to adopt such manners". Clara made no reply, but, turning to her Grace, said with her permission she would leave her spinning for a while, to visit Sidonia in her room, who perhaps would hearken to her advice, as she meant kindly to her. "You may go," said her Grace; "but what do you mean to do? I tell you advice is thrown away on her." "Then I will threaten her with the catechism of Doctor Gerschovius, which she must repeat on Sunday, for I know that she is greatly afraid of that and the clergyman." "And you think you will frighten her into giving up running after the young men?" "Oh, yes, if I tell her that she will be publicly reprimanded unless she can say it perfectly". So her Grace allowed her to depart, but with something of a weak faith.

ALTHOUGH Sidonia had absented herself from the spinning, on the pretext of learning the catechism quietly in her own room, yet, when Clara entered, no one was there except the maid, who sat upon the floor at her work. She knew nothing about the young lady, but as she heard a great deal of laughter & merriment in the court beneath, it was likely Sidonia was not far off. On stepping to the window, Clara indeed beheld Sidonia. In the middle of the court was a large horse-pond built round with stones, to which the water was conducted by metal pipes communicating with the river Peene. In the middle of the pond was a small island, upon which a bear was kept chained. A plank was now thrown across the pond to the island; upon this Sidonia was standing feeding the bear with bread, which Appelmann, who stood beside her, first dipped into a can of syrup, & several of the young squires stood round them laughing & jesting. The idle young pages were wont to take great delight in shooting at the bear with blunt arrows, and when it growled and snarled, then they would calm it again by throwing over bits of bread steeped in honey or syrup. So Sidonia, waiting to see the fun, had got upon the plank ready to give the bread, just as the bear had got to the highest pitch of irritation, when he would suddenly change his growl-

ing into another sort of speech after his fashion. All this amused Sidonia mightily, & she laughed and clapped her hands with delight. When the modest Clara beheld all this, & how Sidonia danced up and down on the plank, while the water splashed over her robe, she called to her: "Dear Lady Sidonia, come hither: I have somewhat to tell thee." But she answered tartly: "Dear Lady Clara, keep it then; I am too young to be told everything." And she danced up and down on the plank as before. After many vain entreaties, Clara had at length to descend & seize the wild bird by the wing: I mean thereby the arm: and carry her off to the castle. The young men would have followed, but they were engaged to attend his Highness on a fishing excursion that afternoon, and were obliged to go & see after their nets and tackle. So the two maidens could walk up and down the corridor undisturbed; and Clara asked if she had yet learned the catechism.

Illa: "No; I have no wish to learn it."

Hæc: "But if the priest has to reprimand you publicly from the pulpit?"

Illa: "I counsel him not to do it."

Hæc: "Why, what would you do to him?"

Illa: "He will find that out."

Hæc: "Dear Sidonia, I wish you well; and therefore, let me tell you that not only the priest, but our gracious Lady, and all the noble maidens of the court, are sad and displeased that you should make so free with the young men, and entice them to follow you, as I have seen but too often myself. Do it not, dear Sidonia! I mean well by you; do it not. It will injure your reputation."

Illa: "Ha! you are jealous now, you little pious house-sparrow, that the young men do not run after you too. How can I help it?"

Hæc: "Every maiden can help it; were she as beautiful as could be seen, she can help it. Leave off, Sidonia, or evil will come of it, particularly as her Grace has heard that you are seeking to entice our young lord the Prince. See, I tell you the pure truth, that it may turn you from your light courses. Tell me, what can you mean by it? for when noble youths demand your hand in marriage, you reject them, and say you never mean to marry. Can you think that our gracious Prince, a son of Pomerania, will make thee his duchess? Thou who art only a common nobleman's daughter."

Illa: "A common nobleman's daughter! that is good from the peasant girl. You are common enough and low enough, I warrant; but my blood is as old as that of the Dukes of Pomerania, and besides, I am a castle- and land-dowered maiden. But who are you? who are

you? Your forefathers were hunted out of Mecklenburg, and only got footing here in Pomerania out of charity."

Hæc: "Do not be angry, dear lady, you say true; yet I must add that my forebears were once Counts in Mecklenburg, and, from their loyalty to the Dukes of Pomerania, were given possessions here in Daber, where they have been lords of castles & lands for two hundred and fifty years. Yet I will confess that your race is nobler than mine; but, dear child, I make no boast of my ancestry, nor is it fitting for either of us to do so. The right royal Prince, who is given as an example and model to us all: who is lord, not over castle and land, but of the heavens and the earth: the Saviour Jesus Christ: he took no account of his arms or his ancestry, though the whole starry universe was his banner. He was as humble to the little child as to the learned doctors in the temple: to the chiefs among the people, as to the trembling sinner and the blind beggar Bartimæus. Let us take, then, this Prince for our example, & mind our life long what he says: 'Come unto me, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.' Will you not learn of him, dear lady? I will, if God give me grace" And she extended her hand to Sidonia, who dashed it away, crying: "Stuff! nonsense! you have learned all this twaddle from the priest, who I know is nephew to the shoemaker in Daber, and therefore hates any one who is above him in rank." Clara was about to reply mildly, but they happened now to be standing close to the public flight of steps, and a peasant girl ran up when she saw them, and flung herself at Clara's feet, entreating the young lady to save her, for she had run away from Daber, where they were going to burn her as a witch. The pious Clara recoiled in horror, and, desiring her to rise, said: "Art thou Anne Wolde, sometime keeper of the swine to my father? How fares it with my dearest father and my mother?" They were well when she ran away, but she had been wandering now for fourteen days on the road, living upon roots & wild berries, or what the herds gave her out of their knapsacks for charity.

Hæc: "What crime wast thou suspected of, girl, to be condemned to so terrible a death?"

Illa: "She had a lover named Albert, who followed her everywhere, but as she would not listen to him he hated her, and pretended that she had given him a love-drink." Here Sidonia laughed aloud, and asked if she knew how to brew the love-drink?

Illa: "Yes; she learned from her elder sister how to make it, but had never tried it with any one, and was perfectly innocent of all they charged me with" Here Clara shook her head, & wished to get rid

of the witch-girl; for she thought, truly if Sidonia learns the brewing secret she will poison and destroy the whole castleful, and we shall have the devil bodily with us in earnest. So she pushed away the girl, who still clung to her, weeping and lamenting. Hereupon Sidonia grew quite grave & pious all of a sudden, and said: "See the hypocrite she is! She first sets before me the example of Christ, and then treats this poor sinner with nothing but cross thorns! Has not Christ said: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy'? but only see how this bigot can have Christ on her tongue, but not in her heart!" The pious Clara grew quite ashamed at such talk, and raising up the wretch, who had again fallen on her knees, said: "Well, thou mayest remain; so get thee to my maid, & she will give thee food. I shall also write to my father for thy pardon, and meanwhile ask leave from her Grace to allow thee to remain here until it arrives; but if thou art guilty, I cannot promise thee my protection any longer, and thou wilt be burned here, in place of at Daber." So the witch-girl was content, and importuned them no further.

CHAPTER X. HOW SIDONIA WISHED TO LEARN THE MYSTERY OF LOVE POTIONS, BUT IS HINDERED BY CLARA AND THE YOUNG PRINCE.

WHEN Prince Ernest returned home after an absence of some days, Sidonia had changed her tactics, for now she never lifted up her eyes when they met, but passed on blushing and confused, and in place of speaking as formerly only sighed. This turned his head completely, & sent the blood so quickly through his veins, that he found it a hard matter to conceal his feelings any longer. For this reason he determined to visit Sidonia in her own room, as soon as he could hit upon a favourable opportunity; and bring her then a beautiful lute, inlaid with gold and silver, which he had purchased for her at Grypswald.

NOW it happened soon after, that her Grace & Clara went away one day into the town, to purchase a jerkin for the little Prince Casimir, who accompanied them. Sidonia was immediately informed of their absence, and sought out Clara's maid without delay, put a piece of gold into her hand, and said: "Send the strange girl from Daber to my room for a few minutes; she can perhaps give me some tidings of my dear father and family, for Daber

is only a little way from Stramehl. But mind," she added, "keep this visit a secret, as well from her Grace, as from your mistress Clara; otherwise we shall all be scolded" So the maid very willingly complied, & brought the witch-girl directly to Sidonia's little apartment, and then ran to Clara's room to watch for the return of her Grace in time to give notice.

THE witch-girl was quite confounded (as she afterwards confessed upon the rack) when Sidonia began: "Thou knowest, Anne, that my entreaties alone obtained thee a shelter here, for I pitied thee from the first, and from what I hear, it is certain that her Grace means to deal no better with thee than thy judges at Daber, therefore my advice is, escape if thou canst."

Illa, weeping: "Where can I go? I shall die of hunger, or they will arrest me again as an evil-minded witch, and carry me back to Daber."

"But do not tell them, stupid goose, that thou hast come from Daber."

Illa: "But what could she say? besides, she had no money and so must be lost and ruined for ever."

"Well, I shall give thee gold enough to get thee through all dangers. I give it, mind, out of pure Christian charity, but now tell me honestly, canst thou really make a love-drink?"

Illa: "Yes; her sister had taught her."

"Is the drink of equal power for men and women?"

Illa: "Yes; without doubt, it would make either mad with love."

"Has it ever an injurious effect upon them? does it take away their strength?"

Illa: "Yes; they fall down like flies. Some lose their memory, others become blind or lame."

"Had she ever tried its effect upon any one herself?"

Illa: "But will the lady betray me?"

"Out, fool! When I have promised thee gold enough to insure thy escape! I betray thee!"

Illa: "Then she will tell the lady the whole truth. She did give a love-drink to Albert, because he grew cross, and spent the nights away from her, and complained if she idled a little, so that her master beat her. Therefore she determined to punish him, and a rash came out over his whole body, so that he could neither sit nor lie for six weeks, and at night he had to be tied to a post with a hand-towel, but all this time his love for her grew so burning that although he had previously hated and beaten her, yet now if she only brought him a drink of cold water, for which he was always screaming, he would

kiss her hands and feet even though she spat in his face, & he would certainly have died if his relations had not found out an old woman who unbewitched him, whereupon his love came to an end, and he informed against her" That must be a wonderful drink. Would the girl teach her how to brew it?

BUT just then our Lord God sent yet another warning to Sidonia, through his angel, to turn her from her villainy, for as the girl was going to answer, a knock was heard at the chamber-door. They both grew as white as chalk, but Sidonia bethought herself of a hiding-place, and bid the other creep under the bed while she went to the door to see who knocked; and as she opened it, so there stood Prince Ernest bodily before her eyes, with the lute in his hand. "Ah, gracious Prince, what brings you here! I pray your Highness, for the sake of God, to leave me. What would be said if any one saw you here!" "But who is to see us, my beautiful maiden? My gracious mother has gone out to drive; and now, just look at this lute that I have purchased for you in Grypswald. Will it please thee, sweet one?"

Illa: "Alas, gracious Prince, of what use will it be to me, when I have no one to teach me how to play?"

"I will teach thee, oh how willingly, but thou knowest what I would say."

Illa: "No, no, I dare not learn from your Highness. Now go, and do not make me more miserable."

"What makes thee miserable, enchanting Sidonia?"

Illa: "Ah, if your Highness could know how this heart burns within me like a fire. What will become of me? Would that I were dead: oh, I am a miserable maiden! If your Highness were but a simple noble, then I might hope, but now! Woe is me! I must go! Yes, I must go!"

"Why must thou go, my own sweet darling? and why dost thou wish me to be only a simple noble? Canst thou not love a Duke better than a noble?"

Illa: "Gracious Prince, what is a poor Count's daughter to your Princely Highness? and would her Grace ever consent? ah no, I must go, I must go" Here she sobbed so violently, and covered her eyes with her hands, that the young Duke could no longer restrain his feelings. He seized her passionately in his arms, and was kissing away the crocodile tears, when lo, another knock came to the door, and Sidonia grew paler even than the first time, for there was no place to hide the Prince in, as the witch wench was already under

the bed, and not even quite hidden, for some of her red petticoat was visible round the post, and one could easily see by the way it moved that some living body was in it, for the girl was trembling with the most horrible fear and fright. But the Prince was too absorbed in love, either to notice all this or to mind the knock at the door. Sidonia, however, knew well that it was over with them now, and she pushed away the young Prince, just as the door opened and Clara entered, who grew quite pale, and clasped her hands together when she saw the Duke and Sidonia together; then the tears fell fast from her eyes, and she could utter nothing but: "Ah, my gracious Prince, my poor innocent Prince, what has brought you here?" but neither of them spoke a word. "You are lost," exclaimed Clara, "the Duchess is coming up the corridor, and has just stopped to look at her pet cat and the kittens there by the page's room. Hasten, young Prince, hasten to meet her before she comes a step farther". So the young lord darted out of the chamber, and found his gracious mother still examining her kittens, whereupon he prayed her then to descend with him to the court-yard, and look also at his fine hounds, to which she consented.

THE moment Prince Ernest disappeared, Clara commenced upbraiding Sidonia for her evil ways, which could not be any longer denied, for had she not seen all with her own eyes? and she now conjured her by the living God to turn away from the young Duke, and select some noble of her own rank as her husband. This could easily be done when so many loved her, but as to the Prince, as long as her Grace & Ulrich lived, or even one single branch of the princely house of Pomerania, this marriage would never be permitted, let the young lord do or say what he chose. "Ah, thou pious old priest in petticoats," exclaimed Sidonia, "who told thee I wanted to marry the Prince? How can I help if he chooses to come in here and, though I weep and resist, takes me in his arms & kisses me? so leave off thy preaching, and tell me rather what brings thee spying to my room?" Then Clara remembered what had really been her errand, although the love-scene had put everything else out of her head until now, and replied: "I was seeking the witch-girl from Daber, for when I went out with her Grace, I left her in charge of my maid, but as we returned home by the little garden gate, I slipped up to my room by the private stairs without any one seeing me, and found my maid looking out of the window, but no girl was to be seen; when I asked what had become of her, the maid answered

she knew not, the girl must have slipped away while her back was turned, so I came here to ask if you had seen the impudent hussey, for I fear if her wings are not clipped she will do harm to some one." Here Sidonia grew quite indignant: what could she know of a vile witch wench? besides, she had not been ten minutes there in the room. "But perchance the bird has found herself a nest somewhere?" said Clara, looking towards the bed; "methinks indeed, I see some of the feathers, for surely a red gown never trembled that way under a bed, unless there was something living inside of it." When the witch-girl heard this her fright increased, so that to make matters worse, she pulled her gown in under the bed, upon which Clara kneeled down, lifted the coverlet, and found the owl in its nest. Now she had to creep out weeping and howling, and promised to tell everything. But Sidonia gave her a look which she understood well, and therefore when she stood up straight by the bed, begged piteously that the Lady Clara would not scold her for having tried to escape, because she herself had threatened her with being burned there as well as at Daber, so not knowing where to hide, and seeing the Lady Sidonia's door open, she crept in there and got under the bed, intending to wait till night came and then ask her aid in effecting her flight, for the Lady Sidonia was the only one in the castle who had shown her Christian compassion. Hereat Sidonia rose up as if in great rage, and said: "Ha! thou impudent wench, how darest thou reckon on my protection?" and seizing her by the hand, in which, however, she pressed a piece of gold, pushed her violently out of the door. Now Clara, thinking that this was the whole truth, fell weeping upon Sidonia's neck, and asked forgiveness for her suspicions. "There, that will do," said Sidonia; "that will do, old preacher, only be more cautious in future. What! am I to poke under my bed to see if any one is hiding there? You may go, for I suppose you have often hidden a lover there, your eyes turn to it so naturally." As Clara grew red with shame, Sidonia drew the witch-girl again into the room, and giving her a box on the ear that made her teeth chatter: "Now, confess," said she, "what I said to the young lord without knowing that you were listening." So the poor girl answered weeping: "Nothing but what was good did you say to him, namely, that he should go away; & then you pushed him so violently, when he attempted to kiss you, that he stumbled over against the bed". "See, now, my pious preacher," said Sidonia, "this girl confirms exactly what I told you; so now go along with you, you hussey, or mayhap you will come off no better than she has done". Here

upon, Clara went away humbly with the witch-girl to her own room, and never uttered another word. Nevertheless, the affair did not seem quite satisfactory to her yet.

SO she conferred with her betrothed, Marcus Bork, on the subject. For when he carried books for her Highness from the ducal library, it was his custom to scrape with his feet in a peculiar manner as he passed Clara's door; then she knew who it was and opened it. And as her maid was present, they conversed together in the Italian tongue; for they were both learned, not only in God's word, but in all other knowledge, so that people talk about them yet in Pomeranian land for these things. Clara therefore told him the whole affair in Italian, before her maid and the witch-girl, of the visit of the young Prince, and how the girl was lying hid under the bed, and asked him was it not likely that Sidonia had brought her there, to teach her how to brew the love-drink, with which she would then have bewitched the Prince and all the men-folk in the castle, and ought she not to warn her Grace of the danger? But Marcus answered, that if the witch-girl had been at the castle weeks before, he might have supposed that Sidonia had received the secret of the love-potion from her, since every man, old and young, was mad for love of her, but now he must needs confess that Sidonia's eyes and deceiving mouth were magic sufficient; and that it was not likely she would bring a vile damsel to her room to teach her that which she knew already so perfectly. So he thought it better not to tell her Highness anything on the subject. Besides, if the wench were examined, who knows what she might tell of Sidonia and the young lord, that would bring shame on the princely house of Wolgast, since she had been hid under the bed all the time, and perhaps only kept silence through fear. It were well, therefore, on every account, not to let the matter get wind, & to shut up the wench safely in the witches' tower until the answer came from Daber. If she were pronounced really guilty, it would then be time enough to question her on the rack about the love-drink, and the conversation between the young lord and Sidonia. So this course was agreed on. It is, however, much to be regretted that Clara did not follow the promptings of her good angel, and tell all to her Grace and old Ulrich. For then much misfortune & scandal would have been spared to the whole Pomeranian land. But she followed her bridegroom's advice, and kept all secret. The witch-girl, however, was locked up that very day in the witches' tower to guard against future evil.

CHAPTER XI. HOW SIDONIA REPEATED THE CATECHISM OF DR. GERSCHOVIUS, AND HOW SHE WHIPPED THE YOUNG CASIMIR, OUT OF PURE EVILMINDEDNESS.

THE Sunday came at last when Sidonia was to be examined publicly in the catechism of Dr. Gerschovius. Her Grace was filled with anxiety to see how all would terminate, for every one suspected (as indeed was the case) that not one word of it would she be able to repeat. So the church was crowded, and all the young men attended without exception, knowing what was to go forward, & fearing for Sidonia, because this Dr. Gerschovius was a stern, harsh man; but she herself seemed to care little about the matter, for she entered her Grace's closet as usual (which was right opposite the pulpit) & threw herself carelessly into a corner. However, when the doctor entered the pulpit she became more grave, & finally when his discourse was drawing near to the close, she rose up quietly and glided out of the closet, intending to descend to the gardens. Her Grace did not perceive her movement, in consequence of the hat with the heron's plume which she wore, for the feathers drooped down at the side next Sidonia, and the other ladies were too much alarmed to venture to draw her attention to the circumstance. But the priest from the pulpit saw her well, and called out: "Maiden! maiden! Whither go you? remember ye have to repeat your catechism!" Then Sidonia grew quite pale, for her Grace and all the congregation fixed their eyes on her. So when she felt quite conscious that she was looking pale, she said: "You see from my face that I am not well; but if I get better, doubt not but that I shall return immediately." Here all the maids of honour put up their kerchiefs to hide their laughter, and the young nobles did the same. So she went away, but they might wait long enough, I think, for her to come back. In vain her Grace watched until the priest left the pulpit, and then sent two of her ladies to look for the hypocrite, but they returned declaring that she was nowhere to be seen. Summa: The whole service was ended, and her Grace looked as angry as the doctor; and when the organ had ceased, and the people were beginning to depart, she called out from her closet, "Let every one come this way, and accompany me to Sidonia's apartment. There I shall make her repeat the catechism before ye all. Messengers shall be dispatched in all direc-

tions until they find out her hiding-place" ❧ This pleased the doctor and Ulrich well. So they all proceeded to Sidonia's little room; for there she was, to their great surprise, seated upon a chair with a smelling-bottle in her hand. Whereupon her Grace demanded what ailed her, and why she had not stayed to repeat the catechism.

Illa: "Ah! she was so weak, she would certainly have fainted, if she had not descended to the garden for a little fresh air. She was so distressed that her Grace had been troubled sending for her, of which she was not aware until now" ❧ "Are you better now?" asked her Grace.

Illa: "Rather better. The fresh air had done her good" ❧ "Then," quoth her Grace, "you shall recite the catechism here for the doctor; for, in truth, Christianity is as necessary to you as water to a fish" ❧ The doctor now cleared his throat to begin, but she stopped him pertly, saying: "I do not choose to say my catechism here in my room, like a little child. Grown-up maidens are always heard in the church." Howbeit, her Grace motioned to him not to heed her. So to his first question she replied rather snappishly: "You have your answer already" ❧ No wonder the priest grew black with rage; but seeing a book lying open on a little table beside her bed, and thinking it was the catechism of Dr. Gerschovius which she had been studying, he stepped over to look. But judge his horror, when he found that it was a volume of the Amadis de Gaul, and was lying open at the eighth chapter, where he read, "How the Prince Amadis de Gaul loved the Princess Rosaliana, and was beloved in return, and how they both attained to the accomplishment of their desires" ❧ He dashed the book to the ground furiously, stamped upon it, and cried: "So, thou wanton, this is thy Bible & thy catechism! Here thou learnest how to make young men mad! Who gave thee this infamous book? Speak! Who gave it to thee?" ❧ So Sidonia looked up timidly, and said, weeping: "It was his Highness, Duke Barnim, who gave it to her, and told her it was a merry book, and good against low spirits" ❧ Here the Duchess, who had lifted up her hand to give her a box on the ear, let it fall again with a deep sigh, when she heard of the old Prince having given her such an infamous book, & lamented loudly, crying: "Who will free me from this shameless wanton, who makes all the court mad? Truly says Scripture, 'A beautiful woman without discretion is like a circlet of gold upon a swine's head.' Ah! I know that now. But I trust my messengers will soon return, whom I have despatched to Stettin and Stramehl, and then I shall get rid of thee, thou wanton, for which God be thanked for evermore" ❧ Then she

turned to leave the room with old Ulrich, who only shook his head, but remained as mute as a fish. Doctor Gerschovius, however, stayed behind with Sidonia, in order to exhort her to virtue, but as she only wept and did not seem to hear him, he grew tired, and finally went his way, also with many sighs and uplifting of his hands.

A LITTLE after, as Sidonia was howling just out of pure ill temper, for, in my opinion, nothing ailed her, the little Prince Casimir ran in to look for his mamma; she had gone to hear Sidonia her catechism, they told him. "What did he want with his lady mamma?" "His new jerkin hurt him, he wanted her to tie it another way for him; but is it really true, Sidonia, that you do not know your catechism? I can say it quite well. Just come now, and hear me say it". It is probable that her Grace and the doctor had devised this plan in order to shame Sidonia, by showing her how even a little child could repeat it; but she took it angrily, and calling him over, said: "Yes; come, I will hear you your catechism." And as the little boy came up close beside her, she slung him across her knee, pulled down his hose, and (oh, shame!) whipped his Serene Highness upon his princely podex, that it would have melted the heart of a stone. How this shows her cruel and evil disposition, to revenge on the child what she had to bear from the mother! Fie on the maiden! And here my gracious Prince will say: "Oh, Theodore, this matter surely might have been passed over, since it brings a disrespect upon my princely house". I answer: "Gracious Lord and Prince, my most humble services are due to your Grace, but truth must still be truth, however it may displease your Highness. Besides, by no other act could I have so well proved the infernal evil in this woman's nature; for if she could dare to lay her godless hand upon one of your illustrious race, then all her future acts are perfectly comprehensible." ∴ When the malicious wretch let the boy go, he darted out of the room and ran down the whole corridor, screaming out that he would tell his mamma about Sidonia; but Zitsewitz met him, and having heard the story, the amorous old fool took him up in his arms, and promised him heaps of beautiful things if he would hold his tongue, and not say a word more to any one, & that he would give Sidonia a good whipping himself, in return for what she had done to him. So, in short, her Grace never heard of the in-

∴ Note by Duke Bogislaff XIV. This is true, and therefore I consent to let it remain; & I remember that Prince Casimir told me long afterwards that the scene remained indelibly impressed on his memory. "For," he said, "the wild eyes and the terrible voice of the witch frightened me more even than her cruel hand; as if even there I detected the devil in her, though I was but a little boy at the time."

sult until after Sidonia's departure from court. Had her Highness been in her apartment, she must have heard the child scream, but it so happened that just then she was walking up and down the ducal gardens, whither she had gone to cool her anger.

SOON after a stately ship was seen sailing down the river from Penemunde, which attracted all eyes in the castle, for on the deck stood a noble youth, with a heron's plume waving from his cap, & he held a tame sea-gull upon his hand, which from time to time flew off and dived into the water, bringing up all sorts of fish, great and small, in its beak, with which it immediately flew back to the handsome youth. "Ah!" exclaimed Clara, "there must be the sons of our gracious Princess! for to-morrow is her birthday; & here comes the noble bishop, Johann Frederick of Camyn, & his brother Duke Bogislaff XIII. to pay their respects to their gracious mother" Her Grace, however, would scarcely credit that the handsome youth who was fishing after so elegant a manner, was indeed her own beloved son; but Clara clapped her hands now, crying: "Look! your Grace, look! There is the flag hoisted!" And indeed there fluttered from the mast now the bishop's own arms; so the warder blew his horn, which was answered by the warder of St. Peter's in the town, and the bells in all the towers rang out, and the castellan ordered the cannon in the courtyard to be fired off. Her Grace was now thoroughly convinced; and, weeping for joy, ran down to the little water-gate, where old Ulrich already stood waiting to receive the princes. As the vessel approached, however, they discovered that the handsome youth was not the bishop, but Duke Bogislaff, who had been staying on a visit at his brother's court at Camyn, along with several high prelates. The bishop, Johann Frederick, did not accompany him, for he was obliged to remain at home, in order to receive a visit from the Prince of Brandenburg. When the Duke stepped on shore he embraced his weeping mother joyfully, & said he came to offer her his congratulations on her birthday, and that she must not weep but laugh, for there should be a dance in honour of it, and a right merry feast at the castle on the morrow. Then he tumbled out on the bridge all the fish which the bird had caught, and her Grace wondered greatly, and stroked it as it sat on the shoulder of the prince. So he asked if the bird pleased her Grace, and when she answered "Yes," he said: "Then, dearest mother, let it be my birthday-gift to you. I have trained it myself, and tried it here as you see upon the river. So any afternoon that you

and your ladies choose to amuse yourselves with a sail, this bird will fish for you as long as you please, while you row down the river" ❧ Ah, what a good son was this handsome young Duke! & when I think that Sidonia murdered them all: all, even this noble prince, my heart seems to break and the pen falls from my fingers. ∴

∴ Note by Duke Bogislaff XIV. Et quid mihi, misero filio? Domine in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, quia tu me redemisti fide Deus! (And what remains to me, wretched son? Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, thou God of truth.) ❧ When one thinks that it was the general belief in that age that the whole ducal race had been destroyed & blasted by Sidonia's sorceries, it is impossible not to be affected by these melancholy, yet resigned & Christian words of the last orphaned & childless representative of the ancient and illustrious house of Wolgast.

BUT to continue. The Duchess embraced the fine young prince, who still continued talking of the dance they must have next day. It was time now for his gracious mother to give up mourning for her deceased lord, he said ❧ But her Grace would not hear of a dance; and replied that she would continue to mourn for her dear lord all the rest of her life, to whom she had been wedded by Doctor Martinus. However, the Duke repeated his entreaties, and all the young nobles added theirs, and finally Prince Ernest besought her Grace not to deny them permission to have a festival on the morrow, as it was to honour her birthday ❧ So she at last consented; but old Ulrich shook his head, and took her Grace aside to warn her of the scandal which would assuredly arise, when the young nobles had drunk and grew excited by Sidonia. Hereupon, her Grace made answer that she would take care Sidonia should cause no scandal: "As she has refused to learn her catechism, she must not appear at the feast. It will be a fitting punishment to keep her a prisoner for the whole day, and therefore I shall lock her up myself in her own room, and put the key in my pocket" ❧ So Ulrich was well pleased, and all separated for the night with much contentment, and hopes of enjoyment on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII. OF APPELMANN'S KNAVERY. ITEM, HOW THE BIRTHDAY OF HER HIGHNESS WAS CELEBRATED, & SIDONIA MANAGED TO GET TO THE DANCE, WITH THE UPROAR CAUSED THEREBY.

BEFORE I proceed further, it will be necessary to state what happened a few days before concerning Prince Ernest's chief equerry Johann Appelmann, otherwise many might doubt the facts I shall have to relate, though God knows I speak the pure truth ❧ One came to his lordship, the grand chamberlain, he was a shoemaker of the town, and complained to him of Appelmann who had been courting his

daughter for a long while, and running after her until finally he had disgraced her in the eyes of the whole town, and brought shame and scandal into his house. So he prayed Lord Ulrich to make the shameless profligate take his daughter to wife, as he had fairly promised her marriage long ago. Now Ulrich had long suspected the knave of bad doings, for many pearls and jewels had lately been missing from her Grace's shabrack and horse-trappings, and the groom who always laid them on her Grace's white palfrey knew nothing about them, though he was even put to the torture; but as Appelmann had all these things in his sole keeping, it was natural to think that he was not quite innocent. Besides, three hundred sacks of oats were missing on the new year, & no one knew what had become of them. Therefore, Ulrich sent for the cheating rogue, & upbraided him for his profligate courses, also telling him that he must wed the shoemaker's daughter immediately. But the cunning knave knew better, and swore by all the saints that he was innocent, and finally prevailed upon Prince Ernest to intercede for him, so that Ulrich promised to give him a little longer grace, but then assuredly he would bring him to a strict account. And Appelmann drove the Prince that same day to Grypswald, to find out more musicians for the castle band, as the march of Duke Bogislaff the Great was to be played by eighty drums and forty trumpets in the grand ducal hall, to honour the birthday of her Highness.

ONE can imagine what Sidonia felt when the Duchess announced that, as she had refused to learn the catechism & was neither obedient to God nor her Grace, she should remain a strict prisoner in her own room during the festival, as a signal punishment for her ungodly behaviour. But her maid might bring her food of all that she chose from the feast. Sidonia first prayed her Grace to forgive her for the love of God, and she would learn the whole catechism by heart. But as this had no effect, then she wept and lamented loudly, and at length fell down upon her knees before her Grace, who would, however, be neither moved nor persuaded, and when Sidonia threatened at last to leave her room, the Duchess went out, locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. The prisoner howled enough then, I warrant. But what did she do now, the cunning minx? She gave her maid a piece of gold, and told her to go up and down the corridor, crying and wringing her hands, & when any one asked what was the matter, to say: "That her beautiful young lady was dying of grief, because the Duchess had locked her

up, like a little school-girl, in her own room, and all for not knowing the catechism of Dr. Gerschovius, which indeed was not taught in her part of the country, but another which she had learned quite well in her childhood. And so for this her poor young lady was not allowed to dance at the festival" The maid was to say all this in particular to Prince Ernest, or if he did not pass through the corridor, she was to stop weeping and groaning at his chamber door, until he came out to ask what was the matter The maid followed the instructions right well, and in less than an hour every soul in the castle, down to the cooks and washerwomen, knew what had happened, and everywhere the Duchess went she was assailed by old and young, great and small, with petitions of pardon for Sidonia. Her Grace, however, bid them all be silent, and threatened if they made such shameless requests to forbid the festival altogether But when Prince Ernest likewise petitioned in her favour, she was angry, and said: "He ought to be ashamed of himself." It was now plain what a fool the girl had made of him. Her maternal heart would break, she knew it would, and this day would be one of sorrow in place of joy to her; all on account of this girl. So the young prince had to hold his peace for this time; but he sent a message, nevertheless, to Sidonia, telling her not to fret, for that he would take her out of her room and bring her to the dance, let what would happen.

NEXT morning, by break of day, the whole castle and town were alive with preparations for the festival. It was now seven years (that is, since the death of Duke Philip) since any one had danced in the castle except the rats and mice, and even yet the splendour of this festival is talked of in Wolgast; and many of the old people yet living there remember it well, & gave me many curious particulars thereof, which I shall set down here, that it may be known how such affairs were conducted in old time at our ducal courts.

IN the morning, by ten of the clock, the young princes, nobles, clergy, and the honourable counsellors of the town, assembled in the grand ducal hall, built by Duke Philip after the great fire, and which extended up all through the three stories of the castle. At the upper end of the hall was the grand painted window, sixty feet high, on which was delineated the pilgrimage of Duke Bogislaff the Great to Jerusalem, all painted by Gerard Horner;∴ and round on the walls hung banners, and shields, and helmets, & cuirasses, while all along each side, four feet from the ground, there

∴ A Frieslander, and the most celebrated painter on glass of his time.

were painted on the walls figures of all the animals found in Pomerania: bears, wolves, elks, stags, deer, otters, &c. all exquisitely imitated. When all the lords had assembled, the drums beat and trumpets sounded, whereupon the Pomeranian marshal flung open the great doors of the hall, which were wreathed with flowers from the outside, and the princely widow entered with great pomp, leading the little Casimir by the hand. She was arrayed in the Pomeranian costume; namely, a white silk under-robe, & over it a surcoat of azure velvet, brocaded with silver, & open in front. A long train of white velvet, embroidered in golden laurel wreaths, was supported by twelve pages dressed in black velvet cassocks with Spanish ruffs. Upon her head the Duchess wore a coif of scarlet velvet with small plumes, from which a white veil, spangled with silver stars, hung down to her feet. Round her neck she had a scarlet velvet band, twisted with a gold chain, and from it depended a balsam flask, in the form of a greyhound, which rested on her bosom. As her Serene Highness entered with fresh and blushing cheeks, all bowed low & kissed her hand, glittering with diamonds. Then each offered his congratulations as best he could. Amongst them came Johann Neander, Archdeacon of St. Peter's, who was seeking preferment, considering that his present living was but a poor one; and so he presented her Grace with a printed tractatum dedicated to her Highness, in which the question was discussed whether the ten virgins mentioned Matt. xxv. were of noble or citizen rank. But Doctor Gerschovius made a mock of him for this afterwards, before the whole table. ∴ Now when all the congratulations were over, the Duchess asked Prince Ernest if the water-works in the court-yard had been completed, ∴ and when he answered, "Yes," "Then," quoth her Grace,

∴ Over these exegetical disquisitions of a former age we smile, and with reason; but we pedantic Germans have carried our modern exegetical mania to such absurd lengths, that we are likely to become as much a laughing-stock to our contemporaries, as well as to posterity, as this Johannes Neander. In fact, our exegetists are mostly pitiful schoolmasters, word-anatomists, and one could as little learn the true spirit of an old classic poet from our pedantic philologists, as the true sense of holy Scripture from our scholastic theologians. What with their grammar twistings, their various readings, their dubious punctuations, their mythical, and who knows what other meanings, their hair-splittings, and prosy vocable tiltings, we find at last that they are willing to teach us everything but that which really concerns us, and, like the Danaides, they let the water of life run through the sieve of their learning. We may apply to them truly that condemnation of our Lord's (Matt. xxiii. 24): "Ye blind guides; ye strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

∴ The Prince took much interest in hydraulics, & built a beautiful and costly aqueduct for the town of Wolgast.

"they shall run with Rostock beer to-day, if it took fifty tuns; for all my people, great and small, shall keep festival to-day; and I have ordered my court baker to give a loaf of bread, and a good drink, to every one that cometh and asketh. And now, as it is fitting, let us present ourselves in the church" So the bells rung, and the whole procession swept through the corridor and down the great stairs, with drums and trumpets going before. Then followed the marshal with his staff, & the grand chamberlain Ulrich von Schwerin, wearing his beautiful hat (a present from her Highness) looped up with a diamond aigrette, & spangled with little golden stars. Then came the Duchess, supported on each side by the young princes, her sons; and the nobles, knights, pages, and others brought up the rear, according to their rank & dignity. As they passed Sidonia's room, she began to beat the door and cry like a little spoiled child; but no one minded her, and the procession moved on to the court-yard, where the soldatesca fired a salute, not only from their muskets, but also from the great cannon called "the Old Aunt," which gave forth a deep joy-sigh. From all the castle windows hung banners & flags bearing the arms of Pomerania and Saxony, and the pavement was strewn with flowers.

AS they passed Sidonia's window she opened it, and appeared magnificently attired, & glittering with pearls & diamonds, but also weeping bitterly. At this sight old Ulrich gnashed his teeth for rage, but all the young men, & Prince Ernest in particular, felt their hearts die in them for sorrow. So they passed on through the great north gate out on the castle wall, from whence the whole town and harbour were visible. Here the flags fluttered from the masts, and waved from the towers, and the people clapped their hands and cried "Huzza!" (for in truth they had heard about the beer, to my thinking, before the Princess came out upon the walls). Summa: There was never seen such joy; and, after having service in church, they all returned to the castle in the same order, and set themselves down to the banquet.

I GOT a list of the courses at the table of the Duchess from old Kussow, and I shall here set it down, that people may see how our fathers banqueted eighty years ago in Pomerania; but, God help us! in these imperial days there is little left for us to grind our teeth upon. So smell thereat, and you will still get a delicious savour from these good old times.

First Course: 1. A soup; 2. An egg-soup, with saffron, peppercorns, & honey thereon; 3. Stewed mutton, with onions strewed thereon; 4. A roasted capon, with stewed plums.
Second Course: 1. Ling, with oil and raisins; 2. Beef, baked in oil; 3. Eels, with pepper; 4. Dried fish with Leipsic mustard.
Third Course: 1. A salad with eggs; 2. Jellies strewed with almond and onion seed; 3. Omelettes with honey and grapes; 4. Pastry, and many other things besides.
Fourth Course: 1. A roast goose with red beet-root, olives, capers, & cucumbers; 2. Little birds fried in lard, with radishes; 3. Venison; 4. Wild boar, with the marrow served on toasted rolls. In conclusion, all manner of pastry, with fritters, cakes, and fancy confectionery of all kinds. So her Grace selected something from each dish herself, & despatched it to Sidonia by her maid, but the maiden would none of them, and sent all back with a message that she had no heart to gormandize and feast; but her Grace might send her some bread & water, which was alone fitting for a poor prisoner to receive. The young men could bear this no longer, their patience was quite exhausted, and their courage rose as the wine cups were emptied. So at length Prince Ernest whispered to his brother Bogislaus to put in a a good word for Sidonia. He refused, however, and Prince Ernest was ashamed to name her himself; but some of the young pages, who waited on her Grace, were bold enough to petition for her pardon, whereupon her Grace gave them a very sharp reproof. After dinner the Duchess and Prince Bogislaus went up the stream in a pleasure-boat to try the tame sea-gull, & her Grace requested Lord Ulrich to accompany them, but he answered that he was more necessary to the castle that evening than a night-watch in a time of war, particularly if the young Prince was to have Rostock beer play from the fountains, in place of water. And soon his words came true, for when the Duchess had sailed away the young men began to drink in earnest, so that the wine ran over the threshold down the great steps, and the peasants and boors who were going back and forward with dried wood to the ducal kitchen, lay down flat on their faces, and licked up the wine from the steps (but the Almighty punished them for this, I think, for their children now are glad enough to sup up water with the geese). Meanwhile, many of the youths sprang up, swearing that they would free Sidonia; others fell down quite drunk, and knew nothing more of what happened. Then old Ulrich flew to the corridor, & marched up and down with his drawn dagger in his hand, and swore he would arrest them all if they did not keep

quiet; that as to those who were lying dead drunk like beasts, he must treat them like other beasts, whereupon he sends to the castle fountain for buckets of cold water, and pours it over them. Ha! how they sprang up, and raged when they felt it, but he only laughed & said if they would not hold their peace he would treat them still worse; they ought to be ashamed of their filthiness and debauchery. ∴

∴ Almost all writers of that age speak of the excesses to which intoxication was carried in all the ducal courts, but particularly that of Pomerania.

BUT now to the uproar within was added one from without; for when the fountains began to play with Rostock beer, all the town ran thither, & drank like leeches, while they begged the serving-wenches to bring them loaves to eat with it. How the old shoemaker threw up his cap in the air, & shouted: "Long live her Grace!" No better Princess was in the whole world; they hoped her Grace might live for many years & celebrate every birthday like this; then they would pray for her right heartily, & the women chattered and cackled, and the children screamed so that no one could hear a word that was saying, and Sidonia tried for a long time in vain to make them hear her. At last she waved a white kerchief from the window, when the noise ceased for a little, and she then began the old song, namely: "Would they release her?" Now there were some brave fellows among them to whom she had given drink-money, or purchased goods from, and they now ran to fetch a ladder & set it up against the wall, but old Ulrich got wind of this proceeding, & dispersed the mob forthwith, menacing Sidonia, before their faces, that if she but wagged a finger, & did not instantly retire from the window, & bear her well-merited punishment patiently, he would have her carried straightway through the guard-room, and locked up in the bastion tower. This threat succeeded, and she drew in her head. Meantime the Duchess returned from fishing, but when she beheld the crowd she entered through the little water-gate, and went up a winding stair to her own apartment, to attire herself for the dance. The musicians now arrived from Gryps-wald, and all the knights and nobles were assembled except Zitse-witz, who lay sick, whether from love or jealousy I leave undecided; so the great affair at length began, and in the state hall the band struck up Duke Bogislaus' march, played, in fact, by eighty drums and forty-three trumpets, so that it was as mighty and powerful in sound as if the great trumpet itself had played it, and the plaster dropped off from the ceiling, & the picture of his Highness the Duke, in the north window, was so disturbed by the vibration, that it shook and clattered as if it were going to descend from the frame, & dance

with the guests in the hall; and not only the folk outside danced to the music, but down in the town, in the great market-place, and beyond that even in the horse-market, the giant march was heard, and every one danced to it whether in or out of the house, and cheered and huzzaed. Now the Prince could no longer repress his feelings, for, besides that he had taken a good Pomeranian draught that day, and somewhat rebelled against his lady mother, he now flung the fourth commandment to the winds (never had he done this before), and taking three companions with him, by name Dieterich von Krassow, Joachim von Budde, and Achim von Weyer, he proceeded with them to the chamber of Sidonia, and with great violence burst open the door. There she lay on the bed weeping, in a green velvet robe, laced with gold, and embroidered with other golden ornaments, and her head was crowned with pearls and diamonds, so that the young Prince exclaimed: "Dearest Sidonia, you look like a king's bride; see, I keep my word; come now, and we shall dance together in the hall" Here he would willingly have kissed her, but was ashamed because the others were by, so he said: "Go ye now to the hall, and see if the dance is still going on I will follow with the maiden." Thereat the young men laughed, because they saw well that the Prince did not just then desire their company, and they all went away, except Joachim von Budde, the rogue, who crept behind the door, and peeped through the crevice Now the young lord was no sooner left alone with Sidonia, than he pressed her to his heart: "Did she love him? She must say 'yes' once again." Whereupon, she clasped his neck with her little hands, & with every kiss that he gave her, she murmured: "Yes, yes, yes!" "Would she be his own dear wife?" "Ah, if she dared. She would have no other spouse; no, not even if the emperor came himself with all the seven electors. But he must not make her more miserable than she was already. What could they do? he never would be allowed to marry her." "He would manage that." Then he pressed her again to his heart, with such ardour that the knave behind the door grew jealous, and springing up, called out: "If his Highness wishes for a dance, he must come now."

THEN they both entered the hall, her Grace was treading a measure with old Ulrich, but he caught sight of them directly, and without making a single remark, resigned the hand of her Grace to Prince Bogislaus, & excused himself, saying that the noise of the music had made his head giddy, and that he must leave the

hall for a little. He ran then along the corridor down to the court-yard, from thence to the guard, and commanded the officer with his troop, along with the executioner and six assistants, to be ready to rush into the hall with lighted matches, the moment he waved his hat with the white plumes from the window. When he returns, the dance is over, and my gracious Lady, suspecting nothing as yet, sits in a corner, and fans herself. Then Ulrich takes Sidonia in one hand and Prince Ernest in the other, brings them up straight before her Highness, and asks if she had herself given permission for the Prince and Sidonia to dance together in the hall. Her Highness started from her chair when she beheld them, her cheeks glowing with anger, and exclaimed: "What does this mean? Have you dared to release Sidonia?"

Ille: "Yes; for this noble maiden has been treated worse than a peasant girl by my lady mother".

Illa: "Oh, wo is me! this is my just punishment for having forgotten my Philip so soon, and even consenting to tread a measure in the hall." So she wept, and threw herself again upon the seat, covering her face with both hands. Now old Ulrich began: "So, my young Prince, this is the way you keep the admonitions that your father, of blessed memory, gave you on his death-bed! Fye, shame on you! Did you not give your promise also to me, the old man before you? Sidonia shall return to her chamber, if my word has yet some power in Pomerania. Speak, gracious Lady, give the order, and Sidonia shall be carried back to her room". When Sidonia heard this, she laid her white hand, all covered with jewels, upon the old man's arm, and looked up at him with beseeching glances, and stroked his beard after her manner, crying with tears of anguish: "Spare a poor young maiden! I will learn anything you tell me; I will repeat it all on Sunday. Only do not deal so hardly with me." But the little hands for once had no effect, nor the tears, nor the caresses; for Ulrich, throwing her off, gave her such a slap in the face that she uttered a loud cry and fell to the ground.

∴ The learned have puzzled their heads a great deal over the etymology of this enigmatical word, which is identical in meaning with the terrible "Zettergeschrei" of the reformation era. It is found in the Swedish, Gothic, and Low German dialects, & in the Italian Goduta. One of the best essays on the subject, which, however, leads us to no result, the lover of antiquarian researches will find in Hakeus's Pomeranian Provincial Papers, vol. v. p. 207.

IF a firebrand had fallen into a barrel of gunpowder, it could not have caused a greater explosion in the hall than that cry; for after a short pause, in which every one stood silent as if thunderstruck, there arose from all the nobles, young and old, the terrible war-cry, "Jodute! Jodute! ∴ To arms, to arms!" and the cry

was re-echoed till the whole hall rung with it. Whoever had a dagger or a sword drew it, and they who had none ran to fetch one. But the Prince would at once have struck old Ulrich to the heart, if his brother Bogislaus had not sprung on him from behind & pinioned his arms. Then Joachim von Budde made a pass at the old knight, and wounded him in the hand. So Ulrich changed his hat from the right hand to the left, and still kept retreating till he could gain the window, and give the promised sign to the guard, crying as he fought his way backward, step by step: "Come on now! Come on, Ernest! Murder the old grey-headed man whom thy father called friend; murder him, as thou wilt murder thy mother this night!" Then reaching the window, he waved his hat until the sign was answered; then sprang forward again, seized Sidonia by the hand, crying: "Out, harlot!" Hereupon young Lord Ernest screamed still louder: "Jodute! Jodute! Down with the grey-headed villain! What! will not the nobles of Pomerania stand by their Prince? Down with the insolent grey-beard, who has dared to call my princely bride a harlot!" And so he tore himself from his brother's grasp, and sprang upon the old man; but her Grace no sooner perceived his intention then she rushed between them, crying: "Hold! hold! hold! for the sake of God, hold! He is thy second father." And as the young Prince recoiled in horror, she seized Sidonia rapidly, and pushing her before Ulrich towards the door, cried: "Out with the accursed harlot!" But Joachim Budde, who had already wounded the grand chamberlain, now seizing a stick from one of the drummers, hit her Grace such a blow on the arm therewith, that she had to let go her hold of Sidonia. When old Ulrich beheld this, he screamed: "Treason! treason!" and rushed upon Budde. But all the young nobles, who were now fully armed, surrounded the old man, crying: "Down with him! down with him!" In vain he tried to reach a bench from whence he could defend himself against his assailants; in a few moments he was overpowered by numbers and fell upon the floor. Now, indeed, it was all over with him, if the soldatesca had not at that instant rushed into the hall with fierce shouts, and Master Hansen the executioner in his long red cloak, with six assistants accompanying them. "Help! help!" cried her Grace; "Help for the Lord Chamberlain!" So they sprang to the centre of the hall where he was lying, dashed aside his assailants, and lifted up the old man from the floor with his hand all bleeding. But Joachim Budde, who was seated on the very same bench which Ulrich had in vain tried to reach, began to mock the old knight. Whereupon Ulrich asked if it were he who had struck her

Grace with the drumstick. "Ay," quoth he, laughing, "and would that she had got more of it, for treating that darling, sweet, beautiful Sidonia no better than a kitchen wench. Where is the old hag now? I will teach her the catechism with my drumstick, I warrant you" And he was going to rise, when Ulrich made a sign to the executioner, who instantly dropped his red cloak, under which he had hitherto concealed his long sword, and, just as Joachim looked up to see what was going on, he whirled the sword round like a flash of lightning, and cut Budde's head clean off from the shoulders, so that not even a quill of his Spanish ruff was disturbed, and the blood spouted up like three horse-tails to the ceiling (for he drank so much that all the blood was in his head), and down tumbled his gay cap, with the heron's plume, to the ground, and his head along with it In an instant all was quietness; for though some of the ladies fainted, amongst whom was her Grace, and others rushed out of the hall, still there was such a silence, that when the corpse fell down at length heavily upon the ground, the clap of the hands and feet upon the floor was quite audible When Ulrich observed that his victory was complete, he waved his hat in the air, exclaiming: "The princely house of Pomerania is saved! and, as long as I live, its honour shall never be tarnished for the sake of a harlot! Remove Prince Ernest and Sidonia to separate prisons. Let the rest go their ways; this devil's festival is at an end, and, with my consent, there shall never be another in Wolgast."

CHAPTER XIII. HOW SIDONIA IS SENT AWAY TO STETTIN; ITEM, OF THE YOUNG LORD'S DANGEROUS ILLNESS, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN CONSEQUENCE.

NOW the Grand Chamberlain was well aware that no good would result from having Sidonia brought to a public trial, because the whole court was on her side Therefore he called Marcus Bork, her cousin, to him in the night, and bad him take her and her luggage away next morning before break of day, and never stop or stay until they reached Duke Barnim's court at Stettin. The wind was half-way round now, & before nightfall they might reach Oderkruge. He would first just write a few lines to his Highness; and, when Marcus had made all needful preparation, let him come here to his private apartment and receive the letter. He

had selected him for the business because he was Sidonia's cousin, and also because he was the only young man at the castle whom the wanton had not ensnared in her toils. But that night Ulrich had reason to know that Sidonia and her lovers were dangerous enemies; for just as he had returned to his little room, and seated himself down at the table, to write to his Grace of Stettin the whole business concerning Sidonia, the window was smashed, and a large stone came plump down upon the ink-bottle close beside him, and stained all the paper. As Ulrich went out to call the guard, Appelmann, the equerry, came running up to him, complaining that his lordship's beautiful horse was lying there in the stable groaning like a human creature, for that some wretches had cut its tail clean off.

Ille: "Were any of the grooms in the stable lately? or had he seen any one go by the window?"

Hic: "No; it was impossible to see any one, on account of the darkness, but he thought he had heard some one creeping along by the wall."

Ille: "Let him come then, fetch a lantern, & summon all the grooms; he would give it to the knaves. Had he heard anything of her Highness recently?"

Hic: "A maid told him that her Grace was better, and had retired to rest."

Ille: "Thank God. Now they might go". But as they proceeded along the corridor, which was now almost quite dark, the old knight suddenly received such a blow upon his hat that the beautiful aigrette was broken, and he himself thrown against the wall with such violence, that he lay a quarter of an hour insensible; then he shook his grey head. What could that mean? Had Appelmann seen any one?

Hic: "Ah! no; but he thought he heard steps, as if of some one running away". So they went on to the ducal stables, but nothing was to be seen or heard. The grooms knew nothing about the matter; the guard knew nothing. Then the old knight lamented over his beautiful horse, and told Appelmann to ride next morning, with Marcus Bork and Sidonia, to the Duke's castle at Stettin, and purchase the piebald mare for him, from his Grace, about which they had been bargaining some time back; but he must keep all this secret, for the young nobles were to know nothing of the journey. Ah, what fine fun this is for the cunning rogue! "If his Lordship would only give him the purse, he would bring him back a far finer horse than that which some knaves had injured." Whereupon the old knight went down to reckon out the rose-nobles; but, lo! a stone came whizzing

past him close to his head, so that, if it had touched him, methinks the old man would never have spoken a word more. In short, wherever he goes, or stops, or stands, stones and buffets are rained down upon him, so that he has to call the guard to accompany him back to his chamber; but he lays the saddle on the right horse at last, as you shall hear in another place.

AFTER some hours everything became quiet in the castle, for the knaves were glad enough to sleep off their drunkenness. And so, early in the morning before dawn, while they were all snoring in their beds, Sidonia was carried off, scream as she would, along the corridor, & even before the young knight's chamber; not a soul heard her. For she had not been brought to the prison tower, as at first commanded, but to her own little chamber, likewise the young lord to his; for the grand chamberlain thought afterwards this proceeding would not cause such scandal. But there truly was great grief in the castle when they all rose, & the cry was heard that Sidonia was gone; and some of the murderous lords threatened to make the old man pay with his blood for it. Item; no sooner was it day than Dr. Gerschovius ran in, crying that some of the young profligates had broken all his windows the night before, and turned a goat into the Rectory, with the catechism of his dear and learned brother tied round his neck. Then old Ulrich's anger increased mightily, as might be imagined, and he brought the priest with him to the Duchess, who had got but little rest that night, & was busily turning her wheel with the little clock-work, and singing to it, in a loud clear voice, that beautiful psalm (120th): "In deep distress I oft have cried." She paused when they entered, & began to weep: "Was it not all prophesied? Why had she been persuaded to throw off her mourning, & slight the memory of her loved Philip? It was for this the wrath of God had come upon her house; for assuredly the Lord would avenge the innocent blood that had been shed." Then Ulrich answered that, as her Grace knew, he had earnestly opposed this festival; but as to what regarded the traitor whose head he had chopped off, he was ready to answer for that blood, not only to man but before God. For had not the coward struck his own sovereign lady the Princess with the drumstick? Item; was he not in the act of rising to repeat the blow, as the whole nobility are aware, only he lost his head by the way; and if this had not been done all order & government must have ceased throughout the land, and the mice and the rats rule the cats, which was against the order of nature & contrary to

God's will. But his gracious Lady might take consolation, for Sidonia had been carried from the castle that morning by four of the clock, and, by God's grace, never should set foot in it again. But there was another gravamen, and that concerned the young nobles, who no doubt would become more daring after the events of last evening. Then he related what had happened to the priest. "Item: what did my gracious Lady mean to do with those drunken libertines? If her Grace had kept up the huntings and the fishings, as in the days of good Duke Philip, mayhap the young men would have been less given to debauchery; but her grace kept an idle house, and they had nothing to do but drink and brew mischief. If her Grace had no fitting employment for these young fellows, then he would pack them all off to the devil, the very next morning, for they brought nothing but disrespect upon the princely house of Wolgast."

SO her Grace rejoiced over Sidonia's departure, but could not consent to send away the young knights. Her beloved husband and lord, Philippus Primus, always kept a retinue of such young nobles, and all the princely courts did the same. What would her cousin of Brandenburg and Mecklenburg say, when they heard that she had no longer knights or pages at her court? She feared her princely name would be mentioned with disrespect. So Ulrich replied, that at all events, this set of young boisterers must be sent off, as they had grown too wild & licentious to be endured any longer; and that he would select a new retinue for her Grace, from the discreetest and most sober-minded young knights of the court. Marcus Bork, however, might remain; he was true, loyal, & brave: not a wine-bibber and profligate like the others. So her Grace at last consented, seeing that no good would come of these young men now; on the contrary, they would be more daring and riotous than ever from rage, when they found that Sidonia had been sent away; and that business of the window-smashing and the goat demanded severe punishment. So let Ulrich look out for a new household; these gay libertines would be sent away. While she was speaking, the door opened, & Prince Ernest entered the chamber, looking so pale and haggard, that her Grace clasped her hands together, and asked him, with terror, what had happened.

Ille: "Did she ask what had happened, when all Pomerania rung with it? when nobles were beheaded before her face, as if they were nothing more than beggars' brats: when the delicate and high-born Lady Sidonia, who had been entrusted to her care by Duke Barnim

himself, was turned out of the castle in the middle of the night, as if she were a street-girl, because, forsooth, she would not learn her catechism? The world would scarcely credit such scandalous acts, & yet they were all true. But to-morrow (if this weakness which had come over him allowed of it) he would set off for Stettin, also to Berlin & Schwerin, and tell the princes there, his cousins, what government they held in Wolgast. He would soon be twenty, and would then take matters into his own hands; and he would pray his guardian and dear uncle, Duke Barnim, to pronounce him at once of age; then the devil might take Ulrich and his government, but he would rule the castle his own way." Her grace: "But what did he complain of? What ailed him? She must know this first, for he was looking as pale as a corpse."

Ille: "Did she not know, then, what ailed him? Well, since he must tell her, it was anger: anger that made him so pale and weak."

Her Grace: "Anger, was it? Anger, because the false wanton, Sidonia, had been removed by her orders from her princely castle? Ah! she knew now what the wanton had come there for; but would he kill his mother? She nearly sank upon the ground last night, when he called the impudent wench his bride. But she forgave him; it must have been the wine he drank made him so forget himself; or was it possible that he spoke in earnest?"

Ille (sighing): "The future will tell that" "Oh! woe is me! what must I live to hear? If thy father could look up from his grave, and see thee disgracing thy princely blood by a marriage with a bower-maiden! thou traitorous, disobedient son, do not lie to me. I know from thy sighs what thy purpose is; for this thou art going to Stettin and Berlin" The prince is silent, & looks down upon the ground.

Her Grace: "Oh, shame on thee! shame on thee for the sake of thy mother! shame on thee for the sake of this servant of God, thy second father, this old man here! What! a vile knave strike thy mother, before the face of all the court, and thou condemnest him because he avenged her; truly thou art a fine brave son, to let thy mother be struck before thy face, for the sake of a harlot. Canst thou deny it? I conjure thee by the living God, tell me, is it thy true purpose to take this harlot to thy wife?"

Ille: "He could give but one answer: the future would decide."

Her Grace (weeping): "Oh, she was reserved for all misfortunes! Why did Doctor Martinus let her ring fall? All, all has followed from that! If he had chosen a good, humble, honest girl, she would say nothing; but this wanton, this light maiden, that ran after every

carl and let them court her!" Here the young prince was seized with such violent convulsions that he fell upon the floor, and her Grace raised him up with loud lamentations. He was carried in a dead faint to his chamber, and the court physician, Dr. Pomius, instantly summoned. Doctor Pomius was a pompous little man (for my father knew him well), dry and smart in his words, and with a face like a pair of nutcrackers, for his front teeth were gone, so that his lips seem dried on his gums, like the skin of a mummy. He was withal too self-conceited, and boastful, and malicious, full of gossip and ill-nature, and running down every one that did not believe that he (Doctor Pomius) was the only learned physician in the world. Following the celebrated rules laid down by Theophrastus Paracelsus, he cured everything with trash, and asses' dung was his infallible panacea for all complaints. This pharmacopœia was certainly extremely simple, easily obtained, and universal in his application. If the dung succeeded, the doctor drew himself up, tossed his head, and exclaimed: "What Doctor Pomius orders always succeeds." But if the wretched patient slipped out of his hands into the other world, he shook his head and said: "There is an hour for every man to die; of course his had come; physicians can not work miracles" Pomius hated every other doctor in the town, and abused them so for their ignorance and stupidity, that finally her Grace believed that no one in the world knew anything but Dr. Pomius, and that a vast amount of profound knowledge was expressed if he only put his finger to the end of his nose, as was his habit So, as I have said, she summoned him to attend the young lord; and, after feeling his pulse and asking some questions respecting his general health, the doctor laid his finger, as usual, to his nose, and pronounced solemnly: "The young prince must immediately take a dose of asses' dung stewed in wine, with a little of the laudanum paracelsi poured in afterwards; this will restore him certainly" But it was all in vain; for the young prince still continued day and night calling for Sidonia, & neither the Duchess nor Doctor Gerschovius could in any wise comfort him. This afflicted her Grace almost to the death; and, by Ulrich's advice, she despatched her second son, Duke Barnim the younger, and Dagobert von Schwerin to the court of Brunswick, to solicit in her name the hand of the young Princess Sophia Hedwig, for her son Ernest Ludovicus. Now, in the whole kingdom, there was no more beautiful princess than Sophia of Brunswick; and her Grace was filled with hope that, by her means, the influence of the detestable Sidonia over the heart of the young lord would be destroyed for ever.

IN due time the ambassadors returned, with the most favourable answer. Father, mother, and daughter all gave consent; and the Duke of Brunswick also forwarded, by their hands, an exquisite miniature of his beautiful daughter for Prince Ernest. This miniature her Grace now hung up beside his bed. Would he not look at the beautiful bride she had selected for him? could there be a more lovely face in all the German empire? What was Sidonia, beside her, but a rude country girl! would he not give her up at last, this light wench? While, on the contrary, this illustrious princess was as virtuous as she was beautiful, and this the whole court of Brunswick could testify. But the young lord would give no heed to her Grace, and spat out at the picture, and cried to take away the daub; into the fire with it, anywhere out of his sight. Unless his dear, his beautiful Sidonia came to tend him, he would die; he felt that he was dying. So her Grace took counsel with old Ulrich, and Doctor Pomius, and the priest, what could be done now. The doctor mentioned that he must have been witch-struck. Then more doctors were sent for from Grypswald, but all was in vain; no one knew what ailed him; and from day to day he grew worse. Clara von Dewitz now bitterly reproached herself, for having concealed her suspicions about the love-drink from her Grace; though indeed she did so by desire of her betrothed, Marcus Bork; but now seeing that the young Prince lay absolutely at the point of death, she could no longer hold her peace, but, throwing herself on her knees before her Grace, told her the whole story of the witch-girl, whom she had sheltered in the castle, and of her fears that Sidonia had learned from her how to brew a love philtre, which she had afterwards given to the Prince. Her Grace was sore displeased with Clara for having kept all this a secret; and said that she would have expected more wisdom and discretion from her, seeing that she had always counted her the most worthy amongst her maidens; then she summoned Ulrich, and laid the evil matter before him. He shook his head; believed that they had hit on the true cause now. Such a sickness had nothing natural about it; there must be magic & witchwork in it; but he would have the whole land searched for the girl, and make her give the young lord some potion that would take off the spell. Now the witch-girl had been pardoned a few days before that, & sent back to Usdom, near Daber; but bailiffs were now sent in all directions to arrest her, and bring her again to Wolgast without delay. So the wretched creature was discovered, before long, in Kruge, near Mahlzow, where she had hired

herself as a spinner for the winter, and brought before Ulrich and her Grace. She was there admonished to tell the whole truth, but persisted in asseverating that Sidonia had never learned from her how to make a love-drink. Her statement, however, was not believed; and Master Hansen was summoned, to try and make her speak more. The affair, indeed, appeared so serious to Ulrich, that he himself stood by while she was undergoing the torture, and carried on the protocollum, calling out to Master Hansen occasionally not to spare his squeezes. But though the blood burst from her finger-ends, and her hip was put out of joint, so that she limped ever after, she confessed nothing more, nor did she alter the statement which she had first made. Item: Her Grace, and the priest, & all the bystanders, exhorted her in vain to confess the truth (for her Grace was present at the torture). At last she cried out: "Yes, I know something that will cure him! Mercy! mercy! and I will tell it". So they unbound her, and she was going straightway to make her witch-potion, but old Ulrich changed his mind. Who could know whether this devil's fiend was telling them the truth? May be she would kill the young lord, in place of curing him. So they gave her another stretch upon the rack. But as she still held by all her assertions, they spared her any further torture. But, in my opinion, the young lord must have obtained something from her, otherwise he could not have recovered all at once, the moment that Sidonia was brought back, as I shall afterwards relate.

Sum total: The young Prince screamed day and night for Sidonia, and told her Grace that he now felt he was dying, and requested, as his last prayer upon this earth, to be allowed to see her once more. The maiden was an angel of goodness; and if she could but close his dying eyes, he would die happy. It can be easily imagined with what humour her Grace listened to such a request, for she hated Sidonia like Satan himself; but as nothing else could satisfy him, she promised to send for her, if Prince Ernest would solemnly swear, by the corpse of his father, that he would never wed her, but select some princess for his bride, as befitted his exalted rank, the Princess Hedwig, or some other, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to be able to quit his bed. So he quickly stretched forth his thin, white hand from the bed, and promised his dearly beloved mother to do all she had asked, if she would only send horsemen instantly to Stettin, for the journey by water was insecure, and might be tedious if the wind were not favourable.

DEREUPON a great rumour arose in the castle; and young Duke Bogislaus fell into such a rage that he took his way back again to Camyn, and his younger brother, Barnim, accompanied him. But the anger of the grand chamberlain no words can express. He told her Grace, in good round terms, that she would be the mock of the whole land. The messengers had only just returned, who had carried away Sidonia from the castle under the greatest disgrace; and now, forsooth, they must ride back again to bring her back with all honour. "Oh, it was all true, quite true; but then if her dearest son Ernest were to die."

Ille: "Let him die. Better lose his life than his honour."

Hæc: "He would not peril his honour, for he had sworn by the corpse of his father never to wed Sidonia."

Ille: "Ay, he was quick enough in promising, but performing was a different thing. Did her Grace think that the passion of a man could be controlled by promises, as a tame horse by a bridle? Never, never. Passion was a wild horse, that no bit, or bridle, or curb, could guide, and would assuredly carry his rider to the devil."

Her Grace: "Still she could not give up her son to death; besides, he would repent and see his folly. Did not God's word tell us how the prodigal son returned to his father, and would not her son return likewise?"

Ille: "Ay, when he has kept swine. After that he may return, but not till then. The youngster was as great a fool about women as he had ever come across in his life."

Her Grace (weeping): "He was too harsh on the young man. Had she not sent away the girl at his command? and now he would let her own child die before her eyes, without hope or consolation."

Ille: "But if her child is indeed dying, would she send for the devil to attend him in his last moments? Her Grace should be more consistent. If the young lord is dying, let him die; her Grace has other children, and God will know how to comfort her. Had he not been afflicted himself? and let her ask Dr. Gerschovius if the Lord had not spoken peace unto him."

Her Grace: "Ah, true; but then neither of them are mothers. Her son is asking every moment if the messengers have departed, & what shall she answer him? She cannot lie, but must tell the whole bitter truth."

Ille: "He saw the time had come at last for him to follow the young princes. He was of no use here any longer. Her Grace must give him

permission to take his leave, for he would sail off that very day for his castle at Spanticow, and then she might do as she pleased respecting the young lord."

SO her Grace besought him not to leave her in her sore trouble and perplexity. Her two sons had sailed away, and there was no one left to advise and comfort her. But Ulrich was inflexible. "She must either allow her son quietly to leave this miserable life, or allow him to leave this miserable court service". "Then let him go to Spanticow. Her son should be saved. She would answer before the throne of the Almighty for what she did. But would he not promise to return, if she stood in any great need or danger? for she felt that both were before her; still she must peril everything to save her child."

Ille: "Yes, he would be ready on her slightest summons; and he doubted not but that Sidonia would soon give her trouble & sorrow enough. But he could not remain now, without breaking his knightly oath to Duke Philip, his deceased feudal seigneur of blessed memory, and standing before the court and the world as a fool". So after many tears her Grace gave him his dismissal, and he rode that same day to Spanticow, promising to return if she were in need, and also to send her a new retinue and household immediately. This last arrangement displeased Marcus Bork mightily, for he had many friends amongst the knights who were now to be dismissed, and so he too prayed her Grace for leave to resign his office and retire from court. He had long looked upon Clara von Dewitz with a holy Christian love, and if her Grace permitted he would now take her home as his dear loving wife. Her Grace replied that she had long suspected this betrothal, particularly from the time that Clara told her of his advice respecting the concealment of the witch-girl's visit to Sidonia; and as he had acted wrongly in that business, he must now make amends by not deserting her in her greatest need. Her sons and old Ulrich had already left her, some one must remain in whom she could place confidence. It would be time enough afterwards to bring home his beloved wife Clara, and she would wish them God's blessing on their union.

Ille: "True, he had been wrong in concealing that business with the witch-girl, but her Grace must pardon him. He never thought it would bring the young lord to his dying bed. Whatever her Grace now commanded he would yield obedience to". "Then," said her Grace, "do you and Appelmann mount your horses instantly, ride

to Stettin, and bring back Sidonia. For her dearly-beloved son had sworn that he could not die easy unless he beheld Sidonia once more, and that she attended him in his last moments" It may be easily imagined how the good knight endeavoured to dissuade her Highness from this course, and even spoke to the young Prince himself, but in vain. That same day he and Appelmann were obliged to set off for Stettin, and on their arrival presented the following letter to old Duke Barnim:

"Maria, by the Grace of God, born Duchess of Saxony, &c.

"Illustrious Prince and my Dear Uncle, . . It has not been concealed from your Highness how our dear son, Ernest Ludovicus, since the departure of Sidonia, has fallen, by the permission of God, into such a state of bodily weakness that his life even stands in jeopardy. He has declared that nothing will restore him but to see Sidonia once more. We, therefore, entreat your Highness, after admonishing the aforesaid maiden severely upon her former light and unseemly behaviour, to dismiss her with our messengers, that they may return and give peace and health to our dearly beloved son. If your Highness would enjoy a hunt or a fishing with a tame sea-gull, it would give us inexpressible pleasure. We commend you lovingly to God's holy keeping.

"Given from our Castle of Wolgast, this Friday, April 15, 1569.

"Maria."

CHAPTER XIV. HOW DUKE BARNIM OF STETTIN AND OTTO BORK ACCOMPANY SIDONIA BACK TO WOLGAST.

HEN his Highness of Stettin had finished the perusal of her Grace's letter, he laughed loudly, and exclaimed: "This comes of all their piety and preachings. I knew well what this extravagant holiness would make of my dear cousin and old Ulrich." If people would persist in being so wonderfully religious, they would soon become as sour as an old cabbage-head. And Sidonia declared, that, for her part, a hundred horses should not drag her back to Wolgast, where she had been lectured and insulted, and all because she would not learn her catechism, like a little school-girl. Nor would Otto Bork hear of her returning. (He was waiting at Stettin to conduct her back to Stramehl.) At last, however, he promised to consent, on condition

that his Highness would grant him the dues on the Jena. Now the Duke knew right well that Otto wanted to revenge himself upon the people of Stargard, with whom he was at enmity; but he pretended not to observe the cunning knight's motives, and merely replied: "They must talk of the matter at Wolgast, for nothing could be decided upon without having the opinion of his cousin the Duchess."

So the knight taking this as a half-promise, & Sidonia having at last consented, they all set off on Friday with a good south wind in their favour, and by that same evening were landed by the little water-gate at Wolgast. His Highness was received with distinguished honours; the ten knights of her Grace's new household being in waiting to receive him, as he stepped on shore. So they proceeded to the castle, the Duke having Sidonia upon one arm, and a Cain under the other, which he had been carving during the passage, for the Eve had long since been finished. Otto followed, and all the people when they beheld Sidonia, uttered loud cries of joy that the dear young lady had come back to them. This increased her arrogance, so that when her Grace received her, and began a godly admonishment upon her past levities, and conjured her to lead a modest devout life for the future, Sidonia replied indiscreetly: "She knew not what her Grace and her parson meant by a modest devout life, except it were learning the catechism of Doctor Gerschovius; from such modesty and devoutness she begged to be excused, she was no little school-girl now.. she thought her Grace had got rid of all her whims and caprices, by sending for her, after having turned her out of the castle without any cause whatever.. but it was all the old thing over again". Her Grace coloured up with anger at this bitter speech, but held her peace; then Otto addressed her, & begged leave to ask her Grace what kind of order was held at her court, where a priest was allowed to slap the fingers of a noble young maiden, and a chamberlain to smite her on the face? Had he known that such were the usages at her court of Wolgast, the Lady Sidonia (such he delighted to call her, as though she were of princely race) never should have entered it, & he would now instantly take her back to Stramehl, if her Grace would not consent to give him up the dues on the Jena. Now her Grace knew nothing about the dues, and therefore said, turning to the Duke: "Dear Uncle, what does this arrogant knave mean? I do not comprehend his insolent speech." Hereupon Otto chafed with rage, that her Grace had named him with such contempt, and cried: "Then was your husband a knave, too! for my

blood is as noble and nobler than your own, and I am lord of castles and lands. Come, my daughter; let us leave the robbers' den, or mayhap thy father will be struck even as thou wert" Now her Grace knew not what to do, and she lamented loudly, more particularly, because at this moment a message arrived from Prince Ernest, praying her for God's sake to bring Sidonia to him, as he understood that she had been in the castle now a full quarter of an hour. Then old Otto laughed loudly, took his daughter by the hand, and cried again: "Come, let us leave this robber hole. Come, Sidonia!" This plunged her Grace into despair, & she exclaimed in anguish: "Will you not have pity on my dying child?" but Otto continued, "Come, Sidonia! come, Sidonia!" & he drew her by the hand. Here Duke Barnim rose up and said: "Sir Knight, be not so obstinate. Remember it is a sorrowing mother who entreats you. Is it not true, Sidonia, you will remain here?" Then the cunning hypocrite lifted her kerchief to her eyes, and replied, "If I did not know the catechism of Doctor Gerschovius, yet I know God's word, and how the Saviour said, 'I was sick and ye visited me,' and James also says: 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' No, I will not let this poor young lord die, if my visit and my prayer can help him" "No, no," exclaimed Otto, "thou shalt not remain, unless the dues of the Jena be given up to me." And as at this moment another page arrived from Prince Ernest, with a similar urgent request for Sidonia to come to him, her Grace replied quickly, "I promise all that you desire," without knowing what she was granting; so the knight said he was content, and let go his daughter's hand. Now the good town of Stargard would have been ruined for ever by this revengeful man, if his treacherous designs had not been defeated (as we shall see presently) by his own terrible death. He had long felt a bitter hatred to the people of Stargard, because at one time they had leagued with the Greifenbergers & the Duke of Pomerania to ravage his town of Stramehl, in order to avenge an insult he had offered to the old burgomaster Jacob Appelmann, father of the chief equerry, Johann Appelmann. In return for this outrage, Otto determined, if possible, to get the control of the dues of the Jena into his own hands, and when the Stargardians brought their goods and provisions up the Jena, and from thence prepared to enter the river Haff, he would force them to pay such exorbitant duty upon everything, that the merchants and the people, in short the whole town, would be ruined, for their whole subsistence and merchandise came by these two rivers, and all this was merely to gratify his revenge; but the just God graciously turned away the

evil from the good town, and let it fall upon Otto's own head, as we shall relate in its proper place.

SO, when the old knight had let go his daughter's hand, her Grace seized it, and went instantly with Sidonia to the chamber of the young lord . . all the others following, and here a moving scene was witnessed, for as they entered, Prince Ernest extended his thin pale hands towards Sidonia, exclaiming: "Sidonia, ah, dearest Sidonia, have you come at last to nursetend me?" then he took her little hand, kissed it, and bedewed it with his tears, still repeating: "Sidonia, dearest Sidonia, have you come to nursetend me?" So the artful hypocrite began to weep, and said: "Yes, my gracious Prince, I have come to you, although your priest struck me on the fingers, and your mother and old Ulrich called me a harlot, before all the court, and lastly, turned me out of the castle by night, as if I had been a swine-herd; but I have not the heart to let your Highness suffer, if my poor prayers and help can abate your sickness, therefore let them strike me, and call me a harlot again, if they wish" This so melted the heart of my gracious Prince Ernest, that he cried out: "Oh, Sidonia, angel of goodness, give me one kiss, but one little kiss upon my mouth, Sidonia! bend down to me; but one, one kiss!" Her Grace was dreadfully scandalized at such a speech, and said, he ought to be ashamed of such words. Did he not remember what he had sworn by the corpse of his father at St. Peter's? But old Duke Barnim cried out, laughing: "Give him a kiss, Sidonia; that is the best plaster for his wounds, 'a kiss in honour brings no dishonour,' says the proverb" However, Sidonia still hesitated, and bending down to the young man said: "Wait, gracious Prince, until we are alone" If the Duchess had been angry before, what was it to her rage now. "Alone! she would take good care they were never to be alone!" Otto took no notice of this speech, probably because he saw that matters were progressing much to his liking between the Prince and his daughter, but Duke Barnim exclaimed: "How now, dearest cousin, are you going to spoil all by your prudery? You brought the girl here to cure him, and what other answer could she give? Bend thee down, Sidonia, and give him one little kiss upon the lips . . I, the Prince, command thee; and see thou need'st not be ashamed, for I will set thee an example with his mother. Come, dear cousin, put off that sour face and give me a good hearty kiss; your son will get well the sooner for it": but as he attempted to seize hold of her Grace, she cried out, and lifted up her hands to

Heaven, lamenting in a loud voice: "Oh, evil and wicked world! may God release me from this wicked world, and lay me down this day beside my Philip in the grave!" Then weeping and wringing her hands, she left the chamber, while the old knight, and . . God forgive him! . . even Duke Barnim looked after her, laughing. "Come, Otto," said his Grace, "let us go too, & leave this pair alone; I must try and pacify my dear cousin." So they left the room, and on the way Otto opened his mind to the Duke about this love matter, and asked his Grace, would he consent to the union, if Prince Ernest, on his recovery, made honourable proposals for his daughter Sidonia. But his Grace was right crafty, & merely answered: "Time enough to settle that, Otto, when he is recovered, but methinks you will have some trouble with his mother unless you are more civil to her; so if you desire her favour, bear yourself more humbly, I advise you, as befits a subject". This the knight promised and the conversation ceased, as they came up with the Duchess just then, who was waiting for them in the grand corridor. No sooner did she perceive that Sidonia was not with them, then she cried out: "So my son is alone with the maiden!" and instantly despatched three pages to watch them both. Otto had now changed his tone, and instead of retorting, thanked her Grace for the praiseworthy and Christian care she took of his daughter. He did not believe this at first, but now he saw it with his own eyes. Alas, it was too true, the world was daily growing worse and worse, and the devil haunted us with his temptations, like our own flesh and blood. Then he sighed and kissed her hand, and prayed her Grace to pardon him his former bold language; but in truth he had felt displeased at first to see her Grace so harsh to Sidonia, when every one else at the castle received her with rapture, but he saw now that she only meant kindly and motherly by the girl. Then the Duke asked her pardon for his little jest about the kissing. She knew well that he meant no harm; and also that it was not in his nature to endure any melancholy or lamentable faces around him.

SO her Grace was reconciled to both, and when the Duke announced that he and the knight proposed visiting Barth and Eldena, from whence they would return in a few days, to take their leave of her, she said that if her dearest son Ernest grew any better, she would have a grand battue in honour of his Highness Duke Barnim, upon their return. Accordingly, after having amused themselves for a little, fishing with the tame sea-gull, the

Duke and Otto rode away, and her Grace went to the chamber of the young Prince, to keep watch during the night. She would willingly have dismissed Sidonia, but he forbade her; and Sidonia herself declared that she would watch day and night by the bedside of the young lord. So she sat the whole night by his bed, holding his hand in hers, and told him about her journey, and how shamefully she had been smuggled away out of the castle by old Ulrich, because she would not learn the catechism, and of her anguish when the messengers arrived, and told of their young lord's illness. She was quite certain Ulrich must have given him something to cause it, as a punishment for having released her from prison, for if he could strike a maiden, it was not surprising that he would injure even his future reigning Prince to gratify his malice. It was well the old malignant creature was away now, as she was told, and if his Grace did right he would play him a trick in return, & set fire to his castle at Spantikow as soon as he was able to move.

ER Grace endured all this in silence, for her dear soul's sake, though in truth her anger was terrible. The young lord, however, grew better rapidly, and the following day was even able to creep out of bed, for a couple of hours, to touch the lute. And he taught Sidonia all, and placed her little fingers himself on the strings, that she might learn the better. Then, for the first time, he called for something to eat, and after that fell into a profound sleep which lasted forty-eight hours. During this time he lay like one dead, and her Grace would have tried to awaken him, but the physician prevented her. At length, when he awoke, he cried out loudly, first for Sidonia, and then for some food. At last, to the great joy of her Grace, he was able, on the fourth day, to walk in the castle garden, and arranged to attend the hunt with his dear uncle upon his return to Wolgast. The Duke, on his arrival, rejoiced greatly to find the young lord so well, and said with his usual gay manner: "Come here, Sidonia; I have been rather unwell on the journey: come here and give me a kiss too, to make me better"; and Sidonia complied. Whereupon, her Grace looked unusually sour, but said nothing, for fear of disturbing the general joy. Indeed the whole castle was in a state of jubilee, and her Grace promised that she and her ladies would attend the hunt on the following day. About this time the castle was troubled by a strange apparition, no other than the spectre of the serpent knight, who had been drowned some time previously. It was reported that every night the ghost en-

tered the castle by the little water-gate, though it was kept barred and bolted, traversed the whole length of the corridor, & sank down into the earth, just over the place where the ducal coaches and sleighs were kept. Every one fled in terror before the ghost, and scarcely a lansquenet could be found to keep the night watch. What this spectre betokened shall be related farther on in this little history, but at present I must give an account of the grand battue which took place according to her Grace's orders, and what befell there.

CHAPTER XV. OF THE GRAND BATTUE, AND WHAT THE YOUNG DUKE AND SIDONIA RESOLVED ON THERE.

THE preparations for the hunt commenced early in the morning, and the knights and nobles assembled in the hall of fishes (so-called because the walls were painted with representations of all the fishes that are indigenous to Pomerania). Here a superb breakfast was served, and pages presented water in finger-basins of silver, to each of the princely personages. Then costly wines were handed round, and Duke Barnim having filled to the brim a cup, bearing the Pomeranian arms, rose up and said: "Give notice to the warder at St. Peter's." And immediately, as the great bell of the town rang out, and resounded through the castle and all over the town, his Grace gave the health of Prince Ernest, who pledged him in return. Afterwards they all descended to the court-yard, and his Grace entered the ducal mews himself, to select a horse for the day. Now these mews were of such wonderful beauty, that I must needs append a description of them here. First there was a grand portico, and within a corridor with ranges of pillars on each side, round which were hung antlers and horns of all the animals of the chase. This led to the pond with the island in the centre, where the bear was kept, as I have already described. When Duke Barnim and the old knight emerged from the portico to enter the stable, they were met by Johann Appelmann the chief equerry, who spread before the feet of his Highness a scarlet horse-cloth, embroidered with the ducal arms, whereon he laid a brush and a riding-whip, and then demanded his Trinkgeld. On entering, they observed numerous stalls filled with Pomeranian, Hungarian, Frisian, Danish, and Turkish horses, each race by itself, and each horse standing ready saddled and bridled since the morning. Item:

all along the walls were ranged enormous brazen lions' heads, which conveyed water throughout the building, and cleansed the stables completely every day. Otto wondered much at all this magnificence, and asked his Grace what could her Highness want with all these horses. "They eat their oats in idleness, for the most part," replied the Duke. "No one uses them but the pages & knights of the household, who may select any for riding that pleases them; but her Highness would never diminish any of the state maintained by her deceased lord, Duke Philip. So there has been always, since that time, particular attention paid to the ducal stables at Wolgast."

NOW the train began to move towards the hunt, in all about a hundred persons, and in front rode her Grace upon an ambling palfrey, dressed in a riding habit of green velvet, and wearing a yellow hat with plumes. Her little Casimir rode by her side on a Swedish pony; then followed her ladies in waiting, amongst whom rode Sidonia, all likewise dressed in green velvet hunting-dresses, fastened with golden clasps; but in place of yellow, they wore scarlet hats, with gilded heron's plumes. Duke Barnim and Prince Ernest rode along with her Grace; and though none but those of princely blood were allowed to join this group, yet Otto strove to keep near them, as if he really belonged to the party, just as the sacristan strives to make the people think he is as good as the priest, by keeping as close as he can to him while the procession moves along the streets. After these came the marshal, the castellan, and then the treasurer, with the office-bearers, knights, and esquires of the household. Then the chief equerry, with a master of the hounds and the principal huntsmen. But the beaters, pages, lacqueys, drummers, coursers, and runners, had already gone on before a good way; and never had the Wolgastians beheld such a stately hunt as this, since the death of good Duke Phillip. So the whole town ran together, and followed the procession for a good space, up to the spot where blue tents were erected for her Grace and her ladies. The ground all round was strewed with flowers and evergreens, and before the tents palisades were erected, on which lay loaded rifles, ready to discharge at any of the game that came that way; and for two miles round, the master of the hunt had laid down nets, which were all connected together at a point close to the princely tent. When the beaters and their dogs started the animals, he left the tent to reconnoitre, and, if the sport promised to be plentiful, he ordered the drums to beat, in order to give her Highness notice. Then she took a rifle her-

self, and brought down several head, which was easily accomplished, when they passed upon each other as thick as sheep. Sidonia, who had often attended the hunts at Stramehl, was a most expert shot, and brought down ten roes and stags, whereon she had much jesting with the young lords, who had not been half so successful. And let no one imagine that there was danger to her Highness and her ladies, in thus firing at the wild droves from her tent, for it was erected upon a scaffolding raised five feet from the ground, and surrounded by palisades, so that it was impossible the animals could ever reach it. On that day, there were killed altogether one hundred and fifty stags, one hundred roes, five hundred hares, three hundred foxes, one hundred wild boars, seven wolves, five wild cats, and one bear, which was entangled in the net and then shot. And at last the right hearty pleasure of the day began. For it was the custom at the ducal court for each huntsman, from the master of the hunt down, to receive a portion of the game; and her Grace took much pleasure now in seeing the mode in which the distribution was made. It was done in this wise: each man received the head of the animal, and as much of the neck as he could cover with the ears, by dragging them down with all his might. So the huntsmen stood now toiling and sweating, each with one foot firmly planted against a stone and the other on the belly of the beast, dragging down the ears with all his force to the very furthest point they could go, when another huntsman, standing by, cut off the head at that point with his hunting-knife. Then each man let his dog bite at the entrails of a stag, while they repeated old charms and verses over them, such as:

"Diana, no better e'er track'd a wood;
There's many a huntsman not half so good."

Or, in low German:

"Wasser, if ever the devil you see,
Bite his leg for him, or he will bite me."

These old rhymes pleased the young Casimir mightily: if his lady mother would only lend him a ribbon, he would lead up little Blaffert his dog to them, and have a rhyme said over him. So her Grace consented, and broke off her sandal-tie to fasten in the little dog's collar, because in her hurry she could find no other string, and left the tent herself with the child to conduct him to the huntsmen. Now the moment her Grace had taken her eyes off Sidonia, and that all the other ladies had left the tent to follow her and the little boy, who was laughing and playing with his dog, the young maiden, looking round to see that no one was observing her, slipped out and ran in amongst

the bushes, and my lord, Prince Ernest, slipped after her. No one observed them, for all eyes were turned upon the princely child, who sprang to a huntsman and begged of him to say a rhyme or two over his little dog Blaffert. The carl rubbed his forehead, and at last gave out his psalm, as follows, in Low German:

"Blaffert, Blaffert, thou art fat!
If my lord would only feed
All his people like to that,
'Twould be well for Pommern's need."

All the bystanders laughed heartily, and then the hounds were given their dinner according to the usage, which was this: A number of oak and birch-trees were felled, and over every two and two there was spread a tablecloth; that is, the warm skin of a deer or wild-boar; into this, as into a wooden trencher, was poured the warm blood of the wild animals, which the hounds lapped up, while forty huntsmen played a march with drums and trumpets, which was re-echoed from the neighbouring wood, to the great delight of all the listeners. When the hounds had lapped up all the blood, they began to eat up the tablecloths likewise; but as these belonged to the huntsmen, a great fight took place between them and the dogs for the skins, which was right merry to behold, and greatly rejoiced the ducal party and all the people.

IN the mean time, as I said, Sidonia had slipped into the wood, & the young lord after her. He soon found her resting under the shadow of a large nut-tree, and the following conversation took place between them, as he afterwards many times related. "Alas! gracious Prince, why do you follow me? if your lady mother knew of this we should both suffer. My head ached after all that firing, and therefore I came hither to enjoy a little rest & quietness. Leave me, leave me, my gracious Lord" "No, no, he would not leave her until she told him whether she still loved him; for his lady mother watched him day & night, like the dragon that guarded the Pomeranian arms, and until this moment he had never seen her alone" "But what could he now desire to say? Had he not sworn by the corpse of his father never to wed her?" "Yes; in a moment of anguish he had sworn it, because he would have died if she had not been brought back to the castle" "But still he must hold by his word to his lady mother, would he not?" "Impossible! all impossible! He would sooner renounce land & people for ever than his beautiful Sidonia. Now he felt, for the first time, the truth of the

holy words: 'Love is strong as death.'" Then he throws his arms round her and kissed her, and asked, would she be his? Here Sidonia covered her face with both hands, and sinking down upon the grass, murmured, "Yours alone, either you or death." The Prince threw himself down beside her, and besought her not to weep. "He could not bear to see her tears, besides there was good hope for them yet, for he had spoken to old Zitzewitz, who wished them both well, and who had given him some good advice" Sidonia, quickly removing her hands: "What was it?" "To have a private marriage. Then the devil himself could not separate them, much less the old bigot Ulrich. There was a priest in the neighbourhood of the name of Neigialink. He lived in Crummyn, with a nun whom he had carried off from her convent and married, therefore he would be able to sympathize with lovers, and would help them" "But his Highness should remember his kingly state, & not bring misery on them both for ever" "He had considered all that, they should therefore keep this marriage private for a year; she could live at Stramehl during that period, and receive his visits without his mother knowing of the matter. At the end of that year he would be of age, and his own master" Sidonia, embracing him: "Ah, if he really loved her so, then the sooner the better to the church. But let him take care that evil-minded people would not separate them for ever, and bring her to an early grave. Had the priest been informed that he would be required to wed them?" "Not yet, but if he continued as strong as he felt to-day, he would ride over to Crummyn himself (for it was quite near to Wolgast) the moment Duke Barnim and her father quitted the castle." "But how would she know the result of his visit? his mother watched her day & night. Could he send a page or a serving-maid to her? though indeed there were none now he could trust, for Ulrich had dismissed all her good friends. And if he came himself to her room, evil might be spoken of it" "He had arranged all that already. There was the bear, as she remembered, chained upon the little island in the horse-pond, just under her window. Now when he returned from Crummyn, he would go out by seven in the morning, before his lady mother began her spinning, and commence shooting arrows at the bear, by way of sport; then as if by chance, he would let fly an arrow at her window and shiver the glass, but the arrow would contain a little note, detailing his visit to the priest at Crummyn, and the arrangement he had made for carrying her away secretly from the castle. She must take care, however, to move away her seat from the window, & place it in a corner, lest the arrow might

strike herself" But then a loud "Sidonia! Sidonia!" resounded through the wood, and immediately after, "Ernest! Ernest!" So she sprang up, and cried, "Run, dearest prince, run as fast as you are able, to the other side, where the huntsmen are gathering, and mix with them, so that her Grace may not perceive you." This he did, and began to talk to the huntsmen about their dogs and the sweep of the chase, and as her Grace continued calling "Ernest! Ernest!" he stepped slowly towards her out of the crowd, and asked what was her pleasure? So she suspected nothing, and grew quite calm again Duke Barnim now began to complain of hunger, and asked her Grace where she meant to serve them a collation, for he could never hold out until they reached Wolgast, and his friend Otto also was growing as ravenous as a wolf Her Grace answered, the collation was laid in the Cisan tower, close beside them, and as the weather was good, his Grace could amuse himself with the tubum opticum, which a Pomeranian noble had bought in Middelburg from one Johann Lippersein, ∴ and presented to her. By the aid of this telescope he would see as far as his own town of Stettin. Neither the Duke nor Otto Bork believed it possible to see Stettin, at the distance of thirteen or fourteen miles, with any instrument. But her Grace, who had heard of Otto's godless infidelity, rebuked him gravely, saying: "You will soon be convinced, sir knight; so we often hold that to be impossible in spiritual matters, which becomes not only possible, but certain when we look through the telescope which the Holy Spirit presents to us, weak and short-sighted mortals. God give to every infidel such a tubum opticum!" The Duke, fearing now that her Grace would continue her sermon indefinitely, interrupted her in his jesting way: "Listen, dear cousin! I will lay a wager with you. If I cannot see Stettin, as you promise, you shall give me a kiss, but if I see it and recognise it clearly, then I shall give you a kiss" Her Grace was truly scandalized, as one may imagine, and replied angrily: "Good uncle! if you attempt to offer such indignities to me, the Princely Widow, I must pray your Grace to leave my court with all speed, and never to return!" This rebuke made every one grave until they reached the Cisan tower. This building lay only half a mile from the hunting ground, and was situated on the summit of the Cisanberg, from whence its name. It was built of wood, and contained four stories, besides excellent stabling for horses. The apartments were light, airy, & elegant, so that her Grace frequently passed a portion of the summer-time there. The upper story commanded a view of the whole adjacent country. At the foot of the hill

∴ An optician, & the probable inventor of the telescope, which was first employed about the end of the sixteenth & the beginning of the seventeenth century.

ran the little river Cisa into the Peen, and many light beautiful bridges were thrown over it at different points. The hill itself was finely wooded with pines and other trees, and the tower was made more light and airy than that which Duke Johann Frederick afterwards erected at Friedrichswald, and commanded a far finer prospect, seeing that the Cisanberg is the highest hill in Pomerania.

WHILE the party proceeded to the tower, Sidonia rode along by her father, and to judge from her animation & gestures, she was no doubt communicating to him all that the young lord had promised, and her hopes, in consequence, that a very short period would elapse before he might salute her as Duchess of Pomerania. When they reached the town, all admired the view even from the lower window, for they could see the Peen, the Achterwasser, and eight or nine towns, besides the sea in the distance. I say nothing of Wolgast, which seemed to lie just beneath their feet, with its princely castle and cathedral perfectly distinct, and all its seats laid out like a map, where they could even distinguish the people walking. Then her Grace bade them ascend to the upper story, and look out for Stettin, but they sought for it in vain with their unassisted eyes; then her Grace placed the tubum opticum before the Duke, and no sooner had he looked through it than he cried out: "As I live, Otto, there is my strong tower of St. James's, and my Ducal Castle to the left, lying far behind the Finkenwald mountain." But the unbelieving Thomas laughed, & only answered: "My gracious Prince! do not let yourself be so easily imposed upon". Hereupon the Duke made him look through the telescope himself; and no sooner had he applied his eye to the glass, than he jumped back, rubbed his eyes, looked through a second time, and then exclaimed: "Well, as true as my name is Otto Bork, I never could have believed this". "Now, sir knight," said her Grace, "so it is with you as concerns spiritual things. How if you should one day find that to be true, which your infidelity now presumptuously asserts to be false? Will not your repentance then be bitter? If you have found my words true; the words of a poor, weak, sinful woman, will you not much more find those of the holy Son of God? Yes, to your horror and dismay, you will find his words to be truth, of whom even his enemies testified that he never lied, Matt. xxii. 16. Tremble, sir knight, & bethink you that what often seems impossible to man is possible to God". The bold knight was now completely silenced, and the good-natured Duke, seeing that he had not a word to say in reply, ad-

vanced to his rescue, & changed the conversation by saying: "See, Otto, the wind seems so favourable just now, that I think we had better say 'Vale' to our gracious hostess in the morning, and return to Stettin" Not a word did his Grace venture to say more about the wager of the kisses, for his dear cousin's demeanour restrained even his hilarity. Otto had nothing to object to the arrangement; and her Grace said, if they were not willing longer to abide at her widowed court, she would bid them both God speed upon their journey: "And you, sir knight, may take back your daughter Sidonia, for our dear son, as you may perceive, is now quite restored, and no longer needs her nursing. For the good deed she has wrought in curing him, I shall recompense her as befits me. But at my court the maiden can no longer abide" The knight was at first so thunderstruck by these words that he could not speak, but at last drawing himself up proudly, he said: "Good; I shall take the Lady Sidonia back with me to my castle, but as touching the recompense, keep it for those who need it." Sidonia, however, remained quite silent, as did also the young lord But hear what happened. The festival lasted until late in the night, and then suddenly such a faintness and bodily weakness came over the young Prince Ernest, that all the physicians had to be sent for; and they with one accord entreated her Grace, if she valued his life, not to send away Sidonia One can imagine what her Grace felt at this news. Nothing would persuade her to believe but that Sidonia, had given him some witch-drink, such as the girl out of Daber had taught her to make No one could believe that his Highness affected this sickness, in order to force his mother to keep Sidonia at the court; indeed he afterwards strongly asseverated, and this at a time when he would have killed Sidonia with a look, if it had been possible, that this weakness came upon him suddenly like an ague. And that it could not have been caused by anything she had given him, for he had eaten nothing, except at the banquet at the Cisan tower. In short, the young Prince became as bad as ever; but Sidonia never heeded him, only busied herself packing up her things, as if she really intended going away with Otto, & finally as eight o'clock struck the next morning, she wrapped herself in her mantle and hood, & went with her father and the Duke Barnim to take leave of her Grace. She looked as bitter and sour as a vinegar-cruet; nothing would tempt her to remain even for one day longer. What was her Grace to do? the young lord was dying, and had already dispatched two pages to her entreating for one sight of Sidonia! she must give the artful hypocrite good words; but they

were of no avail, Sidonia insisted on leaving the castle that instant with her father; then turning to Duke Barnim she exclaimed with bitter tears: "Now, gracious Prince, you see yourself how I am treated here" Neither would the cunning Otto permit his daughter to remain on any account, unless, indeed, her grace gave him a written authority to receive the dues on the Jena. Such shameless knavery at last enraged the old Duke Barnim to such a degree that he cried out: "Listen, Otto, my illustrious cousin here has no more to do with the dues on the Jena than you have; they belong to me alone, and I can give no promise until I lay the question before my council and the diet of the Stettin dukedom: be content, therefore, to wait until then." One may easily guess what was the termination of the little drama got up by Otto and his fair daughter, namely, that Otto sailed away with the Duke, and that Sidonia remained at the court of Wolgast.

CHAPTER XVI. HOW THE GHOST CONTINUED TO HAUNT THE CASTLE, AND OF ITS DARING BEHAVIOUR. ITEM, HOW THE YOUNG LORD REGAINED HIS STRENGTH, AND WAS ABLE TO VISIT CRUMMYN, WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE.

SO Sidonia was again seated by the couch of the young Prince, with her hand in his hand, but her Grace, as may well be imagined, was never very far off from them; & this annoyed Sidonia so much, that she did not scruple to treat the mourning mother and princely widow with the utmost contempt; at last disdaining even to answer the questions addressed to her by her Grace. All this the Duchess bore patiently, for the sake of her dear son. But even Prince Ernest felt at length ashamed of such insolent scorn being displayed towards his mother, and said: "What, Sidonia, will you not even answer my gracious mother?" Hereupon the hypocrite sighed, and answered: "Ah, my gracious Prince! I esteem it better to pray in silence beside your bed, than to hold a loud chattering in your ears. Besides, when I am speaking to God I cannot at the same time answer your lady mother" This pleased the young man, and he pressed her little hand and kissed it. And very shortly after, his strength returned to him wonderfully, so that her Grace and Sidonia only watched by him one night. The next

day he fell into a profound sleep, and awoke from it perfectly recovered.

IN the mean time, the ghost became so daring and troublesome, that all the house stood in fear of it. Oftentimes it would be seen even in the clear morning light; and a maid who had forgotten to make the bed of one of the grooms, and ran to the stables at night to finish her work, encountered the ghost there, and nearly died of fright. Item: Clara von Dewitz, one beautiful moonlight night, having gone out to take a turn up and down the corridor, because she could not sleep from the toothache, saw the apparition just as day dawned, sinking down into the earth, not far from the chamber of Sidonia, to her great horror and astonishment. Item: Her Grace, that very same night, having heard a noise in the corridor, opened her door, and there stood the ghost before her, leaning against a pillar. She was horror-struck, and clapped to her door hastily, but said nothing to the young Prince for fear of alarming him. He had recovered, as I have said, in a most wonderful manner, and though still looking pale and haggard, yet his love for the maiden would not permit him to defer his visit to Crummyn any longer; particularly as it lay only half a mile from the castle, but on the opposite bank of the river, near the Island of Usdom. Thereupon, on the fourth night, he descended to the little water-gate, having previously arranged with his chief equerry, Appelmann, to have a boat there in readiness for him, and also a good horse, to take across the ferry with them to the other side. So at twelve o'clock, he and Appelmann embarked privately, with Johann Bruwer, the ferryman, and were safely landed at Mahlzow. Here he mounted his horse, and told the two others to await his return, and conceal themselves in the wood if any one approached. Appelmann begged permission to accompany his Highness, which, however, was denied; the young Prince charging them strictly to hold themselves concealed till his return, and never reveal to human being where they had conducted him this evening, on pain of his severe anger and loss of favour for ever; but if they held their secret close, he would recompense them at no distant time, in a manner even far beyond their hopes. So his Highness rode off to Crummyn, where all was darkness, except, indeed, one small ray of light that glanced from the lower windows of the cloister, for it was standing at the time. He dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, & knocked at the window, through which he had a glimpse of an old woman, in nun's garments, who held a crucifix

between her hands and prayed. "Who are you?" she demanded. "What can you want here at such an hour?" "I am from Wolgast," he answered, "and must see the priest of Crummyn" "There is no priest here now" "But I have been told that a priest of the name of Neigialink lived here."

Illa: "He was a Lutheran swaddler & no priest, otherwise he would not live in open sin with a nun" "It is all the same to me; only come and show me the way."

Illa: "Was he a heathen or a true Christian?" His Highness could not make out what the old mother meant, but when he answered: "I am a Christian," she opened the door, and let him enter her cell. As she lifted up the lamp, however, she started back in terror at his young, pale, haggard face. Then, looking at his rich garments, she cried: "This must be a son of good Duke Philip's, for never were two faces more alike" The Prince never imagined that the old mother could betray him, and therefore answered: "Yes, & now lead me to the priest" So the old mother began to lament over the downfall of the pure Christian doctrine, which his father, Duke Philip, had upheld so bravely. And if the young lord held the true faith (as she hoped by his saying he was a Christian), if so, then she would die happy, and the sooner the better, even if it were this night, for she was the last of all the sisterhood, all the other nuns having died of grief; and so she went on chattering Prince Ernest regretted that he had not time to discourse with her upon the true faith, but would she tell him where the priest was to be found.

Illa: "She would take him to the parson, but he must first do her a service." "Whatever she desired, so that it would not detain him."

Illa: "It was on this night the vigil of the holy St. Bernard, their patron saint, was held; now, there was no one to light the altar candles for her, for her maid, who had grown old along with her, lay a-dying, and she was too old and weak herself to stretch up so high. And the idle Lutheran heretics of the town would mock, if they knew she worshipped God after the manner of her fathers. The old Lutheran swaddler, too, would not suffer it, if he knew she prayed in church by nights. But she did not care for his anger, for she had a private key that let her in at all hours; and his Highness, the Prince, at her earnest prayers, had given her permission to pray in the church, at any time she pleased, from then till her death" So the old mother wept so bitterly, and kissed his Highness's hand, entreating him with such sad lamentations to remain with her until she said a prayer, that he consented. And she said, if the heretic parson came

there to scold her, which of a surety he would, knowing that she never omitted a vigil, he could talk to him in the church, without going to disturb him & his harlot nun at their own residence. Besides, the church was the safest place to discourse in, for no one would notice them, and he would be able to protect her from the parson's anger besides. Here the old mother took up the church keys and a horn lantern, and led the young Prince through a narrow corridor up to the church door. Hardly, however, had she put the key in the lock, when the loud bark of a dog was heard inside, and they soon heard it scratching, and smelling, and growling at them close to the door. "What can that dog be here for?" said his Highness in alarm. "Alas!" answered the nun, "since the pure old religion was destroyed, profanity and covetousness have got the upper hand; so every church where even a single pious relic of the wealth of the good old times remains, must be guarded, as you see, by dogs. ∴ And she had herself locked up her pretty dog Storteback ∴ here, that no one might rob the altar of the golden candlesticks and the little jewels, at least as long as she lived". So she desired Storteback to lie still, & then entered the church with the Prince, who lit the altar candles for her, and then looked round with wonder on the silver lamps, the golden pix and cups, and other vessels adorned with jewels, used by the papists in their ceremonies. The old mother, in the meanwhile, took off her white garment and black scapulary, and being thus naked almost to the waist, descended into a coffin, which was lying in a corner beside the altar. Here she groped till she brought up a crucifix, and a scourge of knotted cords. Then she kneeled down within the coffin, lashing herself with one hand till the blood flowed from her shoulders, and with the other holding up the cru-

∴ It is an undeniable fact, that the immorality of the people fearfully increased with the progress of the Reformation throughout Pomerania. An old Chronicler, and a Protestant, thus testifies, 1542: "And since this time (the Reformation) a great change has come over all things. In place of piety, we have profanity; in place of reverence, sacrilege and the plundering of God's churches; in place of almsdeeds, stinginess and selfishness; in place of feasts, greed and gluttony; in place of festivals, labour; in place of obedience and humility of children, obstinacy & self-opinion; in place of honour and veneration for the priesthood, contempt for the priest & the church ministers. So that one might justly assert that the preaching of the evangelism had made the people worse in place of better". Another Protestant preacher, John Borkman, asserts, 1560: "As for sin, it overflows all places and all stations. It is growing stronger in all offices, in all trades, in all employments, in every station of life: what shall I say more? in every individual," and so on. I would, therefore, recommend the blind eulogists of the good old times to examine history for themselves, and not to place implicit belief either in the pragmatical representatives of the old and new Lutherans.

∴ The name of a notorious northern pirate.

cifix, which she kissed from time to time, whilst she recited the hymn of the holy St. Bernard:

"Salve caput cruentatum,
Totum spinis coronatum,
Conquassatum, vulneratum,
Arundine verberatum
Facie sputis illita."

When she had thus prayed, and scourged herself a while, she extended the crucifix with her bleeding arm to the Prince, and prayed him, for the sake of God, to have compassion on her, and so would the bleeding Saviour and all the saints have compassion upon him at the last day. And when his Highness asked her what he could do for her, she besought him to bring her a priest from Grypswald, who could break the Lord's body once more for her, and give her the last sacrament of Extreme Unction here in her coffin. Then would she never wish to leave it, but die of joy if this only was granted to her. So the Prince promised to fulfil her wishes; whereupon she crouched down again in the coffin, & recommenced the scourging, while she repeated with loud sobs and groans the two last verses of the hymn. Scarcely had she ended when a small side door opened, and the dog Storteback began to bark vociferously. "What!" exclaimed a voice, "is that old damned Catholic witch at her mummeries, and burning my good wax candles all for nothing?" And, silencing the dog, a man stepped forward hastily, but seeing the Prince, paused in astonishment. Whereupon the old mother raised herself up out of the coffin, and said: "Did I not tell your Grace that you would see the hard-hearted heretic here? That is the man you seek." So the Prince brought him into the choir, and told him that he was Prince Ernest Ludovicus, and came here to request that he would privately wed him on the following night, without knowledge of any human being, to his beloved and affianced bride, Sidonia von Bork. The priest, however, did not care to mix himself up with such a business, seeing that he feared Ulrich mightily; but his Grace promised him a better living at the end of the year, if he would undertake to serve him now. To which the priest answered: "Who knows if your Highness will be alive by the end of the year, for you look as pale as a corpse?" "He never felt better in his life. He had been ill lately, but now was as sound as a fish. Would he not marry him?"

Hic: "Certainly not; unless he received a handsome consideration. He had a wife and dear children; what would become of them if he

incurred the displeasure of that stern Lord Chamberlain and of the princely widow?" ❧ But could he not bring his family to Stettin; for he and his young bride intended to fly there, and put themselves under the protection of his dear uncle, Duke Barnim?"

Hic: "It was a dangerous business; still, if his Highness gave him a thousand gulden down, and a written promise, signed and sealed, that he would provide him with a better living before the year expired, why, out of love for the young lord, he would consent to peril himself and his family; but his Highness must not think evil of him for demanding the thousand gulden paid down immediately, for how were his dear wife and children to be supported through the long year otherwise?" ❧ His Highness, however, considered the sum too large, and said that his gracious mother had scarcely more a year for herself than a thousand guldens, she that was the Duchess of Pomerania ❧ However, they finally agreed upon four hundred gulden; for his Highness showed him that Doctor Luther himself had only four hundred gulden a year, and surely he would not require more than the great reformator ecclesiæ ❧ So everything was arranged at last, the priest promising to perform the ceremony on the third night from that ❧ "For some time," he said, "would be necessary to collect people to assist them in their flight, and money must be distributed; but his Highness would, of course, repay all that he expended in his behalf, and further promise to give him and his family free quarters when they reached Stettin" ❧ After the ceremony, they could reach the boat through the convent garden, and sail away to Warte. ∴ Then he would have four or five peasants in waiting, with carriages ready, to escort them to East Clune, from whence they could take another boat and cross the Haff into Stettin; for, as they could not reckon on a fair wind with any certainty, it was better to perform the journey half by land and half by water; besides, the fishermen whom he intended to employ, were not accustomed to sail up the Peen the whole way into the Haff, for their little fishing-smacks were too slight to stand a strong current ❧ Hereupon the Prince answered, that, since it was necessary, he would wait until the third night, when the priest should have everything in readiness, but meanwhile should confide the secret to no one. So he turned away, and comforted the old mother again with his promises as he passed out.

∴ A town near Usdom.

THE next morning, having written all down for Sidonia, and concealed the note in an arrow, he went forth as he had arranged, and began to tease the bear by shooting arrows at him, till the beast roared & shook his chain. Then, perceiving that Sidonia had observed him from the window, he watched a favourable opportunity, and shot the arrow up right through her window, so that the pane of glass rattled down upon the floor. In the billet therein concealed he explained the whole plan of escape; and asked her to inform him, in return, how she could manage to come to him on the third night. Would his dearest Sidonia put on the dress of a page? He could bring it to her little chamber himself the next night. She must write a little note in answer, and conceal it in the arrow as he had done, then throw it out of the window, and he would be on the watch to pick it up. So Sidonia replied to him that she was content; but, as regarded the page's dress, he must leave it about ten o'clock the next night upon the beer-barrel in the corridor, but not attempt to bring it himself to her chamber. Concerning the manner in which she was to meet him on the third night, had he forgotten that the old castellan barred and bolted all that wing of the castle by eleven o'clock, so that she could never leave the corridor by the usual way; but there was a trap-door near her little chamber which led down into the ducal stables, and this door no one ever thought of or minded, it was never bolted night or day, and was quite large enough for a man to creep through. Her dear Prince might wait for her by that trap door at eleven o'clock on the appointed night. He could not mistake it, for the large basket lay close behind, in which her Grace kept her darling little kittens; from thence they could easily get into the outer court-yard, which was never locked, & after that go where they pleased. If he approved of this arrangement, let him shoot another arrow into her room; but above all things, he was to keep at a distance from her during the day, that her Grace might not suspect anything. Having thrown the arrow out of the window, & received another in answer from the Prince, which the artful hypocrite flung out as if in great anger, she ran to Clara's room, and complained bitterly how the young lord had broken her window, because, forsooth he must be shooting arrows at the bear; & so she had come into her room out of the cold air, until the glazier came to put in the glass. When Clara asked her how she could be so angry with the young Prince, did she not love him any longer? Sidonia replied, that truly she had grown very tired of him, for he did nothing

but sigh and groan whenever he came near her, like an asthmatic old woman, and had grown as thin and dry as a baked plum. There was nothing very loveable about him now. Would to heaven that he were quite well, and she would soon bid farewell to the castle and every one in it; but the moment she spoke of going, his sickness returned, so that she was obliged to remain, which was much against her inclination; and this she might tell Clara in confidence, because she had always been her truest friend. Then she pretended to weep, and cursed her beauty, which had brought her nothing but unhappiness; thereupon the tender-hearted Clara began to comfort her, and kissed her; and the moment Sidonia left her to get the glass mended, Clara ran to her Grace to tell her the joyful tidings; but alas! that very day the wickedness of the artful maiden was brought to light. For what happened in the afternoon? See, the nun of Crummyn steps out of a boat at the little water-gate, & places herself in a corner of the court-yard, where the people soon gather round in a crowd, to laugh at her white garments & black scapulary; and the boys begin to pelt the poor old mother with stones, and abuse her, calling her the old papist witch; but, by good fortune the castellan comes by, and commands the crowd to leave off tormenting her, and then asks her business.

Illa: "She must speak instantly to her Grace, the Princely Widow" So the old man brings her to her Grace, with whom Clara was still conversing, & the old nun, after she had kneeled to the Duchess and kissed her hand, began to relate how her young Lord, Prince Ernest, had been with her the night before, while she was keeping the vigilia of Holy St. Bernard to the best of her ability, and had urgently demanded to see the Lutheran priest named Neigialink, and that when this same priest came into the church to scold her, as was his wont, he and the Prince had retired into the choir, & there held a long conversation which she did not comprehend. But the priest's mistress had told her the whole business this morning, under a promise of secrecy; namely that the priest, her leman, had promised to wed Prince Ernest privately on the third night from that, to a certain young damsel, named Sidonia von Bork. That the Prince had given him a thousand gulden for his services, and a promise of a rich living when he succeeded to the government, so that in future she could live as grand as an abbess, and have what beautiful horses she chose from the ducal stables. "And this," said the nun, "was told me by the priest's mistress; but as I have a true Pomeranian heart, although, indeed, the Prince has left the good old religion, I

could not rest in peace until I stepped into a boat, weak and old as I am, and sailed off here direct to inform your Grace of the plot." ❧ She only asked one favour in return for her service. It was that her Grace would permit her to end the rest of her days peaceably in the cloister, and protect her from the harshness of the Lutheran priests and the fury of the mob, who fell on her like mad dogs here in the castle court, and would have torn her to pieces if the castellan had not come by and rescued her; but above all, she requested and prayed her Grace to permit a true priest to come to her from Grypswald, who could give her the holy Eucharist, and prepare her for death. But her Grace was struck dumb by astonishment and alarm, and Clara could not speak either, only wrung her hands in anguish. And her Grace continued to walk up and down the room weeping bitterly, until at last she sat down before her desk to indite a note to old Ulrich, praying for his presence without delay, and straightway despatched the chief equerry, Appelmann, with it to Spantikow ❧ The old nun still continued crying, would not her Grace send her a priest? But her Grace refused; for in fact, she was a stern upholder of the pure doctrine. Anything else the old mother demanded she might have, but with abominations of popery her Grace would have nothing to do. Still the old nun prayed and writhed at her feet, crying and groaning: "For the love of God, a priest! For the love of God, a priest!" But her Grace drew herself up stiff and stern, and let the old woman writhe there unheeded, until at length she motioned to Clara to have her removed to the court-yard, where the poor creature leaned up againt the pump in bitter agony, and drew forth a crucifix from her bosom, kissed it, & looking up to heaven, cried: "Jesu! Jesu! art thou come at last?" and then dropped down dead upon the pavement, which the crowd no sooner observed than they gathered round the corpse, screaming out: "The devil has carried her off! See, the devil has carried off the old papist witch!" Hearing the uproar, her Grace descended, as did also the young lord and Sidonia, who both appeared as if they knew nothing at all about the old nun. And her Grace commanded that the executioner should by no means drag away the body, as the people demanded, who were now rushing to the spot from all quarters of the town, but that it should be decently lifted into the boat and conveyed back to Crummyn, there to be interred with the other members of the sisterhood at the cloister. ❧ No word did she speak, either to her undutiful son or to Sidonia, about what she had heard, only when the latter asked her what the nun came there for, she answered coldly: "For a popish

priest." Hereupon the young Prince was filled with joy, concluding that nothing had been betrayed as yet. And it was natural the old nun should come with this request, seeing that she had made the same to him. Her Grace also strictly charged Clara to observe a profound silence upon all they had heard, until the old chamberlain arrived, and this she promised.

CHAPTER XVII. OF ULRICH'S COUNSELS. ITEM, HOW CLARA VON DEWITZ CAME UPON THE TRACK OF THE GHOST.

T eleven o'clock that same night, the good and loyal Lord Ulrich arrived at the castle with Appelmann, from Spantikow, and just waited to change his travelling dress before he proceeded to the apartment of her Grace. He found her seated with Clara & another maiden weeping bitterly. Dr. Gerschovius was also present. When the old man entered, her Grace's lamentations became yet louder; alas how she was afflicted! Who could have believed that all this had come upon her because the devil, out of malice, had made Dr. Luther drop her wedding-ring at the bridal! And when the knight asked in alarm what had happened, she replied that tears prevented her speaking, but Dr. Gerschovius would tell him all. So the doctor related the whole affair, from the declaration of the old nun to the hypocritical conduct of Sidonia towards Clara von Dewitz; upon which the old knight shook his head, and said: "Did I not counsel your Grace to let the young lord die, in God's name, for better it is to lose life than honour. Had he died, then so would the Almighty have raised him pure & perfect at the last day, but now he is growing daily in wickedness, as a young wolf in ferocity". Then her Grace made answer, the past could not now be recalled; and that she was ready to answer before God for what she had done, through motherly love and tenderness. They must now advise her how to save her infatuated son from the snares of this wanton. Dr. Gerschovius, thereupon, gave it as his opinion that they should each be placed in strict confinement for the next fourteen days, during which time he would visit and admonish them twice a day, by which means he hoped soon to turn their hearts to God. Here old Ulrich laughed outright, and asked the Doctor, was he still bent upon teaching Sidonia her catechism? As to the young lord, no admonition would do him good now; he was thoroughly

bewitched by the girl, and though he made a hundred promises to give her up, would never hold one of them. Alas! alas! that the son of good Duke Philip should be so degenerate. But her Grace wept bitterly, and said, that never was there a more obedient, docile, and amiable child than her dear Ernest; skilled in all the fine arts, and gifted by nature with all that could insure a mother's love. "But how does all this help him now?" cried Ulrich. "It is with a good heart as with a good ship: unless you guide it, it will run aground; stand by the helm, or the best ship will be lost. What had the country to expect from a prince who would die, forsooth, unless his mistress sat by his bedside? Ah! if he could only have followed the funeral of the young lord! he would have given a hundred florins to the poor that very day" "It was not her son's fault; that base hypocrite had caused it all by some hell magic."

Ille: "That was quite impossible; however, he would believe it to please her Grace" "Then let him speak his opinion, if the counsel of Dr. Gerschovius did not please him."

Ille: "His advice, then, was to keep quiet until the third night, then secretly place a guard round the castle and at the wing, and when the bridal party met, take them out prisoners, send my young Lord to the tower, but disgrace Sidonia publicly, and send her off where she pleased; to the fiend, if she liked" "Then they would have the same old scene over again; her son would fall sick, and Sidonia could not be brought back to cure him, if once she had been publicly disgraced before all the people. So that matters would be worse than ever" Hereupon old Ulrich fell into such a rage that he cursed and swore that her Grace treated him no better than a fool, to bring him hither from Spantikow, and then refuse to take his advice. As to Sidonia, her Grace had already brought disgrace upon her princely house, by first turning her out and then praying her to come back, before three days had elapsed. All Pomerania talked of it, and old Otto Bork did not scruple to brag and boast everywhere, that her Grace had no peace or rest from her conscience, until she had asked forgiveness from the Lady Sidonia (as the vain old knave called her) and entreated her to return. Now if she took the advice of Doctor Gerschovius, and first imprisoned & then turned away Sidonia, no one would believe in her story of the intended marriage, but look on her conduct as only a confirmation of all the hard treatment which her Grace was reported to have employed towards the girl, whereas if she only waited till the whole bridal party were ready to start, and then arrested Sidonia, her Grace was justified before the

whole world, for what greater fault could be committed than thus to entrap the young Prince into a secret marriage, and run away with him by night from the castle? Let her Grace then send for the executioner, and let him give Sidonia a public whipping before all the people. No one would think the punishment too hard for seducing a Prince of Pomerania into a marriage with her. So the princely widow of Duke Philip will be justified before all the world, & when the young lord sees his bride so disgraced, he will assuredly be right willing to give her up; even if he fall sick, it is impossible that he could send for a maiden to sit by his bed, who had been publicly whipped by the executioner. Those were stern measures, perhaps, but a branch of the old Pomeranian tree was decayed; it must be lopped, or the whole tree itself would soon fall. When the grand chamberlain ceased speaking, her Grace considered the matter well, and finally pronounced that she would follow his advice, whereupon as the night waxed late she dismissed the party to their beds, retaining only Clara with her for a little longer.

BUT a strange thing happened as she too finally quitted her Grace, & proceeded along the corridor to her own little apartment; and here let every one consider how the hand of God is in everything, and what great events he can bring forth from the slightest causes, as a great oak springs up from a little acorn. For as the maiden walked along, her sandal became unfastened, & tripped her, so that she nearly fell upon her face, whereupon she paused, and placing her foot upon a beer-barrel that stood against the wall not far from Sidonia's chamber, began to fasten it, but lo! just at that moment the head of the ghost appeared rising through the trap-door, and looked round, then as if aware of her presence, drew back, and she heard a noise as if it had jumped down on the earth beneath. She was horribly frightened, and crept trembling to her bed, but then on reflecting over this apparition of the serpent knight, it came into her head that it could not be a ghost, since it came down on the ground with such a heavy jump; she prayed to God, therefore, to help her in discovering this matter, and as she could not sleep, rose before the first glimmer of daylight to examine this hole which lay so close to Sidonia's chamber, and there truly she discovered the trap-door, and having opened it, found that it lay right over a large coach in the ducal stables; thereupon she concluded that the ghost was no other than the Prince himself who thus visited Sidonia. Then she remembered that the ghost had been particularly active, while the young

Prince lay sick on his bed watched by his mother; so to make the matter clearer she went the next evening into the stables, & observing the coach, which lay just beneath the hole, sprinkled fine ash-dust all round it. Then returning to her room, she waited until it grew quite dark, and as ten o'clock struck and all the doors of the corridor leading to the women's apartments were barred and bolted, she wrapped herself in a black mantle and stole out with a palpitating heart into the gallery. Remembering the large beer-barrel near Sidonia's room, she crouched down behind it, and from thence had a distinct view of the trap-door, and also of Sidonia's chamber. There she waited for about an hour, when she perceived the young Prince coming, but not through the trap-door. He knocked lightly at Sidonia's door, who opened it instantly, and they held a long whispering conversation together. He had brought her the page's dress, and there was nothing to be feared now, for he had examined the trap and found they could easily get out through it on the top of the coach, and from thence into the stables. After that the way was clear. Surely some good angel had put the idea into her head. Then he kissed her tenderly.

Illa: "What did the old nun come for? Could she have betrayed them?"

Hic: "Impossible. She did not know a syllable of their affairs, and had come to ask his lady mother to send her a popish priest, as she had asked himself." Then he kissed her again, but she tore herself from his arms, threw the little bundle into the room, and shut the door in his face. Whereupon the young Prince went his way, sighing as if his heart would break.

NOW Clara concluded, with reason, that the young Lord was not the ghost, inasmuch as he did not creep through the trap-door, nor did he wear helmet or cuirass, or any sort of disguise. But when she heard Sidonia talk with such knowledge of the trap-door, she guessed there was some knavery in the matter, and though she sat the night there she was determined to watch. And, behold! at twelve o'clock there was a great clattering heard below, and presently a helmet appeared rising through the hole, and then the entire figure of the ghost clambered up through it, and after cautiously looking round it, approached Sidonia's door, and knocked lightly. Immediately she opened it herself, admitted the ghost, and Clara heard her drawing the bolts of the door within. The pious and chaste maiden felt ready to faint with shame; for it

was now evident that Sidonia deceived the poor young Prince, as well as every one else, and that this ghost whom she admitted must be a favoured lover. She resolved to watch until he came out. But it was about the dawn of morning before he again appeared, and took his hellish path down through the trap-door, in the same way as he had risen. But to make all certain she took a brush, and before it was quite day, descended to the stables, where indeed she observed large heavy footprints in the ashes all round the coach, quite unlike those which the delicate little feet of his Highness would have made. So she swept them all clean away to avoid exciting any suspicion, and crept back, noiselessly, to her little room. Then waiting till the morning was somewhat advanced, she despatched her maid on some errand into the town, in order to get rid of her, and then watched anxiously for her bridegroom, Marcus Bork, who had always passed her door going to his office; and hearing his step she opened her door softly, and drew him in. Then she related fully all she had heard and seen on the past night. The upright & virtuous young man clasped his hands together in horror & disgust, but could not resolve whether it were fitter to declare the whole matter to her Highness instantly or not. Clara, however, was of opinion that her Grace would derive great comfort from the information, because when the Prince found how Sidonia had betrayed him, he would give up the creature of his own accord. To which Marcus answered, that probably the Prince would not believe a word of the story, and then matters would be in a worse way than ever.

Illa: "Was he afraid to disgrace Sidonia, because she was his kinswoman? Was it the honour of his name he wished to shield by sparing her from infamy?"

Hic: "No; she wronged him. If she were his sister, he would still do his duty towards her Grace. The honour of the whole Pomeranian house was perilled here, and he would save it at any cost. But did his darling bride know who the ghost was?"

Illa: "No; she had been thinking the whole night about him till her head ached, but in vain". At this moment the grand chamberlain passed the room on his way to the Duchess, and they both went to the door, and entreated him to come in and give them his advice. How the old knight laughed for joy when he heard all; it was almost as good news to him as the death of the young lord would have been. But, no; they must not breathe a syllable of it to her Highness. Wait for this night, and if the dear ghost appeared again he would give him and his paramour something to think of to the end of their lives.

Then he walked up and down Clara's little room, thinking over what should be done; and finally resolved to open the matter to the young Prince that night between ten & eleven o'clock, and show him what a creature he was going to make Duchess of Pomerania. After which they should all, Marcus included, go armed to the stables . . for the Prince, no doubt, would be slow of belief . . and there conceal themselves in the coach until the ghost arrived. If he came, as was almost certain, they would follow him to Sidonia's room, break it open, and discover them together. In order that witnesses might not be wanting, he would desire all the pages and household to be collected in his room at that hour; & the moment they were certain of having trapped the ghost, Marcus should slip out of the coach, and run to gather them all together in the grand corridor. To ensure all this being done, he would take the keys from the castellan himself that night, and keep them in his own possession. But, above all things, they were to keep still and quiet during the day; and now he would proceed to her Grace. But Marcus Bork begged to ask him, if the ghost did not come that night, what was to be done? For the next was to be that of the marriage, and unless the Prince was convinced by his own eyes, nothing would make him credit the wickedness of his intended bride. Sidonia would swear by heaven and earth that the story was a malicious invention, and a plot to effect her utter destruction. This view of the case puzzled the old knight not a little, and he rubbed his forehead and paced up and down the room, till suddenly an idea struck him, and he exclaimed "I have it, Marcus! You are a brave youth, dear Marcus, and a loyal subject and servant to her Grace. Your conduct will bring as much honour upon the noble name of Bork as Sidonia's has brought disgrace. Therefore, I will trust you. Listen, Marcus. If the ghost does not appear to-night, then you must ride the morrow morn to Crummyn. Bribe the priest with gold. Tell him that he must write instantly to the young Prince, saying that the marriage must be delayed for eight days; for there was no boat to be had safe enough to carry him & his bride up the Haff, seeing that all the boats and their crews were engaged at the fisheries, and would not be back to Crummyn until the following Saturday. The young lord, therefore must have patience. Should the priest hesitate, then Marcus must threaten him with the loss of his living, as the whole princely house should be made acquainted with his villainy. He will then consent. I know him well! If that is once arranged, then we shall seat ourselves every night in the coach until the ghost comes; and, methinks, he will not long

delay, since hitherto he has managed his work with such security and success". The discreet and virtuous Marcus promised to obey Ulrich in all things, and the grand chamberlain then went his way.

CHAPTER XVIII. HOW THE HORRIBLE WICKEDNESS OF SIDONIA WAS MADE APPARENT; AND HOW IN CONSEQUENCE THEREOF SHE WAS BANISHED WITH IGNOMINY FROM THE DUCAL COURT OF WOLGAST.

THE Night came at last. And the grand chamberlain collected, as he had said, all the officials & pages of the household together in his office at the treasury, & bad them wait there until he summoned them. No one was to leave the apartment under pain of his severe displeasure. Item, he had prayed her Grace not to retire to rest that night before twelve of the clock; and when she asked wherefore, he replied that she would have to take leave of a very remarkable visitor that night; upon which she desired to know more, but he said that his word was passed not to reveal more. So her Grace thought he meant himself, & promised to remain up.

AS ten o'clock struck the castellan locked up, as was his wont, all that portion of the castle leading to the women's apartments. Whereupon, Ulrich asked him for the keys, saying that he would keep them in his own charge. Then he prayed his Serene Highness Prince Ernest, to accompany him to the lumber-room. His Highness consented, and they both ascended in the dark. On entering, Ulrich drew forth a dark lantern from beneath his cloak, and made the light fall upon an old suit of armour. Then turning to the Prince: "Do you know this armour?" he said. "Ah, yes; it was the armour of his dearly beloved father, Duke Philip."

Ille: "Right. Did he then remember the admonitions which the wearer of this armour had uttered, upon his death-bed, to him and his brothers?" "Oh, yes; well he remembered them, but what did this long sermon denote?"

Ille: "This he would soon know. Had he not given his right hand to the wearer of that armour, and pledged himself ever to set a good example before the people committed to his rule?"

Hic: "He did not know what all this meant. Had he ever set a bad example to his subjects?"

Ille: "He was on the high road to do it, when he had resolved to wed himself secretly to a maiden beneath his rank." (Here the young Prince became as pale as a corpse.) "Let him deny, if he could, that he had sworn by his father's corpse, with his hand upon the coffin, to abandon Sidonia. He would not upbraid him with his broken promises to him, but would he bring his loving mother to her grave through shame & a broken heart? Would he make himself on a level with the lowest of the people, by wedding Sidonia the next night in the church at Crummyn?"

Hic: "Had that accursed catholic nun then betrayed him? Ah, he was surrounded by spies & traitors, but if he could not obtain Sidonia now, he would wed her the moment he was of age and succeeded to the government. If he could in no way have Sidonia, then he would never wed another woman, but remain single and a dead branch for his whole life long. Her blood was as noble as his own, and no devil should dare to part them"

Ille: But if he could prove, this very night, to the young lord, that Sidonia was not an honourable maiden, but a dishonoured creature!" Here the young Prince drew his dagger & rushed upon the old man, with lips foaming with rage; but Ulrich sprang behind the armour of Duke Philip, and said calmly: "Ernest, if thou wouldst murder me who have been so leal and faithful a servant to thee and thine, then strike me dead here through the links of thy father's cuirass" And as the young man drew back with a deep groan, he continued: "Hear me, before thou dost a deed which eternity will not be long enough to repent. I cannot be angry with thee, for I have been young myself, and would have stricken any one to the earth who had called my own noble bride dishonoured. Listen to me, then, and strike me afterwards, if thou wilt." Hereupon the old knight stepped out from behind the armour, which was fixed upon a wooden frame in the middle of the apartment, with the helmet surmounting it, and leaning against the shoulder piece, he proceeded to relate all that Clara had seen and heard. The young Prince turned first as red as scarlet, then pale as a corpse, and sank down upon a pile of old armour, unable to utter anything but sighs & groans. Ulrich then asked if he remembered the silly youth who had been drowned lately, in consequence of Sidonia's folly; for it was his apparition in the armour he then wore, which it was reported haunted the castle. And did he remember also how that armour (in which the poor young man's father also had been killed fighting against the Bohemians) had been taken off the corpse and hung up again in that lumber-room?

Hic: "Of course he remembered all that; it had happened too lately for him to forget the circumstance"

Ille: "Well, then, let him take the lantern himself, and see if the armour hung still upon the wall." So the young lord took the lantern with trembling hands, & advanced to the place; but no, there was no armour there now. Then he looked all round the room, but the armour with the serpent crest was nowhere to be seen. He dropped the lantern with a bitter execration. Hereupon the old knight continued: "You see, my gracious Prince, that the ghost must have flesh & blood, like you or me. The castellan tells me that when the ghost first began his pranks, the helmet and cuirass were still found every morning in their usual place here. But for eight days they have not been forthcoming; for the ghost, you see, is growing hardy and forgetting his usual precautions. However, the castellan had determined to watch him, & seize hold of him, for as he rightly conjectured, a spirit could not carry away a heavy iron suit of armour on him; but his wife had dissuaded him from those measures up to the present time. Come now to the stables with me," continued Ulrich, "and let us conceal ourselves in the coach which I mentioned to you; Marcus Bork shall accompany us, and let us wait there until the ghost appears, & creeps through the trap-door. After some time we shall follow him; and then this wicked cheat will be detected. But before we move, swear to me that you will await the issue peaceably & calmly in the coach; you must neither sigh nor groan, nor scarcely breathe. No matter what you hear or see, if you cannot control your fierce jealous rage, all will be lost." Then the Prince gave him his hand, and promised to keep silence, though it should cost him his life, for no one could be more anxious to discover the truth or falsehood of this matter than he himself. So they both descended now to the court-yard, Ulrich concealing the lantern under his mantle; and they crouched along by the wall till they reached the horse-pond, where Marcus Bork stood awaiting them; then they glided on, one by one, into the stables, & concealed themselves within the coach.

IT was well they did so without longer delay, for scarcely had they been seated when the ghost appeared. No doubt he had heard of the intended marriage, & wished to take advantage of his last opportunity. As the sound of his feet became audible approaching the coach, the Prince almost groaned audibly, but the stout old knight threw one arm powerfully round his body, & placed the hand of the other firmly over his mouth. The ghost now began

to ascend the coach, & they heard him clambering up the hind wheel; he slipped down, however (a bad omen), & muttered a half curse; then, to help himself up better, he seized hold of the sash of the window, and with it took a grip of Ulrich's beard, as he was leaning close to the side of the coach to watch the proceedings. Not a stir did the brave old knight make, but sat as still as marble, and even held his breath, lest the ghost might feel it warm upon his hand, & so discover their ambuscade. At last he was up; and they heard him clattering over their heads, then creeping through the trap-door into the corridor, and a little after, the sound of a door gently opening. All efforts were in vain to keep the Prince quiet. He must follow him. He would rush through the trap-door after him, though it cost him his life! But old Ulrich whispered in his ear: "Now I know that Prince Ernest has neither honour nor discretion, and Pomerania has little to hope from such a ruler." All in vain; he springs out of the coach, but the knight after him, who hastily gave Marcus Bork the keys of the castle, and bade him go fetch the household, down to the menials, here to the gallery. Marcus took them & left the stables instantly. Then Ulrich seized the hand of Prince Ernest, who was already on the top of the coach, and asked him was it thus he would leave an old man without anyone to assist him. Let him in first through the trap-door, while the Prince held the lantern. To this he consented, & helped the old knight up, who, having reached the trap-door, put his head through; but alas! the portly stomach of the stout old knight would not follow. He stretched out his head, however, on every side, as far as it could go, & heard distinctly low whispering voices from Sidonia's little room; then a sound as of the tramp of many feet became audible in the court-yard, by which he knew that Marcus and the household were advancing rapidly. But the young lord, who was waiting at the top of the coach, grew impatient, and pulled him back, endeavouring to creep through the hole himself. Praised be to Heaven, however, this he failed to do from weakness; so he was obliged to follow the grand chamberlain, who whispered to him to come down, and they could reach the corridor through the usual entrance. Hereupon they both left the stables, and met Marcus in the court-yard with his company. Then all ascended noiselessly to the gallery, and ranged themselves round Sidonia's door. Ulrich now told eight of the strongest carls present to step forward, and lean their shoulders against the door, but make no stir until he gave a sign; then, when he cried "Now!" they should burst it open with all their force. As to the young Prince, he was

trembling like as aspen leaf, and his weakness was so great that two young men had to support him. In short, as all present gradually stole closer & closer up to the door of Sidonia's room, the old knight drew forth his lantern, and signed to the men, who stood with their shoulders pressed against it; then, when all was ready, he cried: "Now!" and the door burst open with a loud crash. Every lock, & bar, and bolt shivered to atoms, and in rushed the whole party, Ulrich at their head, with his lantern lifted high up above them all.

SIDONIA and her visitor were standing in the middle of the room. Ulrich first flashed the light upon the face of the man. Who would have believed it? No other than Johann Appelmann! The knight hit him a heavy blow across the face, exclaiming: "What! thou common horse-jockey, thou low-born varlet, is it thus thou bringest disgrace upon a maiden of the noblest house in Pomerania? Ha! thou shalt be paid for this. Wait! Master Hansen shall give thee some of his gentle love-touches this night!" But, meanwhile, the young Prince had entered, and beheld Sidonia, as she stood there trembling from shame, and endeavouring to cover her face with her long beautiful golden hair that fell almost to her knees. "Sidonia!" he exclaimed, with a cry as bitter as if a dagger had passed through his heart, "Sidonia!" and fell insensible before her. Now a great clamour arose amongst the crowd, for beside the couch lay the helmet and cuirass of the ghost; so every one knew now who it was that had played this trick on them for so long, and kept the castle in a state of terror. Then they gathered round the poor young Prince, who lay there as stiff as a corpse, and lamented over him with loud lamentations, and some of them lifted him up to carry him out of the chamber; but the grand chamberlain sternly commanded them to lay him down again before his bride, whom he had arranged to wed privately at Crummyn on the following night. Then seizing Sidonia by the hand, and dashing back her long hair, he led her forward before all the people, and said with a loud voice: "See here the illustrious and high-born Lady Sidonia, of the holy Roman Empire, Duchess of Pomerania, Cassuben, and Wenden, Princess of Rugen, Countess of Gutzkow, and our Serene & most Gracious Lady, how she honours the princely house of Pomerania by sharing her love with this stable groom, this tailor's son, this debauched profligate! Oh! I could grow mad when I think of this disgrace. Thou shameless one! have I not long ago given thee thy right name? But wait, the name shall be branded on thee this night,

so that all the world may read it" Just then her Grace entered with Clara, followed by all the other maids of honour; for hearing the noise and tumult, they had hastened thither as they were, some half-undressed, others with only a loose night-robe flung round them. And her Grace, seeing the young lord lying pale and insensible on the ground, wrung her hands and cried out: "Who has killed my son? Who has murdered my darling child?" Here stepped forward Ulrich, and said: "The young lord was not dead; but, if it so pleased God, was in a fair way now to regain both life and reason." Then he related all which had led to this discovery; & how they had that night been themselves the witnesses of Sidonia's wickedness with the false ghost. Now her Grace knew his secret, which he had not told until certain of success As he related all these things, her Grace turned upon Sidonia and spat on her; and the young lord having recovered somewhat, in consequence of the water they had thrown on him, cried out: "Sidonia! is it possible? No, Sidonia, it is not possible!" The shameless hypocrite had now recovered her self-possession, and would have denied all knowledge of Appelmann, saying that he forced himself in when she chanced to open the door; but he, interrupting her, cried: "Does the girl dare to lay all the blame on me? Did you not press my hand there when you were lying, after you fell from the stag? Did you not meet me afterwards in the lumber-room, that day of the hunt when Duke Barnim was here last?" "No, no, no," shrieked Sidonia. "It's a lie; an infamous lie!" But he answered: "Scream as you will, you cannot deny that this disguise of the ghost was your own invention to favour my visits to you. Did you not drop notes for me down on the coach, through the trap-door, fixing the nights when I might come? And bethink you of last night, when you sent me a note by your maid, wrapped up in a little horse-cloth which I had lent you for your cat, with the prayer that I would not fail to be with you that night nor the next." Oh, just Heaven! to think that it was upon that very night that Clara should break her shoe-string, by which means the Almighty turned away ruin & disgrace from the ancient, illustrious, and princely house of Pomerania, all by a broken shoe-string! For if the ghost had remained away but that one night, or Clara had not broken her shoe-string, Sidonia would have been Duchess of Pomerania, but what doth the scripture say: "Man's goings are of the Lord. What man understandeth his own way?" (Prov. xx. 24.) When Sidonia heard him tell all this, and how she had written notes of entreaty to him, she screamed aloud, and

springing at him like a wild-cat, buried her ten nails in his hair shrieking: "Thou liest, traitor! It is false! It is false!" Now Ulrich rushed forward, and seized her by her long hair to part them, but at that moment Master Hansen, the executioner, entered in his red cloak, with six assistants (for Ulrich had privately sent for him) and the grand chamberlain instantly let go his hold of Sidonia, saying: "You come in good time, Master Hansen; take away this wretched pair, lock them up in the bastion tower, and on the morn bring them to the horse-market by ten of the clock, and there scourge and brand them, then carry them both to the frontier out of our good State of Wolgast, and let them both go their ways from that, whither it may please them". When Sidonia heard this, she let go her paramour and fell fainting upon the bed, but recovering herself in a little time, she exclaimed: "What is this you talk of? A noble maiden who is as innocent as the child in its cradle, to be scourged by the common executioner? Oh, is there no Christian heart here to take pity on a poor helpless girl! Gracious young Prince, even if all the world hold me guilty, you cannot, no, you cannot ... it is impossible!" Hereupon the young lord began to tremble like an aspen leaf, and said in a broken voice: "Alas, Sidonia, you betrayed yourself: if you had not mentioned that trap-door to me, I might still have believed you innocent (I, who thought some good angel had guided you to it!); now it is impossible, yet be comforted, the executioner shall never scourge you nor brand you; you are branded enough already." Then turning to the grand chamberlain he said, that with his consent a hangman should never lay his hands upon this nobly-born maiden, whom he had once destined to be Duchess of Pomerania, but Appelmann, this base-born vassal who had eaten of his bread, & then betrayed him like a Judas, let him be flogged and branded as much as they pleased; no word of his should save the accursed seducer from punishment.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, old Ulrich was determined on having Sidonia scourged, & my gracious Lady the Duchess must have her scourged too. "Let her dear son only think that if the all-merciful God had not interposed, he would have been utterly ruined & his princely house disgraced, by means of this girl; nothing but evil had she brought with her since first she set foot in the castle; she had caused his sickness; item, the death of two young knights by drowning; item, the terrible execution of Joachim Budde, who was beheaded at the festival, & had she not, in addition, whipped

her dear little Casimir, which unseemly act had only lately come to her knowledge? and had she not also made every man in the castle that approached her, mad for love of her, all by her diabolical conduct? No, away with the wretch: she merits her chastisement a thousand and a thousand-fold!" and old Ulrich exclaimed likewise: "Away with the wretch & her paramour!" Here the young lord made an effort to spring forward to save her, but fell fainting on the ground, and while the attendants were busy running for water to throw over him, Clara von Dewitz, turning away the excutioner with her hand from Sidonia, fell down on her knees before her Grace, and besought her to spare at least the person of the poor unfortunate maiden; did her Grace think that any punishment could exceed what she had already suffered? Let her own compassionate heart plead along with her words, and did not the Scripture say: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"? Hereupon her Grace looked at old Ulrich without speaking, but he understood her glance, and made answer: "No, the hangman must do his duty towards the wretch!" when her Grace said mildly: "But for the sake of this dear good young maiden, I think we might let her go, for, remember if she had not opened out this villainy to us, the creature would have been my daughter-in-law, and my princely house disgraced for evermore."

NOW Marcus Bork stepped forward, and added his prayers that the noble name he bore might not be disgraced in Sidonia: "He had ever been a faithful feudal vassal to her princely house, and had not even scrupled to bring the secret wicked deeds of his cousin before the light of day, though it was like a martyrdom of his own flesh & blood for conscience' sake". Here old Ulrich burst forth in great haste: "Seven thousand devils! Let the wench be off, then. Not another night should she rest in the castle. Let her speak: where would she go to? where should they bring her to?" And when Sidonia answered, sobbing: "To Stettin, to her gracious Lord, Duke Barnim, who would take pity on her because of her innocence," Ulrich laughed outright in scorn. "I shall give the driver a letter to him, and another to thy father. Perhaps his Grace will show thee true pity, & drive thee with his horsewhip to Stramehl. But thou shalt journey in the same coach whereon thy leman clambered up to the trap-door, and Master Hansen shall sit on the coach-box and drive thee himself. As to thy darling stable-groom here, the master must set his mark on him before he goes, but that can be done when the hangman returns from Stettin". When Appel-

mann heard this, he fell at the feet of the Lord Chamberlain, imploring him to let him off too. "Had he not ridden to Spantikow, without stop or stay, at the peril of his life, to oblige Lord Ulrich that time the Lapland Wizard made the evil prophecy? and though his illustrious lady died, yet that was from no fault of his, and his Lordship had then promised not to forget him if he were but in need. So now he demanded, on the strength of his knightly word, that a horse should be given him from the ducal stables, and that he be permitted to go forth, free and scatheless, to ride wherever it might please him. His sins were truly heavy upon him, and he would try and do better, with the help of God" When the old knight heard him express himself in this godly sort (for the knave knew his man well) he was melted to compassion, and said: "Then go thy way, & God give thee grace to repent of thy manifold sins" Her Grace had nothing to object; only to put a fixed barrier between the Prince and Sidonia, she added: "But send first for Dr. Gerschovius, that he may unite this shameless pair in marriage before they leave the castle, and then they can travel away together" Hereupon Johann Appelmann exclaimed: "No, never! How could he hope for God's grace to amend him, living with a thing like that, tied to him for life, which God and man alike hold in abhorrence?" At this speech Sidonia screamed aloud: "Thou lying & accursed stable-groom, darest thou speak so of a castle-and land-dowered maiden?" and she flew at him, and would have torn his hair, but Marcus Bork seized hold of her round the waist, and dragged her with great effort into Clara's room. Now the tears poured from the eyes of her Grace at such a disgraceful scene, and she turned to her son, who was slowly recovering: "Hast thou heard, Ernest? this groom, this servant of thine, refuses to take the girl to wife, whom thou wast going to make Duchess of Pomerania. Woe! woe! what words for thy poor mother to hear; but it was all foreshadowed when Dr. Luther . ." &c. &c.

IN short, the end of the infamous story was, that Sidonia was carried off that very night in the identical coach we know of, and Master Hansen was sent with her, bearing letters to the Duke and Otto from the Grand Chamberlain, & one also to the Burgomaster Appelmann in Stargard. And the executioner had strict orders to drive her himself the whole way to Stettin. As for Appelmann, he sprung upon a Friesland clipper, as the old Chamberlain had permitted, & rode away that same night. But the young lord was so ill from grief and shame, that he was lifted to his bed,

and all the medici of Grypswald and Wolgast were summoned to attend him. And such was the end of Sidonia von Bork at the ducal court of Wolgast. But old Kussow told me that for a long while she was the whole talk of the court and town, many wondering, though they knew well her light behaviour, that she should give herself up to perdition at last for a common groom, no better than a menial compared to her. But I find the old proverb is true for her as well as for another: "The apple falls close to the tree; as is the sheep, so is the lamb"; for had her father brought her up in the fear of God, in place of encouraging her in revenge, pride, and haughtiness, Sidonia might have been a good and honoured wife for her life long. But the libertine example of her father so destroyed all natural instincts of modesty and maidenly reserve within her, that she fell an easy prey to the first temptation. In short, my gracious Prince Bogislaus XIV. as well as all those who love and honour the illustrious house of Wolgast, will devoutly thank God for having turned away this disgrace in a manner so truly wonderful. I have already spoken of the broken shoe-tie, but in addition, I must point out that if Sidonia had counselled her paramour to take the armour of Duke Philip, which hung in the same lumber-room, in place of that belonging to the serpent knight, that wickedness would never have come to light. For assuredly, all in the castle would have believed that it was truly the ghost of the dead duke, who came to reproach his son for not holding the oath which he had sworn on his coffin, to abandon Sidonia. And consequently, respect and terror would have alike prevented any human soul in the castle from daring to follow it, and investigate its object. Therefore, let us praise the name of the Lord who turned all things to good, and fulfilled, in Sidonia and her lover, the Scripture which saith, "Thinking themselves wise they became fools." .. Rom. i. 21.

BOOK II. FROM THE BANISHMENT OF SIDONIA FROM THE DUCAL COURT OF WOLGAST UP TO HER RECEPTION IN THE CONVENT OF MARIENFLIESS

CHAPTER I. OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN OTTO BORK AND THE STARGARDIANS, WHICH CAUSED HIM TO DEMAND THE DUES UPON THE JENA

MOST Eminent and Illustrious Prince! Your Grace must be informed, that much of what I have here set down, in this second book, was communicated to me by that same old Uckermann of Dalow, of whom I have spoken already in my first volume. Other important facts I have gleaned from the Diary of Magdalena von Petersdorfin, Priorissa of the Convent of Marienfliess. She was an old and worthy matron, whom Sidonia however used to mock and insult, calling her the old cat, and such like names. But she revenged herself on the shameless wanton in no other way, than by writing down what facts she could collect of her disgraceful life and courses, for the admonition and warning of the Holy Sisterhood. This little book the pious nun left to her sister Sophia, who is still living in the Convent at Marienfliess; and she, at my earnest entreaties, permitted me to peruse it. Before, however, I continue the relation of Sidonia's adventures, I must state to your Grace, what were the circumstances which induced Otto von Bork to demand so urgently the dues upon the Jena from their Highnesses of Stettin and Wolgast. In my opinion, it was for nothing else than to revenge himself upon the burgomaster of Stargard, Jacob Appelmann, father of the equerry. The quarrel happened years before, but Otto never forgot it, & only waited a fitting opportunity to take vengeance on him and the people of Stargard. This Jacob Appelmann was entitled to receive a great portion of the Jena dues, which were principally paid to him in kind, particularly in foreign spices, which he afterwards sold to the Polish Jews, at the annual fair held in Stramehl. It happened, upon one of these occasions, as Jacob, with two of his porters, appeared as usual carrying bags of spices, to sell to the Polish Jews, that Otto met him in the market-place, and invited him to come up to his castle, for that many nobles were assembled there who would, no doubt, give

him better prices for his goods than the Polish Jews, & added that the worthy burgomaster must drink his health with him that day. Now, Jacob Appelmann was no despiser of good cheer or of broad gold pieces; so, unfortunately for himself, he accepted the invitation. But the knight had only lured him up to the castle to insult & mock him. For when he entered the hall, a loud roar of laughter greeted his appearance, and the half-drunk guests, who were swilling the wine as if they had tuns to fill & not stomachs, swore that he must pledge each of them separately in a lusty draught. So they handed him an enormous becker, cut with Otto's arms, bidding him drain it; but as the Herr Jacob hesitated, his host asked him, laughing, was he a Jesu disciple, that he refused to drink? Hereupon the other answered, he was too old for a disciple, but he was not ashamed to call himself a servant of Jesus Then all roared with laughter, and Otto spoke: "My good lords and dear friends, ye know how that the Stargard knaves joined with the Pomerian Duke to ravage my good town of Stramehl, so that it can be only called a village now. And it is also not unknown to you, that my disgrace then passed into a proverb, so that people will still say: 'He fell upon me as the Stargardians upon Stramehl.' Let us, then, revenge ourselves to-day. If this Jesu's servant will not drink, then tear open his mouth, put a tun-dish therein, and pour down a good draught till the knave cries 'enough!' As to his spices, let us scatter them before the Polish Jews, as pease before swine, and it will be merry pastime to see how the beasts will lick them up. Thus will Stramehl retort upon Stargard, and the whole land will shout with laughter. For wherefore does this Stargard pedlar come here to my fairs? Mayhap I shall visit his." Peals of laughter & applause greeted Otto's speech; but Jacob, when he heard it, determined, if possible, to effect his escape; and, watching his opportunity, for he was the only one there not drunk, sprang out of the hall, and down the flight of steps, and being young then, never drew breath till he reached the market-place of Stramehl, & jumped into his own wagon. In vain Otto screamed out to "Stop him, stop him!" all his servants were at the fair, where indeed the people of the whole country round were gathered. Then the host and the guests sprang up themselves, to run after Jacob Appelmann, but many could not stand, & others tumbled down by the way. However, with a chorus of cries, curses, & threats, Otto and some others at last reached the wagon, & laid hold of it. Then they dragged out the bags of spices, & emptied them all down upon the street, crying: "Come hither, ye Jews; which of you wants pepper? Who wants

cloves?" So all the Jews in the place ran together, and down they went on all-fours picking up the spices, while their long beards swept the pavement quite clean. Hey! how they pushed and screamed, & dealt blows about among themselves, till their noses bled, and the place looked as if gamecocks had been fighting there, whereat Otto and his roistering guests roared with laughter. One of the bags they pulled out of the wagon contained cinnamon; but a huntsman of Otto Bork's not knowing what it was, poured it down likewise into the street. Cinnamon was then so rare, that it sold for its weight in gold. So an old Jew, spying the precious morsel, cried out: "Praise be to God! Praise be to God!" and ran through Otto Bork's legs to get hold of a stick of it. This made the knight look down, & seeing the cinnamon, he straightway bid the huntsman gather it all up again quick, & carry it safely home to the castle. But the old Jew would by no means let go his hold of the booty, and kept the sticks in one hand high above his head, while with the other he dealt heavy buffets upon the huntsman. An apprentice of Jacob Appelmann's beheld all this from the wagon, and knowing what a costly thing this cinnamon was, he made a long arm out of the wagon, and snapped away the sticks from the Jew. Upon this the huntsman sprang at the apprentice, but the latter, seizing a pair of pot-hooks, which his master had that day bought in the fair, dealt such a blow with them upon the head of the huntsman, that he fell down at once upon the ground quite dead. Now every one cried out "Murder! murder! Jodute! Jodute! Jodute!" and they tore the bags right and left from the wagon, Jews as well as Christians, but Otto commanded them to seize the apprentice also. So they dragged him out too. He was a fine young man of twenty-three, Louis Griepentroch by name. There was such an uproar, that the men who held the horses' heads were forced away. Whereupon the burgomaster resolved to seize this opportunity for escape; and without heeding the lamentations of the other apprentice, Zabel Griepentroch, who prayed him earnestly to stop and save his poor brother, desired the driver to lash the horses into a gallop, and never stop nor stay until the unlucky town was left far behind them. Otto von Bork ordered instant pursuit, but in vain. The burgomaster could not be overtaken, and reached Wangerin in safety. There he put up at the inn, to give the panting horses breathing-time; & now the aforesaid Zabel besought him, with many tears, to write to Otto Bork on behalf of his poor brother, to which the burgomaster at last consented; for he loved these two youths, who were orphans and twins, and he had brought

them up from their childhood, and treated them in all things like a true and loving godfather. So he wrote to Otto: "That if aught of ill happened to the young Louis Griepentroch, he (the burgomaster) would complain to his Grace of Stettin, for the youth had only done his duty in trying to save the property of his master from the hands of robbers." The good Jacob, however, admonished Zabel to make up his mind for the worst, for the knight was not a man whose heart could be melted, as he himself had experienced but too well that day. But the sorrowing youth little heeded the admonitions, only seized the letter, and ran with it that same evening back to Stramehl. Here, however, no one would listen to him, no one heeded him; and when at last he got up to Otto and gave him the letter, the knight swore he would flay him alive if he did not instantly quit the town. Now the poor youth gnashed his teeth in rage & despair, and determined to be revenged on the knight.

JUST then came by a great crowd leading his brother Louis to the gallows; and on his head they had stuck a high paper cap with the Stargard arms painted thereon, namely, a tower with two griffins (Sidonia, indeed, had painted it, and she was by, & clapping her hands with delight); and for the greater scandal to Stargard, they had tied two hares' tails to the back of the cap, with the inscription written in large letters above them: "So came the Stargardians to Stramehl!" And Otto & his guests gathered round the gallows, and all the market-folk, with great uproar & laughter. Summa: when the poor carl saw all this, & that there was no hope for his heart's dear brother, neither could he even get near him just to say a last "good-night," he ran like mad to the castle, which was almost empty now, as every one had gone to the market-place; and there, on the hill, he turned round and saw how the hangman had shoved his dear Louis from the ladder, and the body was swinging lamentably to and fro between heaven and earth. So he seized a brand and set fire to the brew-house, from which a thick smoke & light flames soon rose high into the air. Now all the people rushed towards the castle, for they suspected well who had done the deed, particularly as they had observed a young fellow running, as if for life or death, in the opposite direction towards the open country. So they pursued him with wild shouts from every direction; right and left they hemmed him in, and cut off his escape to the wood. And Otto Bork sprang upon a fresh horse, and galloped along with them, roaring out: "Seize the rascal! seize the vile incendiary! He who takes him shall have a

tun of my best beer!" But others he despatched to the castle to extinguish the flames. Now the poor Zabel knew not what to do, for on every side his pursuers were gaining fast upon him, and he heard Otto's voice close behind crying: "There he runs! there he runs! seize the gallows-bird, that he may swing with his brother this night. A tun of my best beer to the man who takes him! Seize the incendiary!" So the poor wretch, in his anguish, threw off his smock upon the grass & sprang into the lake, hoping to be able to swim to the other side and reach the wood. "In after him!" roared Otto; and a fellow jumped in instantly, and seizing hold of Zabel by the hose, dragged him along with him; but they were soon both carried into deep water. Zabel, however, was the uppermost, & held the other down tight to stifle him. Another seeing this, plunged in to rescue his companion, and from the bank dived down underneath Zabel, intending to seize him round the body; but it so happened that the fishermen of Stramehl had laid their nets close to the place, and he plunged direct into the middle of the largest, & stuck there miserably; which when Zabel observed, he let the other go, who was now quite dead, and struck out boldly for the opposite bank. The fishermen sprang into their boats to pursue him, and the crowd ran round, hoping to cut off the pass before he could gain the bank; but he was a brave youth, and distanced them all, jumped on land before one of them could reach him, & plunged into the thick wood. Here it was vain to follow him, for night was coming on fast; so he pursued his path in safety, and returned to his master at Stramehl.

OTTO VON BORK, however, would not let the matter rest there, for he had sustained great loss by the burning of his brew-house (the other buildings were saved); therefore he wrote to the honourable council at Stargard: "That by the shameful and scandalous burning of his brew-house, he had lost two fine hounds named Stargard & Stramehl, which he had brought himself from Silesia; item, two old servants & a woman; item, in the lake, two other servants had been drowned; and all by the revenge of an apprentice, because he had justly caused his brother to be executed. Therefore this apprentice must be given up to him, that he might have him broken on the wheel, otherwise their vassals on the Jena should suffer in such a sort, that the Stargardians would long have reason to remember Otto Bork. Now, some of the honourable councillors were of opinion that they should by no means give up the apprentice; first, because Otto had insulted the Stargard arms, and,

secondly, lest it might appear as if they feared he would fulfil his threats respecting the Jena. But Jacob Appelmann, the burgomaster, who lay sick in his bed from the treatment he had received at Stramehl, entirely disapproved of this resolution; and when they came to him for his advice, proposed to give for answer to the knight that he should first indemnify him for the loss of his costly spices, which he valued at one thousand florins, and, when this sum was paid down, they might treat of the matter concerning the apprentice. The knight, however, mocked them for making such an absurd demand as compensation, & reiterated his threats, that if the young man were not delivered up to him, he would punish Stargard with a great punishment. The council, however, were still determined not to yield; & as the burgomaster lay sick in his bed, they released the apprentice from prison; and replied to Otto: "That if he broke the public peace of his imperial majesty, let the consequences fall on his own head; there was still justice for them to be had in Pomerania."

HEN the burgomaster heard of this, he had himself carried in a litter, sick as he was to the honourable council, and asked them: "Was this justice to release an incendiary from prison? If they sought justice for themselves, let them deal it out to others. No one had lost more by the transaction than he: his income for the next two years was clean gone; & the care & anxiety he had undergone besides, had reduced him to this state of bodily weakness which they observed. It was a heart-grief to him to give up the young man, for he had reared him from the baptism water, and he had been a faithful servant unto him up to this day. Could he save him, he would gladly give up his house and all he was worth, and go and take a lodging upon the wall; for this young man had once saved his life, by slaying a mad dog which had seized him by the tail of his coat; but it was not to be done. They must set an honourable example, as just and upright citizens and fearless magistrates, who hold that old saying in honour: 'Fiat justitia et pereat mundus'; which means: 'Let justice be done, though life and fortune perish.' But the punishment of the wheel was, he confessed, altogether too severe for the poor youth; and therefore he counselled that they should hang him, as Otto had hung his brother. This course the honourable society consented at last to adopt; but the knight had disgraced their arms, and they ought in return to disgrace his. They could get the court painter from Stettin, at the public expense, and let him paint Otto Bork's arms on the back of the young man's

hose. Here the burgomaster again interfered: "Why should the honourable council attempt a stupid insult, because the knight had done so?" But he talked in vain; they were determined on this retaliation. At last (but after a great deal of trouble) he obtained a promise that they would have the arms painted before, upon his smock, and not behind upon the hose, for that would be a sore disgrace to Otto, and bring his vengeance upon them. "Why should they do more to him than he had done unto them? The scripture said: "eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and not two eyes for an eye, two teeth for a tooth.'" Hereupon the honourable council pronounced sentence on the young man, and fixed the third day from that for his execution. But first the executioner must bring him up before the bed of the burgomaster, who thus spoke: "Ah, Zabel, wherefore didst thou not behave as I admonished thee in Wangerin?" And as the young man began to weep, he gave him his hand, and admonished him to be steadfast in the death-hour, asked his forgiveness for having condemned him, but it was his duty as a magistrate so to do, thanked him for having saved his life by slaying the mad-dog; finally bad him "good-night," and then buried his face in the pillow. So the hangman carried back the weeping youth to the council-hall, where the honourable councillors had the Bork arms fastened upon his smock, & out of further malice against Otto (for they knew the burgomaster being sick in his bed, could not hinder them) they placed over them a large piece of pasteboard, on which was written: "So did the Stargardians with Stramehl." Item, they fastened to the two corners a pair of wolf's ears, because Bork, in the Wendig tongue, signifies wolf. This was to revenge themselves for the hares' tails. Then the poor apprentice was carried to the gallows, amid loud laughter from the common people. And even the honourable councillors waxed merry at the sight, and as the hangman pushed him from the ladder they cried out, "So will the Stargardians do to Stramehl!"

NOW Otto heard tidings of all these doings, but he feared to complain to his Highness the Duke, because he himself had begun the quarrel, and they had only retorted as was fair. Item, he did not dare to stop the boats upon the Jena; for he knew that although Duke Barnim was usually of a soft and placable temper, yet when he was roused, there was no more dangerous enemy. And if the Stargardians leagued with him, they might fall upon his town of Stramehl, as they had done once before. Therefore he waited patiently for an opportunity of revenge, and held his peace

until Sidonia acquainted him with the love of the young Prince Ernest. Then he resolved to demand the dues upon the Jena to be given up to him; and if his wicked desire had been gratified, I think the good citizens of Stargard might have taken to the beggar's staff for the rest of their days, for like all the old Hanseatic towns, their entire substance came to them by water, and all their wares and merchandise were carried up the Jena in boats to the town. These the knight would have rated so highly, if he had been made owner of the dues, that the town and people would have been utterly ruined. It has been already stated, that the Duke Barnim gave an ambiguous answer to Otto upon the subject; but the knight, after his visit to Wolgast, was so certain of seeing his daughter in a short time Duchess of Pomerania, that he already looked upon the Jena dues as his own, & proceeded to act as shall be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II. HOW OTTO VON BORK DEMANDS THE JENA DUES FROM THE STARGARDIANS, & HOW THE BURGOMASTER JACOB APPELMANN TAKES HIM PRISONER, AND LOCKS HIM UP IN THE RED SEA.

∴ A watch-tower, built in the Moorish style, upon the town wall of Stargard, from which the adjacent streets take their name.

S the aforesaid knight and my gracious lord, Duke Barnim, journeyed home from Wolgast, the former discoursed much on this matter of the Jena dues, but his Grace listened in silence after his manner, & nicked away at his doll. (I think, however, that his Grace did not quite understand the matter of the Jena dues himself.) Summa: While Otto was at Stettin, he received information that three vessels, laden with wine and spices, and all manner of merchandise, were on their way to Stargard, so he took this for a good sign, and went straight to the town and up to the burgomaster, Jacob Appelmann; would not sit down, however, but made himself as stiff as if his back would break, and asked whether he (Appelmann) was aware that the lands of the Bork family bordered close upon the Jena.

Ille: "Yes, he knew it well."

Hic: "Then he could not wonder if he now demanded dues from every vessel that went up to Stargard."

Ille: "On the contrary, he would wonder greatly; since by an act passed in the reign of Duke Barnim the First, A.D. 1243, the freedom of the Jena had been secured to them, and they had enjoyed it up to the present date."

Hic: "Stuff! what was the use of bringing up these old acts? His Grace of Stettin, as well as the Duchess of Wolgast, had now given them over to him."
Ille: "Then let his Lordship produce his charter; if he had got one, why not show it?"
Hic: "No, he had not got the written order yet, but he would soon have it."
Ille: "Well, until then they would abide by the old law."
Hic: "By no means. This very day he would insist on being paid the dues."
Ille: "That meant that he purposed to break the peace of our lord the Emperor. Let him think well of it. It might cost him dear."
Hic: "That was his care. The Stargardians should not a second time hang his arms on the gallows."
Ille: "It was a simple act of retaliation: had he not read: 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?'"
Hic: "Nonsense! was that retaliation; when a set of low burgher carls took upon themselves to disgrace the lord of castles and lands? as well might one of his serfs when he struck him, strike him in return, that would be retaliation too. Ha! ha! ha!"
Ille: "What did his lordship mean? He was no village justice, nor were the burghers of this good town serfs or boors."
Hic: "If he knew not now what he meant, he would soon learn; ay, and take off his hat so low to the Bork arms that it would touch the ground. Then, too, he might himself get a lesson in retaliation".
And herewith the knight strode firmly out of the room, without even saluting the burgomaster, but Jacob knew well how to deal with him, so he sent instantly for the keeper of the forest, who lived in the thick wood on the banks of the Jena, and told him to watch by night and day, and if he observed anything unusual going on, to spring upon a horse, and bring him the intelligence without delay.

MEANWHILE, the knight summoned all his feudal vassals around him at Stramehl, and told them how his Grace had bestowed the Jena dues upon him; but the sturdy burghers of Stargard had dared to impugn his rights; therefore let each of them select two trusty followers, and meet all together on the morrow morn at Putzerlin, close to the Jena ferry. Then, if there came by any vessels laden with choice wines, let them be sure and drink a health to Stargard. So they all believed him, and came to the appointed place with twenty horsemen, & the knight himself brought twenty more.

There they unsaddled and turned into the meadow, then set to work to throw a bridge over the river. As soon as the forest ranger spied them, he saddled his wild clipper, which he himself had caught in the Uckermand country, and flew like wind to the town (for the wild horses are much stouter and fleeter than the tame, but there are none to be found now in all Pomerania). When the burgomaster heard this tale, he told him to go back the way he came, and keep perfectly still until he saw a rocket rise from St. Mary's tower, then let him loose all his hounds upon the horses in the meadow, and he and the burghers would follow soon, and made a quick end of the robber knights and freebooters, but he would wait for three hours, before giving the promised sign from St. Mary's tower, that he might have time to get back to the wood. Still the knight and his followers continued working at the bridge right merrily. They took the ferryman's planks and poles, and cut down large oak-trees, and every one that went across the ferry must stop and help them; but their work was not quite completed, when three vessels appeared in sight, laden with all sorts of merchandise, & making direct for Stargard. As soon as Otto perceived them, he took half-a-dozen fellows with him, and jumped into a ferry-boat, crying: "Hold! until the dues are paid, you can go no farther. The river and the land alike belong to me now, and I must have my dues, as his Grace of Stettin has commanded". The crew, however, strictly objected, saying that in the memory of man, they had never paid dues upon their goods, and they would not pay them now: but Otto and his knights jumped on deck, followed by their squires, and having asked for the bill of lading, decimated all the goods, as a priest collecting his tithe of the sheaves. Then he took the best cask of wine, had it rolled on land, & called out to the crew, who were crying like children: "Now, good people, you may go your ways". But the poor devils were in despair, and followed him on land, praying and beseeching him not to ruin them, but to restore their property, at which Otto laughed loudly, and bid the strongest of his followers chase the miserable varlets back to their vessel.

MEANWHILE, the cask of wine had been rolled up against a tree, and the knight and his followers set themselves round it upon the grass, & because they had no glasses, they drank out of kettles, and pots, & bowls, and dishes, or whatever the ferryman could give them. Yea, some of them drew off their boots and filled them with the wine, others drank it out of their caps, and

so there they lay on the grass swilling the wine, and the different wares they had seized lay all scattered round them, and they laughed & drank, and roared: "Thus we drink a health to Stargard!" Hereupon the crew, seeing that nothing could be got from the robbers, went their way with curses and imprecations, to which the knight and his party responded only with peals of laughter.

BUT the vessel had scarcely set sail, when a woman's voice was heard crying out loudly from the deck: "Father! father! I am here. Listen, Otto von Bork, your daughter Sidonia is here!" When the knight heard this, he felt as if stunned by a blow, but immediately comforted himself by thinking that no doubt Prince Ernest was with her, particularly as he could observe in the twilight the figure of a man seated beside her on a bundle of goods. "This surely must be the Prince," he said to himself, and so called out with a joyful voice, "Ah, my dearest daughter, Sidonia! how comest thou in the merchant vessel?" Then he screamed to the sailors to stop and cast anchor, but they heeded neither his cries nor commands, and in place of stopping, began to crowd all sail. Otto now tried entreaties, and promised to restore all their goods, and even pay for the wine drunk, if they would only stop the vessel. This made them listen to him, but they demanded, beside, a compensation money of one hundred florins, for all the anxiety and delay they had suffered. This he promised also, only let them stop instantly. However, they would not trust his word, and not until he had pledged his knightly faith would they consent to stop. Some, indeed, were not even content with this, and required that he should stand bare-headed on the bank, and take a solemn oath, with his hand extended to heaven, that he would deal with them as he had promised. To this also the knight consented, since they would not believe he held his knightly word higher than any oath; though in my opinion he would have done anything they demanded, such was his anxiety to behold the Prince and Princess of Pomerania, for he could imagine nothing else, but that his daughter and her husband had been turned out of Wolgast by the harsh Duchess and the old grand chamberlain, and were now on their way to the castle at Stramehl.

HERE my gracious Prince will no doubt say, "But, Theodore, why did she not call on her father sooner, when, as you told me, he was on board this very vessel plundering the wares?" I answer: "Serene Prince! your Grace must know that she and her paramour were at that time crouching in the cabin, through fear of Otto, for the sailors did not know her, or who she was. They had taken her and Appelmann in at Damm, & believed this story: that he was secretary to the Duke at Stettin, and Sidonia was his wife; they were on their way to Stargard, but preferred journeying by water on account of the robbers who infested the high roads, and who they heard had murdered three travellers only a few days before" But when Sidonia had found what her father had done, and heard the crew cursing and vowing vengeance on him, she feared it would be worse for her even to fall into the hands of the Stargardians than into her father's, and therefore rushed up on deck and called out to him, though her paramour conjured her by heaven and earth to keep quiet, and not bring him under her father's sword.
Summa: As the vessel once more stood still, the knight sprang quick as thought into the ferry-boat along with some of his followers, and rowed off to the vessel, where his daughter sat upon a bundle of merchandise and wept, but Appelmann crept down again into the cabin. When the knight stepped on board, he kissed and embraced her: but where was the young Prince whom he had seen standing beside her?
Illa: "Alas! it was not the Prince; the young lord had shamefully deceived her!" (weeping.)
Hic: "He would make him suffer for it then; let her tell him the whole business. If he had trifled with her, she should be revenged. Was he not as powerful as any duke in Pomerania?"
Illa: "He must send away all the bystanders first; did he not see how they all stood round, with their mouths open from wonder?"
Hereupon the knight roared out, "Away, go all, all of ye, or I'll stick ye dead as calves. The devil take any of you who dare to listen!" His whole frame trembled meanwhile as an aspen leaf, and he could scarcely wait till the carls clambered over the bundles of goods. "What had happened? in the name of all the devils, let her speak, now that they were alone" But here the cunning wanton began to weep so piteously, that not a word could she utter; however, as old Otto grew impatient, and began to curse and swear, and shake her by the arm, she at last commenced while Appelmann was listening from the cabin: "Her dearest father knew how the young lord had

bribed a priest in Crummyn to wed them privately, but this was all a trick which his wicked mother had suggested to him, in order to bring her to utter ruin; for on the very wedding night, while she was waiting for the Prince in her little room, according to promise, to flee with him to Crummyn, the perfidious Duchess, who was aware of the whole arrangement, sent a groom to her chamber at the appointed hour, and she being in the dark, embraced him, thinking he was the Prince. In the self-same instant the door was burst open, & the old revengeful hag, with Ulrich von Schwerin, rushed in, along with the young Prince and Marcus Bork her cousin, amid a great crowd of people with lanterns. And no one would listen to her or heed her, so she was thrust that same night out of the castle, like a common swine-maid, though the young lord, when he saw the full extent of his wicked mother's treachery, fell down in a dead faint at her feet." And here she wept and groaned, as if her heart would break. "Who then was the gay youth who sat beside her there on the bundle?" screamed Otto.

Illa: "That was the very groom that she had embraced, for they had sent him away with her, to make their wicked story seem true."

Hic: "But what was his name? May the devil take her, to have gone off with a base-born groom! What was his name?"

Illa (weeping): "What did he think of her, that she should love a common groom? truly, he had the title of equerry, but then he was nothing better than a common burgher carl. What could she do, when they turned her by night and cloud out of the castle? She must thank God for having had even this groom to protect her, but that he was her lover, fie! no; that was indeed to think little of her."

Hic: "He would strike her dead if she did not answer. Who was the knave? Where did he come from?"

Illa: "He was called Johann Appelmann, and was son to the burgomaster of Stargard."

HERE the knight raved and chafed like a wild beast, & drew his sword to kill Sidonia, but she fled away down to her paramour in the cabin. However, he had heard the whole conversation, & flew at her to beat her, crying: "Am I then a base-born groom? Ha! thou proud wanton, didst thou not run after me like a common street-girl? I will teach thee to call me a groom!" And as the knight listened to all this, the sword dropped from his hands and fell into the hold, so that he could not get it up again. Then he was beside himself for rage, and seized a stone of the ballast, to rush down with it to the cabin.

BUT, behold! a rocket shot up from St. Mary's Tower, & poured its clear light upon the deepening twilight, like a starry meteor, and, at the same instant, the deep bay of ten or twelve blood-hounds resounded fearfully across the meadow where the horses were grazing, & the dogs flew on them, and tore some of them to the ground and bit others, so that they dashed nearly to their masters, who were lying round the wine-cask, and others fled into the wood bleeding and groaning with pain & agony, as if they had been human creatures. Then all the fellows jumped up from their wine-casks, and screamed as if the last day had come, and Otto let the stone fall from his hand with horror; but still called out boldly to his men to know what had happened. "Was the devil himself among them that accursed evening?" Then they shouted in return, that he must hasten to land, for the Stargardians were upon them, and had killed all their horses. "Strike them dead, then; kill all, & himself the last, but he would go over and help them."

SO he jumped into the boat with his companions, but had not time to set foot on shore, when the Stargardians horse and foot, with the burgomaster at their head, dashed forth from the wood, shouting, "So fall the Stargardians upon Stramehl!" At this sight the knight could no longer restrain his impatience, but jumped out of the boat; & although the water reached up under his arms, strode forward, crying: "Courage, my brave fellows; down with the churls. Kill, slay, give no quarter. He who brings me the head of the burgomaster shall be my heir! His vile son hath brought my daughter to shame. Kill all, all! I will never outlive this day. Ye shall all be my heritors, only kill! kill! kill!" Then he jumps on land and goes to draw his sword, but he has none, only the scabbard is hanging there; and as the Stargard men are already pressing thick upon them, he shouts "A sword, a sword! give me a sword! My good castle of Stramehl for a sword, that I may slay this base-born churl of a burgomaster!" But a bloodhound jumped at his throat, and tore him to the ground, and as he felt the horrible muzzle closer to his face, he screamed out: "Save me! save me! Oh, woe is me!" And, at the same moment, Sidonia's voice was heard from the vessel, shrieking: "Father, father, save me; this groom is beating me to death, he is killing me"; while a loud roar of laughter from the crew accompanied her cries. No one, however, came to save the knight; for the Stargardians were slaying right and left, and Otto's followers

were utterly discomfited. So the knight tried to draw his dagger, & having got hold of it, plunged it with great force into the heart of the ferocious animal, who fell back dead, & Otto sprang to his feet. Just then however a tanner recognised him, and, seizing hold of him by the arms, carried him off to the other prisoners.

NOW, indeed, might he call on the mountains to fall on him, and the hills to cover him (Hosea x); and now he might feel, too, what a terrible thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God (Hebrews x); for the Jesu wounds, I'm thinking, burned then like hell fire in his heart.

Summa: As the wretched man was brought before the burgomaster, who sat down upon a bank and wiped his sword in the grass, the latter cried out: "Well, sir knight, you would not heed me; you have worked your will. Now, do you understand what retaliation means: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" And as the other stood quite silent, he continued: "Where is your charter for the Jena dues? Perchance it is contained in this letter, which I have received to-day from her Grace of Wolgast, addressed to you. Hand a lantern here, that the Knight may read it! If the charter is not therein, then he shall be flung into prison this night with his followers, until my lord, Duke Barnim, pronounces judgment upon him". The ferryman advanced and held a light, but Otto had scarcely looked over the letter when he began to tremble as if he would fall to the ground, & then sighed forth, like the rich man in hell: "Have mercy on me, and give me a drink of water!" They have brought him the water, and then he added: "Jacob, hast thou, too, had any tidings of our children?" "Alas!" the other answered; "Ulrich has written all to me" "Then have mercy on me. Listen how your godless son there in the vessel is beating my daughter to death, and how she is shrieking for help." As the burgomaster heard these unexpected tidings, he sent messengers to the vessel, with orders to bring the pair immediately before him. Meanwhile the other prisoners besought the burgomaster to let them go, for they were feudal vassals of Otto Bork, and must do as he commanded them. Besides, he told them that Duke Barnim had given him the dues, & therefore, they held it their duty to assist him in collecting them. And as Otto confirmed their words, saying that he had indeed deceived them, the burgomaster turned to his party, & cried: "How say you then, worthy burghers and dear friends, shall we let the vassals run and keep the lord? For, if the master lies, are the servants to be pun-

ished if they believe him? Speak worthy friends" Then all the burghers cried: "Let them go, let them go; but keep the knight a prisoner" Upon which all the retainers took to their heels, not forgetting, though, to hoist the cask of wine upon their shoulders, and so they fled away into the wood.

NOW comes a great crowd from all the vessels, accompanying the infamous pair, mocking, and gibing, and laughing at them, so that no one can hear a word for the tumult. But the burgomaster bids them hold their peace, and let the guilty pair be placed before him He remained a long while silent, gazing at them both, then sighing deeply, addressed his son: "Oh, thou lost son, hast thou not yet given up thy dissolute courses? What is this I hear of thee in Wolgast? Now thou must needs humble this noble maiden, and bring dishonour on her house, flinging all thy father's admonitions to the wind" Here the son interrupted: "True; but this noble maiden had thrown herself in his way, like a common girl, and he was only flesh and blood like other men. Why did she follow him so?" Whereupon the father replied: "Oh, thou shameless child, who, like the prodigal in Scripture, hath destroyed thy substance with harlots and riotous living, in place of humbleness and repentance, dost thou impudently tell of this poor young maiden's shame before all the world? Oh, son! oh, son! even the blind heathen said: 'Ergo illum periisse puto, cui quidem periit pudor: ∴ which means, 'I esteem him dead in whom shame is dead.' Therefore is thy sin doubled being a Christian, for thou hast boasted of thy shame before the people here, & held up the young maiden to their contempt, besides having beaten her so on board the vessel that many heard her screams, as if she were only a common wench, and not a castle-and land-dowered maiden" To which Appelmann answered, that she had called him a common groom and a base-born burgher churl. But his father commanded him to be silent, and bid his men first bind the knight's hands behind his back, and then those of his son; and so carry them both to prison, but to let the maiden go free When the knight heard that he was to be bound, his pride revolted, and he offered any ransom, or to give any compensation that could be demanded for the injury he had done them. Every one knew his wealth, and that he had power to keep his word to the uttermost. But the burgomaster made answer: "Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth; how say you, sir knight: speak the truth, if you had taken me prisoner, as I have taken you, would you have

∴ Plautus in Bacchid.

bound my hands or not?" To which the knight replied: "Well, Jacob, I will not speak a falsehood, for I feel that my end is near; I would have bound your hands" ❧ Hereupon, the brave burgomaster answered: "I know it well; however, as you have answered me honestly, I will spare you. Burghers, do not bind his hands, neither those of my son. Ye have enough to suffer yet before ye, and God give ye both grace to repent. And now to the town! The crew shall declare to-morrow morn, before the honourable council, what they have lost by the knight's means; and he shall make it all good again to them" ❧ So all the people returned with great uproar and rejoicing back to the town, and the bell from St. Mary's & St. John's rung forth merry peals, and all the people of the town ran forth to meet them; but when they saw the knight a prisoner, & his empty scabbard hanging by his side, they clapped their hands & huzzaed, shouting: "So fell the Stargardians upon Stramehl." Thus with merry laughter, and jests, and mockings, they carried him up the street to the tower called the Red Sea, and there locked him up, well guarded ❧ Here again he prayed the burgomaster to accept a ransom, but in vain. Whereupon he at last solicited pen, paper, and ink, and a light, that he might indite a letter to his Grace, Duke Barnim; and this was granted to him ❧ As for his unworthy son, the burgomaster had him carried to his own house, & there placed him in a room, with three stout burghers as a guard over him. And Sidonia was placed by herself in another little chamber.

CHAPTER III. OF OTTO BORK'S DREADFUL SUICIDE; ITEM: HOW SIDONIA AND JOHANN APPELMANN BROUGHT WERE BEFORE THE BURGOMASTER.

DURING that night there was a strong suspicion upon every one's mind that something terrible was going to happen; for a great storm arose at midnight, and raged fearfully round the Red Sea tower, so that it seemed to rock, and when the night-watch went round to examine it, behold three toads crept out, & set themselves upright upon the parapet like little manikins, as the hares sometimes make themselves into manikins.

THAT all this denoted was discovered next morning, for when the jailor entered Otto's cell in the tower, he saw him lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with his own dagger sticking in his heart. On the table stood the lamp which he had asked for, still burning feebly, and near it a great many written papers. The man instantly ran for the burgomaster, who followed him with all speed to the tower. They felt the corpse, but it was already quite cold. So then a messenger was dispatched for the chirurgeon, to hold a visum repertum over him. Meantime they examined the papers, and found first my gracious Lady of Wolgast's letter to the unfortunate father, the same which had made him tremble so the day before, and therein was related all the shameful circumstances concerning Sidonia, just as Ulrich had stated them in the letter to the burgomaster. Then they came upon his last will and testament, but where the seal ought to have been there lay a large drop of blood, with this memorandum beneath it: "This is my heart's first blood which I have affixed here in place of a seal, and may he who slights it be accursed for evermore, even as my daughter Sidonia". In this testament he had completely disinherited his daughter Sidonia, and made his son Otto sole inheritor of all his property, castles, & lands (for his daughter Clara was already dead, and had left no children). Nothing should his daughter Sidonia have but two farm-houses in Zachow, ∴ just to keep her from beggary, and to save the ancient illustrious name of their house from falling into further contempt. Yet should his son think proper to give her further alimentum, he was at liberty to do so. Lastly for the second & third time, he cursed his daughter, to whom he owed all his misery, from the affair with the apprentice to that concerning the Jena dues, up to this most miserable and wretched death. Item: the burgomaster picked up another letter, which was addressed to himself, and wherein the knight prayed first, that his body might not be drawn by the executioner to burial, as was the custom with suicides, but conveyed honourably to Stramehl, and there deposited in the vault of his family; secondly, that his daughter Sidonia might be sent to Zachow, there to learn how to live humbly as a peasant maid, for that she might look to being a Duchess of Pomerania only when she could keep her evil desires still for even a couple of days. Then he cursed her so, that it was pitiable to read; and proved that, if he had been a more God-fearing father, she might have been a different daughter; for as St. Paul says (Galatians vi.): "What a man soweth, that also

∴ A small town near Stramehl, & a mile and a half from Regenwalde

shall he reap." The letter further said, that, for the good deed done to his corpse, the burgomaster should take all the gold found upon his person, consisting of eighty good rose-nobles, and indemnify himself therewith for the loss of his spices that day in Stramehl, when they were scattered before the Jews. He lastly desired his last will and testament to be conveyed to his son, along with his corpse; and, further, his son was to send compensation to the crew for the cask of wine, and whatever other losses they had sustained, according to his knightly word which he had pledged to them.

Summa: When the chirurgeon arrived & the body was examined, there was found upon the unfortunate knight a purse, embroidered with pearls and diamonds, containing eighty rose-nobles, which the burgomaster in no wise disdained to receive, & then laid the whole matter before the honourable council, with the petition of Otto concerning the corpse. The honourable council fully justified the burgomaster for all he had done, and gave their opinion that, as the good town had no jurisdiction over the knight, so they could have none over his body, and therefore let it be removed with all honour to Stramehl, particularly as he had, in all things, made amends for the wrong he had done them. As regarded Sidonia, two porters should be sent to convey her to Zachow.

EANTIME, Sidonia had heard of her father's horrible death, and lay on the ground nearly insensible from grief. Just then the burgomaster returned from the council-hall, and commanded that she and his profligate son should be brought before him. When they arrived, he asked how it happened that they were both found in the vessel, for Ulrich, the grand Chamberlain, had written to inform him that Sidonia had been sent away in a coach to Stettin, with the executioner on the box. Here Sidonia sobbed so violently that no word could she utter; therefore the son replied: "That such had been done, but that he had been given a horse from the ducal stables, and had followed the coach; and when they stopped at Uckermund for the night, he had secretly got speech with Sidonia, and advised her to try & remove the planks from the bottom of the carriage and escape to him, for that he would be quite close at hand. And he did what he could that night to loosen the boards himself. So in the morning, Sidonia got them up easily, & first dropped her baggage out through the hole, which he picked up; and then, as they came to a soft sandy tract where the coach had to go very slowly, she let herself also down through it, and sinking in

the deep sand, let the coach go over her without any hurt. Then he came to her, & they fled to the next town, where he bought a wagon from some peasants, for her and her luggage to proceed into Stargard, for she was ashamed to appear before Duke Barnim, and wished to get on from Stargard to Stramehl; but when they reached Damm, they heard such wild tales of the robbers & partisans who infested the roads, that Sidonia grew alarmed, and made him go by water for safety. So he left the horse and wagon at the inn, and took ship with the merchants who were going to Stargard: these were their adventures. The rest his father knew as well as himself". The burgomaster then asked Sidonia, had he spoken truth? So she dried her eyes, and nodded her head for "Yes."

THEN he admonished her gravely, for that she, a noble maiden, could have dishonoured herself with a mere burgher's son, like his Johann, in whom, even he, his own father, must say there was nothing to tempt any girl. And now she knew the truth of those words of St. James: "Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; & sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Her sin had, indeed, brought forth her father's death; would that he could say only his temporal death. This her father had himself asserted in his testament, which he held now in his hands, and for this cause he had left all his goods, lands, and castles to her brother Otto, only giving her two farm-houses in Zachow to save her from the beggar's staff, & their noble name from falling into yet greater contempt, and, in addition, he had cursed her with terrible curses; but these yet might be turned away, if she would incline her heart to God, and lead a pious, honest life for the rest of her days. And much more the worthy man preached to her; but she interrupted him, having found her tongue at last, and exclaimed in wrath: "What! has the good-for-nothing old churl written this? Let me see it; it cannot be true."

SO the burgomaster reached her the paper, and, as she read, her colour changed, and at last she shrieked aloud and fell down before the burgomaster, clasping his knees, and praying by the Jesu cross not to send such a testament to her brother, for that he was still harder than her father, because he was by nature avaricious, and would grudge her even salt with her bread. Let him remember that his son had promised her marriage, and would he destroy his own children? Then Jacob Appelmann turned to his

profligate son, and asked: "Does she speak the truth? Have you promised her marriage?" But the shameless knave answered: "True, I so promised her, when we were at Uckermund; but now that she has no money, I wash my hands of her" Such villainy made the old man flame with indignation. "He would make him know that he must stand by his word, he would force him to it, if he could only think it would be for the advantage of this wretched girl. But he would admonish her to give him up; did she not see that he was shameless, cruel, and selfish? and how could she ever hope to turn to God & lead a new life, with such an infamous partner? Item: His son should be made to work, and to feel poverty, so that his evil desires might be stifled; and as for her, let her go in God's name to Zachow, and there in solitude repent her sins, and strive to win the favour of God."

BUT that was no water for her mill; so she continued to lament, & weep, and pray the burgomaster not to send the will to her harsh brother; upon which he answered mildly: "Wert thou to lie at my feet till morning, it would not help thee: the testament goes this day to Stramehl; but I will do this for thee. Thy father left me some rose-nobles, in a purse which he carried about with him, as a compensation for my spices, which he strewed before the Jews in Stramehl, of which deed thou too wert also guilty, as I know; therefore I was not ashamed to take the money, but of the purse thy father said nought; so I had it in my mind to keep it, for, in truth, it is of more worth than the nobles it contained. If I mistake not, these are true pearls and diamonds with which it is broidered. Look, here it is. What sayest thou?" Here she sobbed and answered: "She knew it well; she had broidered the purse herself. They were her mother's pearls and diamonds, & part of her bridal gear; truly they were worth three thousand florins" "Then," said the brave old man, "I will give thee this purse, since it was not named either for me or for thy brother at Stramehl. Take it to Zachow; thou wilt make a good penny of it. Be pious, & God-fearing, and industrious, remembering what the holy scripture says (Prov. xxxi.): 'A virtuous woman takes wool & flax, & labours diligently with her hands. She stretches out her hands to the wheel, and her fingers grasp the spindle.' Hadst thou learned this, in place of thy costly broidery, methinks it would have been better with thee this day" As he thus spoke, he put the purse in her hands, and she instantly hid it in her pocket. But the profligate Johann now sud-

denly became repentant, for he thought, if I can obtain nothing good from my father, I may at least get the purse. So he began to weep and lament, and fell down too at his father's feet, saying, if he would only pardon him this once, he would indeed take this poor maiden to wife, as he had promised her, for he alone was guilty of her sin; only would his heart's dearest father forgive him? And so the hypocrite went on with his lies. Whereupon his father made answer honourably and mildly: "Such promises thou hast often made, but never kept. However, I will try thee yet again. If thou wilt spend each day diligently writing in the council office, & return each night to sleep in my chamber, and continue this good conduct for a few years, to testify thy repentance, as a brave and upright son, and Sidonia meanwhile continues to lead a godly and humble life at Zachow, then, in God's name, ye shall both marry, & make amends for your sin; but not before that". As he said this, and bid his son stand up, the hypocrite answered: "Yes, he would do the will of his dear father; but then he must keep back this testament; so would his children be happy. Otherwise, wherefore should they marry? What could they live on? A couple of cabins in Zachow would not be enough". "Truly," replied the old man, "if I were as great a knave as thou art, I would do as thou hast said; yet, though the loss of the spices, which her father wickedly destroyed, did me such injury that I had to sell my house, to get the means of living & keeping thee at the University of Grypswald, I will keep my hands pure from the property of another; even if this property belonged to my greatest enemy, and the enemy of this good town also. Summa: This day thou shalt go to the council-office, the testament to Stramehl, and Sidonia to Zachow."

O the knave was silent; but Sidonia still resisted; she would not go to Zachow, never; but if he would send her to Stettin, she was certain the good Duke Barnim would be kind to an unfortunate maiden, who had done nothing more than what thousands do in secret. And whatever the gracious Prince resolved concerning her she would abide by. When the burgomaster heard this speech, he saw that no amendment was to be expected from her; and as he had no authority to compel her to go to Zachow, he promised, at last, to send her to Stettin on the following day, for there were two market wagons going, and she could travel in one, and thereby be more secure against all danger. And so it was done.

CHAPTER IV. HOW SIDONIA MEETS CLAUDE UCKERMANN AGAIN, AND SOLICITS HIM TO WED HER. ITEM: WHAT HE ANSWERED, AND HOW MY GRACIOUS LORD OF STETTIN RECEIVED HER.

SIDONIA, next morning, got a good soft seat in the wagon, upon the sack of a cloth merchant; he was cousin to the burgomaster and promised to take her with him, out of friendship for him. All the men in the wagon were armed with spears & muskets, for fear of the robbers, who were growing more daring every day. So they proceeded; but had not got far from the town when a horseman galloped furiously after them, and called out that he would accompany them; and this was Claude Uckermann, of whom I have spoken so much in my former book. He too was going to Stettin. Now when Sidonia saw him, her eyes glistened like a cat's when she sees a mouse, and she rejoiced at the prospect of such good company, for since the wedding of her sister, never had this handsome youth come across her, though she was constantly looking out for him. So as he rode up by the wagon, she greeted him, and prayed him to alight and come and sit by her upon the sack, that they might talk together of dear old times. She imagined, no doubt, that he knew nothing of all that had happened; but her disgrace was as public at Stargard as if it had been pealed from the great bell of St. Mary's. He therefore knew her whole story, and answered, that sitting by her was disagreeable to him now; and he rode on. This was plain enough, one would think; but Sidonia still held by her delusion; for as they reached the first inn, and stopped to feed the horses, she saw him stepping aside to avoid her, and seating himself at some distance on a bank, so she put on her flattering face, and advanced to him, saying, "Would not the dear young knight make up with her? . . what ailed him? . . it was impossible he could resent her silly fun at her sister's wedding. Oh! if he had come again and asked her, seriously, to be his wife, in place of there in the middle of the dancing, as if he had been only jesting, she would never have had another husband, for from that till now, never had so handsome a knight met her eyes; but she was still free". Hereupon the young man (as he told me himself) made answer: "Yes, she had rightly judged, he was only jesting, & taking his pas-

time with her, as they sat there upon the carpet, for he held in unspeakable aversion & disgust a cup from which every one sipped." Still Sidonia would not comprehend him, and began to talk about Wolgast. But he looked down straight before him in the grass, and never spake a word, but turned on his heel and entered the inn, to see after his horse. So he got rid of her at last.

S the wagon set off again, she began to sing so merrily and loudly, that all the wood rang with it. And the young knight was not so stupid but that he truly discerned her meaning, which was to show him that she cared little for his words, since she could go away in such high spirits.

Summa: When they reached the inn at Stettin, Sidonia got all her baggage carried in from the wagon, and there dressed herself with all her finery: silken robes, golden hair-net, & golden chains, rings, and jewels, that all the people saluted her when she came forth, and went to the castle to ask for his Highness the Duke. He was in his workshop, & had just finished turning a spinning-wheel; he laughed aloud when she entered, ran to her, embraced her, and cried: "What! my treasure! where hast thou been so long, my sugar-morsel? How I laughed when Master Hansen, whom my old, silly, sour cousin of Wolgast sent with thee, came in lately into my workshop, and told me he had brought thee hither in a ducal coach! I ran directly to the court-yard; but when the knave opened the door, my little thrush had flown. Where hast thou been so long, my sugar-morsel?" As his Grace put all these questions, he continued kissing her, so that his long white beard got tangled in her golden chains; and as she pushed him away, a bunch of hair remained sticking to her brooch, so that he screamed for pain, and put his hand to his chin. At this, in rushed the court marshal and the treasurer (who were writing in the next chamber) as white as corpses, and asked, "Who is murdering his Grace?" but his Grace held up his hand over his bleeding mouth, and winked to them to go away. So when they saw that it was only a maiden combat, they went their way laughing. Hereupon speaks his Grace: "See now, treasure, what thou hast done! Thou canst be so kind to a groom, yet thy own gracious prince wilt treat so harshly!" But Sidonia began to weep bitterly. "What did he think of her? The whole story was an invention by his old sour cousin of Wolgast to ruin her because she would not learn her catechism (and then she told the same tale as to her father); but would not his Grace take pity on a poor forsaken maiden, seeing

that Prince Ernest could not deny he had promised to make her his bride, and wed her privately at Crummyn, on the very next night to that on which her Grace had so shamefully outraged her?"

"My sweet treasure!" answered the Duke, "the young Prince was only making a fool of you; therefore be content that things are no worse. For even if he had wedded you privately, it would have been all in vain, seeing that neither the Princely Widow nor the Elector of Brandenburg, his godfather, nor any of the princes of the holy Roman Empire, nor lastly, the Pomeranian States, would ever have permitted so unequal a marriage. Therefore, what the priest joined in Crummyn would have been put asunder next day by the tribunals. My poor nephew is a silly enthusiast not to have perceived this all along, before he put such absurdities in your head. That he talked gallantry to you was very natural, and I wished him all success, but that he should ever have talked of marriage shows him to be even sillier than I expected from his years". Here Sidonia's tears burst forth anew. "Who would care for her now that her father was dead, and had left her penniless? All because he believed that old hypocrite of Wolgast more than his own daughter. Alas! alas! she was a poor orphan now! and all her possessions would be torn from her by her hard-hearted avaricious brother. Yet surely his Grace might at least take pity on her innocence."

HIS Grace wondered much when he heard of Otto's death, for the letters brought by the market wagon from the honourable council, acquainting him with the matter, had not yet arrived, and he scratched behind his ear and said: "It was an evil deed of that proud devil her father, to claim the Jena dues. He had got his answer at Wolgast, and ought to have left the dues alone. What right had he to break the peace of the land, to gratify his lust and greed? It was well that he was dead; but as concerning his testament, that must not be interfered with, he had no power over the property of individuals. Each one might leave his goods as best pleased him, yet he would make his treasurer write a letter in her favour to her brother Otto: that was all that he could do". This threw Sidonia into despair; she fell at his feet, and told him, that let what would become of her, she would never go a step to Zachow, and her harsh brother would never give her one groschen, unless he were forced to it. His Grace ought to remember that it was by his advice she had gone to Wolgast, where all her misery had commenced; for by the traitorous conduct of the widow, there she had

been robbed, not only of her good name, but also of her fortune. So his Grace comforted her, and said that as long as he lived she should want for nothing. He had a pretty house behind St. Mary's, and six young maidens lived there, who had nothing to do but spin and embroider, or comb out the beautiful herons' feathers as the birds moulted; for he had a large stock of herons close to the house, and there was a darling little chamber there, which she could have immediately for herself. As to clothes, they might all get the handsomest they pleased, and their meals were supplied from the ducal kitchen. As his Grace ended, and lifted up Sidonia and kissed her, she wept and sighed more than ever. "Could he think this of her? No; she would never enter the house which was the talk of all Pomerania. If she consented, then indeed would the world believe all the falsehoods that were told of her; of her, who was as innocent as a child!" Hereupon his Grace answered stiff and stern (yet this was not his wont, for he was a right tender master), "Then go your ways: Into that house or nowhere else." (Alas! let every maiden take warning, by this example, to guard against the first false step. Amen, chaste Jesus! amen.)

THAT evening, Sidonia took up her abode in the house. But that same evening there was a great scandalum, and tearing of each other's hair among the girls. For one of them, named Trina Wehlers, was a baker's daughter from Stramehl, and on the occasion of Clara's wedding she had headed a procession of young peasants to join the bridal party, but Sidonia had haughtily pushed her back, and forbid them to approach. This Trina was a fine rosy wench, and my Lord Duke took a fancy to her then, so that she looked with great jealousy on any one that threatened to rob her of his favour. Now when Sidonia entered the house and saw the baker's daughter, she commenced again to play the part of the great lady, but the other only laughed, and mockingly asked her, "Where was the princely spouse, Duke Ernest of Wolgast? would his Highness come to meet her there?" Then Sidonia raged from shame and despair, that this peasant girl should dare to insult her; and she ran weeping to her chamber, but when supper was served, the scandalum broke out in earnest. For Sidonia had now grown a little comforted, and as there were many dainty dishes from the Duke's table sent to them, she began to enjoy herself somewhat, when all of a sudden the baker's daughter gave her a smart blow over the fingers with a fork. Sidonia instantly seized her by the hair, and now there

was such an uproar of blows, screams, and tongues, that my gracious Lord, the Duke, was sent for. Whereupon he scolded the baker's daughter right seriously for her insolence, and told her that as Sidonia was the only noble maiden amongst them, she was to bear rule. And if the others did not obey her humbly, as befitted her rank, they should all be whipped. His Grace wore a patch of black plaister on his chin, and attempted to kiss Sidonia again, but she pushed him away, saying that he must have told all that happened at Wolgast to these girls, otherwise how could the baker's daughter have mocked her about it? Whereupon my gracious Lord consoled her, and said that if she were quiet and well behaved, he would take her with him to the Diet at Wollin, for all the young dukes of Pomerania were to attend it, & Prince Ernest amongst the number, seeing that he had summoned them all there, in order to give up the government of the land into their hands, as he was now too old now himself to be tormented with state affairs. When Sidonia heard this, hope sprang up within her heart, and she resolved to bear her destiny calmly.

CHAPTER V. HOW THEY WENT ON MEANTIME AT WOLGAST. ITEM: OF THE DIET AT WOLLIN AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

WITH regard to their Serene Highnesses of Wolgast, I have already related, libro primo, that the young lord, Ernest Ludovicus, was carried out of Sidonia's chamber like one dead, when he beheld her abominable wickedness with his own eyes. And all can easily believe that he lay for a long while sick unto death. In vain Dr. Pomius offered his celebrated specific, he would take nothing, did nothing day or night but sigh and groan: "Ah, Sidonia; ah, my beloved heart's-bride Sidonia, can it be possible? Adored Sidonia, my heart is breaking. Sidonia, Sidonia, can it be possible?"

AT last the idea struck Dr. Pomius that there must be magic and devil's work in it. So he searched through all his learned books, and finally came upon a recipe which was infallible in such cases. This was to burn the tooth of a dead man to powder, & let the sick bewitched person smoke the ashes. Such was solemnly recommended by Petrus Hispanus Ulyxbonensis, who, under the

name of John XXII. ascended the papal throne. See his Thesaurus Pauperum, cap. ult.

BUT the Prince would neither take anything nor smoke anything, & the delirium amatorium grew more violent and alarming day by day, so that the whole ducal house was plunged into the deepest grief and despair. Now there was a prisoner in the bastion tower at Wolgast, a carl from Katzow, who had been arrested and condemned for practising horrible sorceries and magic; namely, having changed the calves of his neighbours into young hares, which instinctively started off to the woods and were never seen more, as the whole town testified; and other devil's doings he had practised, which I now forget, but they were fully proved against him, and so he was sentenced to be burned. This man now sent a message to the authorities, that if they pardoned him and allowed him free passage from the town, he would tell of something to cure the young lord. This was agreed to; and when he was brought to the chamber of the Prince he laid his ear down upon his breast, to listen if it were witchcraft that ailed him. Then he spake: "Yes; the heart beats quite unnaturally, the sound was like the whimpering of a fly caught in a spider's web; their lordships might listen for themselves." Whereupon all present, one after the other, laid their ear upon the breast of the young Prince, and heard really as he had described. The carl now said that he would give his Highness a potion which would make him, from that hour, hate the woman who had bewitched him as much as he had adored her. Item: The young lord must sleep for three days, and when he woke, his strength would have returned to him; to procure this sleep he must anoint his temples with goat's milk, which they must instantly bring him, & during his sleep the Lady Duchess must, every two hours, lay fresh ox-flesh upon his stomach. When her Grace heard this, she rejoiced that her dear son would so soon hold the harlot in abhorrence who had bewitched him. And the carl gave him a red syrup, which he had no sooner swallowed than all care for Sidonia seemed to have vanished from his mind. Even before the goat's milk came, he exclaimed: "Now that I think over it, what a great blessing that we have got rid of Sidonia". And no sooner were his temples bathed with the milk than he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for three days, and when he opened his eyes, his first words were: "Where is that Sidonia? Is the wanton still here? Bring her before me, that I may tell her how I hate her. Oh, fool that I was to peril my princely honour for a harlot, Where is she? I must have my revenge upon the light wanton."

HER Grace could hardly speak for joy when she heard these words; and she gave the carl, who had watched all the time by the bedside of the young Prince, so much ham & sausages from the ducal kitchen, that he finally could not walk, but was obliged to be drawn out of the town in a car. Then she asked Dr. Pomius how such a miracle could have been effected. At which he laid his finger on his nose, after his manner, and replied, such was accomplished through the introduction of the natural Life Balsam, which the learned called confermentationem Mumiæ, and so the fool went on prating, and her Grace devouring his words as if they were gospel. Summa: After a few days the young lord was able to leave his bed, and as they kept fresh ox-flesh continually applied to his stomach, he soon re-gained his strength, so that, in a couple of weeks, he could ride, fish, and hunt, and his cheeks were as fresh and rosy as ever. One day he mentioned "the groom's mistress," as he called her, and wished he could give her a lesson in lute-playing, it would be one to make her tremble. But when the letter arrived from Duke Barnim, declaring that, from his great age, he proposed resigning the government of Pomerania into the hands of her Grace's sons, there was no end to the rejoicings at Wolgast, and her Grace declared that she would herself accompany them to the Diet at Wollin. We shall now see what a treat was waiting her at the old castle there. It was built wholly of wood and has long since fallen, but at the time I write of, it was standing in all its glory.

MONDAY, the 15th May, 1569, at eleven in the fore-noon, his Grace of Stettin came with seven coaches and two hundred & fourteen horsemen into the court-yard. And there, on the steps of the castle, stood my gracious Lady of Wolgast, holding the little Casimir by the hand, in waiting to receive his Highness, and all her other sons stood round her; namely, the illustrious Bishop of Camyn, Johann Frederick, in his bishop's robes, with the staff and mitre. Item: Duke Bogislaus, who had presented her Grace with a tame sea-gull. Item: Ernest Ludovicus, in a Spanish mantle of black embossed in gold, & upon his head a black velvet Spanish hat looped up with diamonds, from which long white plumes descended to his shoulder. Item. Barnim the younger, who wore a dress similar to his brother's. Item. The grand chamberlain, Ulrich von Schwerin, and with him a great crowd of the counsellors & state officers of Wolgast, besides all the nobles, prelates, knights, chief burghers of the duchy.

Among the nobles stood Otto von Bork, brother to Sidonia, and the burgomaster, Jacob Appelmann, held his place among the citizens. As Duke Barnim drove up to the castle, the guards fired a salute, and the bells rang, and the cannon roared & all the vessels in the harbour hoisted their flags, while the streets, houses, and the court-yards were decorated with flowers, & all the people of the little town trotted round the carriage, shouting "Vivat! vivat! vivat!" so that like was never seen before in Wollin.

NOW, when the coach stopped, her Grace the Duchess advanced to meet his Highness; and as old Duke Barnim's head appeared at the window, with his long white beard & yellow leather cap, her Grace stepped forward, & said: "Welcome, dearest Un..." But she could get no farther, & stood as stiff as Lot's wife when she was turned into a pillar of salt, for there was Sidonia seated in the carriage beside the Duke! Old Ulrich, who followed, soon spied the cause of her Grace's dismay, and exclaimed: "Three thousand devils! what does your Highness mean by bringing the accused harlot a third time amongst us?" But his Highness only laughed, and drew forth his last puppet, it was a Satan as he tempted Eve, saying: "Hold this for me, good Ulrich, till I am out of the coach, and then I shall hear all about it." To which the other answered: "If you let me catch hold of this other Satan, whom ye bring with you, I think it were wiser done!"

PRINCE Ernest now sprang down the steps, his eye flaming with rage, & drawing his sword, cried: "Hold me, or I will stab the serpent to the heart, who so disgraced me and my family honour. I will murder her there in the coach before your eyes" Wherupon old Ulrich flung the little wooden Satan to the ground, and seized the young man by the arm, while Sidonia screamed violently. But the old Duke stepped deliberately out of the coach. Seeing, however, his wooden Satan lying broken on the ground, he became very wroth, & called loudly for a turner with his glue-pot. Then he ascended the steps, and when all had greeted him deferentially, he began:

DEAR niece, worthy cousins, and friends, ye have no doubt heard of the misfortune which hath befallen Sidonia von Bork, who sits there in the carriage. Her father has died; and, further, she has been disinherited. Thereupon she fled to seek a refuge. Now, ye all know well the Von Borks are an ancient, honoura-

ble, and illustrious race: none more so; therefore I had compassion upon the orphan, and brought her hither to effect a reconciliation between her and Otto Bork, her brother. Step forward, Otto Bork, where are you hiding? Step forth, and hand your sister from the carriage; I saw you amongst the nobles here to-day. Step forth!" But Otto had disappeared; and as the Duke found he would not answer to his summons, he bid Sidonia come forth herself. Whereupon the young Prince swore fiercely that, if she but put a foot upon the step he would murder her. "What the devil! young man," said the Duke laughing; "first you must needs wed her, & now you will slay her dead at our feet! This is somewhat inconsistent. Come forth, Sidonia; he will not be so cruel" But she sat in the coach, and wept like a child who has lost its nurse. So my gracious Lady stepped forward, and commanded the coachman to drive instantly with the maiden to the town-inn; and so it was done.

NOW the old Duke never ceased for the whole forenoon soliciting Otto Bork to take the poor orphan home with him, and there to treat her as a faithful and kind brother, in compensation for her father's harsh and unnatural will; but it was all in vain, as she indeed had prophesied. "Not the weight of a feather more should she get than the two farm-houses in Zachow; and never let her call him brother, for ancient as his race was, never had one of them borne the brand of infamy till now."

IN the afternoon, all the prelates, nobles, & burghers assembled in the grand hall; then entered the ducal family, Barnim the elder at their head. He was dressed in a long black robe, such as the priests wear now, with white ruffles and Spanish frill, and was bareheaded. He took his seat at the top of the table, and thus spake: "Illustrious Princes, dear cousins, nobles, & faithful burghers, ye all know that I have ruled this Pomeranian land for fifty years, upholding the pure doctrine of Doctor Martin Luther, and casting down papacy in all places and at all times. But as I am now old, & find it hard sometimes to keep my unruly vassals in order, whereof we have had a proof lately, it is my will & purpose to resign the government into the hands of my dear cousins, the illustrious Princes von Pommern-Wolgast, and retire to Oderburg in Old Stettin, there to rest in peace for the remainder of my days; but there are four princes (for the fifth Casimir to-morrow or next day shall get a church endowment) & but two duchies. For ye know

that, by the act passed in 1541, the Duchy of Pomerania can only be divided into two portions, the other princes of the family being entitled but to life annuities. Therefore, I have resolved to let it be decided by lot amongst the four Pomeranian princes (according to the example set us by the holy apostles), which of them shall succeed me in Stettin, which is to rule in Wolgast in the room of my loved brother, Philipus Primus of blessed memory; and, finally, which is to be content only with the life annuity. And this shall now be ascertained in your presence."

AVING ended, he commanded the grand marshal Von Fleming to bring the golden lottery-box with the tickets, and beckoned the young princes to the table. Then, while they drew the lots, he commanded all the nobles, knights, and burghers present to lift up their hands and repeat the Lord's prayer aloud. So every hand was elevated, even the Duke and my gracious Lady uplifting theirs, and the three young princes drew the lots but not the fourth, and this was Bogislaff. So Duke Barnim wondered, and asked the reason. Whereupon he answered: "That he would not tempt God in aught. To govern a land was a serious thing; and he who had little to rule had little to be responsible for before God. He would, therefore, freely withdraw his claims, and be content with the annuity; then he could remain with his dear mother, & console her in her widowhood. He did not fear that he would ever repent his choice, for he had more pleasure in study than in the pomp of the world; and, if he took the government, then must his beloved library be given up for food to the moths and spiders" All arguments were vain to turn him from his resolve: so the lots were drawn, and it was found that Johann Frederick had come by the Dukedom of Stettin, and Ernest Ludovicus by that of Wolgast.

UT as Barnim the younger went away empty, he was filled with envy & mortification, showing quite a different spirit from his meek, humble-minded brother, Bogislaff. He swore, and cursed his ill-luck. "Why did not that fool of a bookworm give over his chance to him, if he would not profit by it himself? Why the devil should he descend to play the commoner, when he was born to play the prince?" and such like unamiable and ill-tempered speeches. However, he was now silenced by the drums & trumpets, which struck up the Te Deum, in which all present joined. Then Doctor Dannenbaum offered up a prayer, so that grand ceremony

concluded. But the feasting and drinking was carried on with such spirit all through the evening, and far into the night, that all the young lords, except Bogislaff, had well-nigh drowned their senses in the wine-cup; and Ernest started up about midnight, declaring that he would go to the inn and murder Sidonia. Barnim was busy quarrelling with Johann Frederick about his annuity. So Ernest would certainly have gone to Sidonia, if one of the nobles, by name Dinnies Kleist, a man of huge strength, had not detained him in a singular manner. For he laid a wager that, just with his little finger in the girdle of the young Prince, he would hold him fast; and if he (the Prince) moved but one inch from the spot where he stood, he was content to lose his wager. And, in truth, Prince Ernest found that he could not stir one step from the spot where Dinnies Kleist held him; so he called a noble to assist him, who seized his hand, and tried to draw him away, but in vain; then he called a second, a a third, a fourth, up to a dozen, and they all held each other by the hand, and pulled and pulled away till their heads nearly touched the floor, but in vain; not one inch could they make the Prince to move. So Dinnies Kleist won his wager; and the Duke, Johann Frederick, was so delighted with this proof of his giant strength, that he took him into his service from that hour. So the whole night Dinnies amused the guests by performing equally wonderful feats even until day dawned.

NOW, there was an enormous golden becker which Duke Ratibor I. had taken away from the rich town of Konghalla in Norway land, when he fell upon it & plundered it. This becker stood on the table filled with wine, & as the Duke handed it to him to pledge him, Dinnies said: "Shall I crush this in my hand, like fresh bread for your Grace?" "You may try," said the Duke, laughing; and instantly he crushed it together with such force, that the wine dashed down all over the table-cover. Item: the Duke threw down some gold and silver medals: "Could he break them?" "Ay, truly, if they were given to him; not else" "Take, then, as many as you can break," said the Duke. So he broke them all as easily as altar wafers, and thrust them, laughing, into his pocket. Item: there had been large quantities of preserved cherries at supper; and the lacqueys had piled up the stones on a dish like a high mountain. From this mountain Dinnies took up handful after handful, and squeezed them together, so that not a single stone remained whole in his hand. We shall hear a great deal more of this Dinnies

Kleist, and his strength, as we proceed; therefore shall let him rest at present.

CHAPTER VI. HOW SIDONIA IS AGAIN DISCOVERED WITH THE GROOM, JOHANN APPELMANN.

T was a good day for Johann Appelmann when his father went to the Diet at Wollin. For as the old burgomaster held strictly by his word, & sent him each day to the writing office, and locked him up each night in his little room, the poor young man had found life growing very dull. Now, he was his mother's pet, and all his sins and wickedness were owing to her as much as Sidonia's to her father. She had petted and spoiled him from his youth up, and stiffened his back against his father. For whenever worthy Jacob laid the stick upon the boy's shoulders, she cried and roared, & called him nothing but an old tyrant. Then how she was always stuffing him up with tit-bits & dainties, whenever his father's back was turned; and if there were a glass of wine left in the bottle, the boy must have it. Then she let him and his brother beat and abuse all the street boys and send them away bleeding like dogs; and some were afraid to complain of them, as they were sons of the burgomaster; and if others came to the house to do so, she took good care to send them away with a stout blow or bloody nose. And as the lads grew up, how she praised their beauty, and curled their hair and beards herself, telling them they were not to think of citizen wives, but to look after the richest & highest, for the proudest in the land might be glad to get them as husbands. So she prated away during her husband's absence, for he was in his office all day and most part of the evening. And God knows, bad fruit she brought forth with such rearing, not alone in Johann, but also in his brother Wittich, who, as I afterwards heard, got on no better in Pudgla, where he held the office of magistrate. So true it is what the Scripture says: "A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands" (Prov. xiv.). Then another Scripture, "As moths from a garment, so from a woman wickedness" (Sirach xlii.).

FOR what did this fool do now? As soon as her upright and worthy husband had left the house, forgetting and despising all his admonitions respecting this son Johann, she called together all her acquaintance, and kept up a gormandizing and drinking day after day, all to comfort her heart's dear pet Johann, who had been used so harshly by his cross father. Think of her fine handsome son being stuck down all day to a clerk's desk. Ah! was there ever such a tyrant as her husband to any one, but especially to his own born children? And so she went on, complaining how she had thrown herself away upon such a hard-hearted monster, & had refused so many fine young carls, all to wed Satan himself at last. She could not make out why God had sent such a curse upon her.

WHEN the brave Johann heard all this, he begged money from his mother, that he might seek another situation. Now that there was a new Duke in Stettin, he would assuredly get employment there, but then he must treat all the young fellows and pages about the court, otherwise they would not put in a good word for him. Therefore he would give them a great carouse at the White Horse in the Monk's Close, and then assuredly he would be appointed chief equerry. So she believed every word he uttered; but as old Jacob had carried away all the money that was in the house with him, she sold the spices that had just come in, for a miserable sum, also her own pearl earrings & fur mantle, that her dear heart's son might have a gay carouse, to console him for all his father's hard treatment. Summa: When the rogue had got all he could from her, he took his father's best mare from the stable, & rode up to Stettin, where he put up at the White Horse Inn, & soon scraped acquaintance with all the idle young fellows about the court. So they drank & caroused until Johann's last penny was spent, but he had got no situation except in good promises. Truly, the young pages had mentioned him to the Duke, & asked the place of equerry for their jovial companion, but his Highness, Duke Johann, had heard too much of his doings at Wolgast, and would by no means countenance him.

THEN Johann bethought himself of Sidonia, for he had heard from his boon companions that she was in the Duke's house behind St. Mary's. And he remembered that purse embroidered with pearls and diamonds which his father had given her, so he went many days spying about the house, hoping to get a

glimpse of Sidonia; but as she never appeared, he resolved to gain admission by playing the tailor. Wherefore, he tied on an apron, took a tailor's measure and shears, and went straight up to the house, asking boldly, if a young maiden named Sidonia did not live there? for he had got orders to make her a garment. Now the baker's daughter, Trina Wehlers, suspected all was not right, for she had seen my gay youth spying about the house before, and staring up at all the windows. However, she showed the tailor Sidonia's room, & then set herself down to watch. But the wonders of Providence are great. Although she could not hear a word they said, yet all that passed in Sidonia's room was made evident; it was in this wise. Just before the house rose up the church of St. Mary's with all its stately pillars, and as if God's house wished in wrath to expose the wickedness of the pair, everything that passed in the room was shadowed on these pillars; so when Trina observed this, she ran for the other girls, crying, "Come here, come here, and see how the two shadows are kissing each other. They can be no other than Sidonia and her tailor. This would be fine news for our gracious Lord!" They would tell him the whole story when his Highness came that evening, and so get rid of this proud haughty dragon who played the great lady amongst them, and ruled everything her own way. Therefore, they all set themselves to watch for the tailor when he left Sidonia's room; but the whole day passed and he had not done with his measurement. Whereupon they concluded she must have secreted him in her chamber. Now the Duke had a private key of the house, and was in the habit of walking over from Oderburg after dusk almost every evening, and as there was no sign of him now, they despatched a messenger, bidding him come quick to his house, and his Grace would hear and see marvels. How the young girls gathered round him when he entered, all telling him together about Sidonia. And when at last he made out the story, his Grace fell into an unwonted rage (for he was generally mild and good-tempered) that a poacher should get into his preserves. So he runs to Sidonia's door and tries to open it, but the bolts are drawn. Then he threatened to send for Master Hansen if she did not instantly admit him, at which all the girls laughed and clapped their hands with joy. Whereupon Sidonia at last came to the door with looks of great astonishment, and demanded what his Grace could want. It was bed-time, and so of course she had locked her door to lie down in safety.

Ille: "Where is that tailor churl who had come to her in the morning?"

Illa: "She knew nothing about him, except that he had gone away long ago."
So the girls all screamed "No, no, that is not true. She and the tailor had been kissing each other, as they saw by the shadows on the wall, and making love" Here Sidonia appeared truly horrified at such an accusation, for she was a cunning hypocrite; and taking up the coif-block with an air of offended dignity, said, turning to his Grace, "It was this coif-block, methinks, I had at the window with me, and may those be accursed who blackened me to your face." So the Duke half believed her, and stood silent at the window; but Trina Wehler cried out, "It is false! it is false! a coif-block could not give kisses!" Whereupon Sidonia in great wrath snatched up a robe that lay near her on a couch, to hit the baker's daughter with it across the face. But woe! woe! under the robe lay the tailor's cap, upon which all the girls screamed out: "There is the cap! there is the cap! now we'll soon find the tailor," pushing Sidonia aside, and beginning to search in every nook and corner of the room. Hey-day, what an uproar there was now, when they caught sight of the tailor himself in the chimney and dragged him down, but he dashed them aside with his hands, right and left, so that many got bleeding noses, hit his Grace, too, a blow as he tried to seize him, and rushed out of the house. Still the Duke had time to recognise the knave of Wolgast, and was so angry at his having escaped him, that he almost beat Sidonia. "She was at her old villainy. No good would ever come of her. He saw that now with his own eyes. Therefore, this very night she and her baggage should pack off, to the devil if she chose, but he had done with her for ever." When Sidonia found that the affair was taking a bad turn, she tried soft words, but in vain. His Highness ordered up her two serving wenches to remove her and her luggage. And so, to the great joy of the other girls, who laughed and screamed, and clapped their hands, she was turned out, and having nowhere to go to, put up once more at the White Horse Inn.

NOW Johann knew nothing of this until next morning, when, as he was toying with one of the maids, he heard a voice from the window: "Johann! Johann! I will give thee the diamond." And looking up, there was Sidonia. So the knave ran to her, & swore he was only jesting with the maid in the court, for that he would marry no one but her, as he had promised yesterday, only he must first wait till he was made equerry, then he would obtain letters of no-

bility, which could easily be done, as he was the son of a Patricius; but gold, gold was wanting for all this, and to keep up with his friends at the court. Perhaps this very day he might get the place, if he had only some good claret to entertain them with, therefore she had better give him a couple of diamonds from the purse. And so he went on with his lies and humbug, until at last he got what he wanted. Sidonia now felt so ashamed of her degradation, that she resolved to leave the White Horse, & take a little lodging in the Monk's Close until Johann obtained the post of equerry. But in vain she hoped and waited. Every day the rogue came, he begged for another pearl or diamond, and if she hesitated, then he swore it would be the last, for this very day he was certain of the situation. At last but two diamonds were left, & beg as he might, these he should not have. Then he beat her, and ran off to the White Horse, but came back again, in less than an hour. Would she forgive him? Now they would be happy at last; he had received his appointment as chief equerry. His friends had behaved nobly, and kept their word, therefore he must give them a right merry carouse out of gratitude; she might as well hand him those two little diamonds. Now they would want for nothing at last, but live like princes at the table of his Highness the Duke. Would she not be ready to marry him immediately?

THEREUPON the unfortunate Sidonia handed over her two last jewels, but never laid eyes on the knave for two days after, when he came to tell her it was all up with him now, the traitors had deceived him, he had got no situation, and unless she gave him more money or jewels he never could marry her. She had still golden armlets & a gold chain, let her go for them, he must see them, and try what he could get for them. But he begged in vain, then he stormed, swore, threatened, beat her, and finally rushed out of the house, declaring that she might go to the devil, for as to him he would never give himself any further trouble about her.

CHAPTER VII. OF THE DISTRESS IN POMERANIAN LAND. ITEM: HOW SIDONIA AND JOHANN APPELMANN DETERMINE TO JOIN THE ROBBERS IN THE VICINITY OF STARGARD.

WHEN my gracious Lord, Duke Johann Frederick, succeeded to the government, he had no idea of hoarding up his money in old pots, but lavished it freely upon all kinds of buildings, hounds, horses; in short, upon everything that could make his court and castle luxurious and magnificent. Indeed he was often as prodigal, just to gratify a whim, as when he flung the gold coins to Dinnies Kleist merely to see if he could break them. For instance, he was not content with the old ducal residence at Stettin, but must pull it down and build another in the forest, not far from Stargard, with churches, towers, stables, and all kinds of buildings; and this new residence he called after his own name, Friedrichswald. Item: My gracious Lord had many princely visitors, who would come with a train of six hundred horses or more; and his princely spouse, the Duchess Erdmuth, was a lady of munificent spirit, and flung away gold by handfuls; so that in a short time his Highness had run through all his forefathers' savings, and his in-coming revenue was greatly diminished by the large annuity which he had to pay to old Duke Barnim. Therefore he summoned the states, and requested them to assist him with more money; but they gave answer that his Highness wanted prudence; he ought to tie his purse tighter. Why did he build that new castle of Friedrichswald? Was it ever heard in Pomerania that a prince needed two state residences? But his Highness never entered the treasury to look after the expenditure of the duchy; he did nothing but banquet, hunt, fish, and build. The states, therefore, had no gold for such extravagances.

WHEN his Highness had received this same answer two or three times from the states, he waxed wroth, and threatened to pronounce the interdictum sœculare over his poor land, and finally close the royal treasury and all the courts of justice, until the states would give him money. Now the old Treasurer, Jacob Zitsewitz, who had quitted Wolgast to enter the service of his Grace, was so shocked at these proceedings, that he killed him-

self out of pure grief and shame. He was an upright excellent man, this old Zitsewitz, though perchance, like old Duke Barnim, he loved the maidens and a lusty Pomeranian draught rather too well. And he foretold all the evil that would result from this same interdict, but his Highness resisted his entreaties; and when the old man found his warnings unheeded and despised, he stabbed himself, as I have said, there in the treasury before his master's eyes, out of grief and shame. The misery which he prophesied soon fell upon the land; for it was just at that time that the great house of Loitz failed in Stettin, leaving debts to the amount of twenty tons of gold, it was said; by reason of which many thousand men, widows, & orphans, were utterly beggared, and great distress brought upon all ranks of the people. Such universal grief and lamentation never had been known in all Pomerania, as I have heard my father tell, of blessed memory: & as the princely treasury was closed, as also all the courts of justice, and no redress could be obtained, many misguided and ruined men resolved to revenge themselves; and this was now a welcome hearing to Johann Appelmann.

FOR having given up all hope of the post of equerry, he made acquaintance with these disaffected persons, amongst whom was a miller, one Philip Konneman by name, a notorious knave. With this Konneman he sits down one evening in the inn to drink Rostock beer, begins to curse and abuse the reigning family, who had ruined and beggared the people even more than Hans Loitz. They ought to combine together and right themselves. Where was the crime? Their cause was good; and where there were no judges in the land, complaints would do little good. He would be their captain. Let him speak to the others about it, and see would they consent. He knew of many churches where there were jewels and other valuables still remaining. Also in Stargard, where his dear father played the burgomaster, there was much gold. So they fixed a night when they should all meet at Lastadie, ∴ near the ducal fish-house; & Johann then goes to Sidonia to wheedle her out of the gold chain, for handsel for the robbers. "Now," he said, "the good old times were come back in Pomerania, where every one trusted to his own good sword, and were not led like sheep at the beck of another. For the treasury and all the courts of justice were closed. So the glorious times of knight-errantry must come again, such as their forefathers had seen." His companions had promised to elect him captain, but then he must give them handsel for that; and the gold

∴ A suburb of Stettin.

chain would just sell for the sum he wanted. What use was it to her? If she gave it, then he would take her with him, and the first rich prize they got he would marry her certainly, and settle down in Poland afterwards, or wherever else she wished. That would be a glorious life, and she would never regret the young duke. And had not all the nobles in old time led the same life, and so gained their castles and lands?" But Sidonia began to weep. "Let him do what he would, she would never give the chain; and if he beat her, she would scream for help through the streets, and betray all his plans to the authorities. Now she saw plainly how she had been deceived. He had talked her out of all her gold, and now wanted to bring her to the gallows at last. No, never should he get the chain; it was all she had left, and she had determined at last to go & live quietly at her farm in Zachow, as soon as she could obtain a vehicle from Regenswald to Labes." When Johann heard this he was terribly alarmed, and kissed her little hands, and coaxed and flattered her: "Why did she weep? There were plenty of herons' feathers now in the garden behind St. Mary's, for the birds were moulting. She could easily get some of them, and they were worth three times as much as the gold chain. Did she think it a crime to take a few feathers from that old sinner, Duke Barnim, or his girls? And if she really wished to leave him, she could sell the feathers even better in Dresden than here" It was all in vain. Sidonia continued weeping: "Let him talk as he liked, she would never give the chain. He was a knave through and through. Woe to her that she had ever listened to him! He was the cause of all her misery;" and so she went on.

BUT the cunning fox would not give up his prey so easily. He now tried the same trick which he had played so successfully at Wolgast upon old Ulrich, and at Stargard upon his father; in short, he played the penitent, and began to weep and lament over his errors, and all the misery he had caused her. "It was, indeed, true that he was to blame for all; but if she would only forgive him, and say she pardoned him, he would devote his life to her & revenge her upon all her enemies. The moment for doing so was nigh at hand; for the young lord, Prince Ernest, who had so shamefully abandoned her, was coming here to Stettin with his young bride, the Princess Hedwig of Brunswick, to spend the honeymoon, and would he not take good care to waylay them on their journey to Wolgast, & give them something to think of for the rest of their lives?"

WHEN Sidonia heard these tidings, her eyes flashed like a cat's in the dark. "Who told him that? She would not believe it, unless some one else confirmed the story." So he answered: "That any one could confirm it, for the whole castle was filled with workmen making preparations for their reception; the bridal chamber had been hung with new tapestry, and painters & carvers were busy all day long painting and carving the united arms of Pomerania and Brunswick upon all the furniture and glass."

Illa: "Well, she would go into the town to inquire, & if his tale were true, and that he swore to marry her, he should have the chain."

Ille: "There was a carver going by with his basket and tools: let her call him in, and hear what he said on the matter". So my cunning fellow called out to the workman, who stepped in presently with his basket, & assured the lady politely, that in fourteen days, the young Duke of Wolgast and his princely bride were to arrive at the castle, for the court marshal had told him this himself; & given him orders to have a large number of glasses cut with their united arms ready with all diligence. When Sidonia heard this, and saw the glasses in his basket, she handed the golden chain to Johann, & the carrier went his way. Then the aforesaid rogue fell down on his knees, swearing to marry her, and never to leave her more, for she had now given him all; and if this, too, were lost, she must beg her way to Zachow. So the gallows-bird went off with the chain, turned it into money, drank and caroused, and with the remainder set off for Lastadie, to meet the ringleaders, near the ducal fish-house, as agreed upon. But Master Konneman had only been able to gather ten fellows together; the others held back, though they had talked so boldly at first, thinking, no doubt, that when the courts of justice were reopened, they would all be brought to the gallows. So Johann thought the number too small for his purposes, & agreed with the others to send an envoy to the robber-band of the Stargard Wood, proposing a league between them, & offering himself (Johann Appelmann, a knight of excellent family & endowments,) as their captain. Should they consent, the said Johann would give them right good handsel; and, on the appointed day, meet them in the forest, with his illustrious and noble bride; and as a sign whereby they should know him, he would whistle three times loudly when he approached the wood.

KONNEMAN undertook to be the bearer of the message, and returned in a few days, declaring that the robbers had received the proposal with joy. He found them encamped under a large nut-tree in the forest, roasting a sheep upon a spear, at a large fire. So they made him sit down and eat with them, and told him it was a right jolly life, with no ruler but the great God above them. Better to live under the free heaven than die in their squalid cabins. The band was strong, besides many who had joined lately, since the bankruptcy of Hans Loitz, and there were some Gipsies too, amongst whom was an old hag who told fortunes, and lately prophesied to the band that a great prize was in store for them; they had just returned with some booty from the little town of Damm, where they had committed a robbery. One of their party, however, had been taken there. When Johann heard the good result of his message, he summoned all his followers to another meeting at the ducal fish-house, gave them each money, & swore them to fidelity; then bid them disperse, and slip singly to the band, to avoid observation, and he would himself meet them in the forest next day.

CHAPTER VIII. HOW JOHANN AND SIDONIA MEET AN ADVENTURE AT ALTENDAMM. ITEM: OF THEIR RECEPTION BY THE ROBBER-BAND.

NOW Johann Appelmann had a grudge against the newly-appointed equerry to his Highness, for the man had swilled his claret, and been foremost in his promises, & yet now had stepped into the place himself, & left Johann in the lurch. The knave, therefore, determined on revenge; so invented a story, how that his father, old Appelmann, had sent for him to give him half of all he was worth, and as he must journey to Stargard directly, he prayed his friend the equerry to lend him a couple of horses and a wagon out of the ducal stables, with harness & all that would be necessary, swearing that when he brought them back, he would give him and his other friends such a carouse at the inn as they had never yet had in their lives. And when the other asked, would not one horse be sufficient, Johann replied no, that he required the wagon for his luggage, and two horses would be necessary to draw it. Summa. The fool gives him two beautiful Andalu-

sian stallions, with harness and saddles; item, a wagon, whereon my knave mounted next morning early, with Sidonia and her luggage, and took the miller Konneman with him as driver. But as they passed through Alten Damm, a strange adventure happened, whereby the all-merciful God, no doubt, wished to turn them from their evil way, but they flung his warnings to the wind.

FOR the carl was going to be executed, who belonged to the robber-band, that had committed a burglary there, in the town, some days previously. However, the gallows having been blown down by a storm, the linen-weavers, according to old usage, came to erect another. This angered the millers, who also began to erect one of their own, declaring that the weavers had only a right to supply the ladder, but they were to erect the gallows. A great fight now arose between weavers & millers, while the poor thief stood by with his hands tied behind his back, and arrayed in his winding-sheet; but the sheriffs, and whatever other honourable citizens were by, having in vain endeavoured to appease the quarrel, returned to the inn, to take the advice of the honourable council. Just at this moment, Johann and Sidonia drove into the middle of the crowd, and the former leaped off & laughed heartily, for a miller had thrown down a poor lean weaver close behind the criminal, and was belabouring him stoutly with his floured fists, whilst the poor wretch screamed loudly for succour or assistance to the criminal who answered in his Platt Deutsch: "I cannot help thee, friend, for see, my hands are bound." Upon this, Johann draws his knife from his girdle, and slipping behind the felon, cuts the cord. He straightway finding himself free, jumped upon the miller, and turned the flour all red upon his face with his heavy blows. Then he ran towards the wagon, but the hangman caught hold of him by the shoulder, so the poor wretch left the winding-sheet in his hand, and jumping, naked as he was, on the back of one of the horses, set off, full speed, to the forest, with Sidonia screaming and roaring along with him. Millers and weavers now left off their wrangling, & joined together in pursuit, but in vain; the fellow soon distanced them all and was lost to sight in the wood.

WHEN he had driven the wagon a good space, and still heard the roaring of the people in pursuit, he stopped the horses, & jumped off, to take to his heels amongst the bushes. Whereupon Konnemann threw him a horse-cloth from the wagon, bidding him cover himself with it; so the fellow snapped it up, and rolled it

about his body with all speed. Now this horse-cloth was embroidered with the Pomeranian arms, and the poor Adam looked so absurd running away in such a garment, that Sidonia, notwithstanding all her fright, could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Hereupon the crowd came up, cursing, swearing, and raging, that the thief had escaped them; Johan Appelmann, too, was amongst them, & was just in the act of stepping into the wagon, when Prince Johann Frederick and a party of carbineers galloped up, along with the chief equerry and a large retinue, all on their way to Friedrichswald.

THE Duke stooped to hear the cause of the tumult, & when they told him, he laughingly said, he would soon settle with the gallows-knaves; then, turning to Appelmann, asked who he was, and what brought him there? When Johann gave his name, & said he was going to Stargard, his Grace exclaimed, with surprise: "So thou art the knave of whom I have heard so much, & this woman here, I suppose, is Sidonia? Pity of her. She is a handsome wench, I see." Then, as Sidonia blushed and looked down, he continued: "And where did the fellow get these fine horses? Would he sell them?" Now Appelmann had a great mind to tell the truth, & say he got them from the equerry, who was already turning white with pure fear; but recollecting that he might come in for some of the punishment himself, besides hoping to play a second trick upon his Highness, he answered, that his father at Stargard had made them a present to him. The Duke, now turning to his equerry, asked him: "Would not these horses match his Andalusian stallions perfectly?" And as the other tremblingly answered, "Yes, perfectly," his Grace demanded if the knave would sell them.

Ille: "Oh, yes; to gratify his serene Highness the Duke, he would sell the horses for three thousand florins." "Let it be so," said the Duke; "but I must owe thee the money, fellow."

Ille: "Then he could not make the bargain, for he wanted the money directly to take him to Stargard." So the Duke frowned that he would not trust his own Prince; and as Appelmann attempted to move off with the wagon, his Highness took his plumed cap from his head, & cutting off the diamond agrafe with his dagger, flung it to him exclaiming: "Stay! take these jewels, they are worth 1300 florins, but leave me the horses."

NOW the chief equerry nearly fell from his horse with shame as the knave picked up the agrafe, & shoved it into his pocket, then humbly addressing his Highness, prayed for permission just to leave the maiden & her luggage in Stargard, and then he would return instantly with both horses, & bring them himself to his gracious Highness at Friedrichswald. The Duke having consented, the knave sprang up upon the wagon, & turning off to another road, drove away as hard as he could from the scene of this perilous adventure. After some time he whistled, but receiving no response, kept driving through the forest until evening, when a loud shrill whistle at last replied to his, and on reaching a cross-road, he found the whole band dancing with great merriment round a large sign-board which had been stuck up there by the authorities, and on which was painted a gipsy lying under the gallows, while the executioner stood over him in the act of applying the torture, and beneath ran the inscription:

"Gipsy! from Pomerania flee,
Or thus it shall be done to thee."

These words the robber crew had set to some sort of rude melody, and now sang it and danced to it round the sign, the fellow with the horse-cloth in the midst of them, the merriest of them all. The moment they got a glimpse of their captain, men, women, and children ran off like mad to the wagon, clapping their hands and shouting, "Huzzah! huzzah! what a noble captain! Had he brought them anything to drink?" And when he said "Yes," and handed out three barrels of wine, there was no end to the jubilee of cheering. Then he must give them handsel, and after that they would make a large fire and swear fealty to him round it, as was the manner of the gipsies, for the band was mostly composed of gipsies, and numbered about fifty men altogether. Summa: A great fire was kindled, round which they all took the oath of obedience to their captain and he swore fidelity to them in return. Then a couple of deer were roasted, and after they had eaten and drunk, the singing and dancing round the great sign-board was resumed, until the broad daylight glanced through the trees.

PEOPLE may see from this to what a pitch of lawlessness and disorder the land came under the reign of Duke Johann. For, methinks, these robbers would never have dared to make such a mock of the authorities, only that my Lord Duke had shut up all the courts of justice in the kingdom. During their jol-

lity, our knave Appelmann cast his eyes upon a gipsy maiden, called the handsome Sioli; a tall, dark-eyed wench, but with scarcely a rag to cover her. Therefore he bade Sidonia run to her luggage, and take out one of her own best robes for the girl; but Sidonia turned away in great wrath, exclaiming: "This was the way he kept his promise to her. She had given him all, and followed him even hither, & yet he cared more for a ragged gipsy girl than for her. But she would go away that very night, anywhere her steps might lead her, if only away from her present misery. Let him give her the Duke's diamonds, and she would leave him all the herons' feathers, and never come near him any more". But my knave only laughed, and bid her come take the diamonds if she wanted them, they were in his bosom. Then the gipsy girl and her mother, old Ussel, began to mock the fine lady. So Sidonia sat there weeping and wringing her hands, while Johann laughed, danced, drank, and kissed the gipsy wench, and finally threatened to go and take a robe himself out of the luggage, if Sidonia did not run for one instantly. However, she would not stir; so Konnemann, the miller, took pity on her, & would have remonstrated, but Johann cut him short, saying: "What the devil did he mean? Was he not the captain? and why should Konnemann dare to interfere with him?" Then he strode over to the wagon to plunder Sidonia's baggage, which, when she observed, her heart seemed to break, and she kneeled down, lifted up her hands and prayed thus: "Merciful Creator, I know thee not, for my hard and unnatural father never brought me to thee; therefore on his head be my sins. But if thou hast pity on the young ravens, who likewise know thee not, have pity upon me, and help me to leave this robber den with thy gracious help" Here such a shout of laughter resounded from all sides, that she sprang up, & seizing the best bundle in the wagon, plunged into the wood, with loud cries and lamentation; whilst Appelmann only said: "Never heed her, let her do as she pleases; she will be back again soon enough, I warrant."

ACCORDINGLY, scarcely an hour had elapsed, when the unhappy maiden appeared again, to the great amusement of the whole band, who mocked her yet more than before. She came back crying and lamenting: "She could go no further, for the wolves followed her, and howled round her on all sides. Ah! that she were a stone, and buried fathoms deep in the earth! That shameless knave, Appelmann, might indeed have pitied her, if he hoped for pity from God; but had he not taken her robe to put it on

the gipsy beggar? She nearly died of shame at the sight. But she would never forgive the beggar's brat to the day of judgment for it. All she wanted now was some good Christian to guide her out of the wild forest. Would no one come with her? that was all that she asked." And so she went on crying, and lamenting in the deepest grief. Summa: When the knave heard all this his heart seemed to relent; perhaps he dreaded the anger of her relations if she were treated too badly, or, mayhap, it was compassion, I cannot say, but he sprang up, kissed her, caressed her, and consoled her. "Why should she leave them? He would remain faithful and constant to her, as he had sworn. Why should the gown for the beggar-girl anger her? When they get the herons' feathers on the morrow, he would buy her ten new gowns for the one he had taken." And so he continued in his old deceiving way, till she at last believed him, and was comforted.

HERE the roll of a carriage was heard, and as many of the band as were not quite drunk seized their muskets and pikes, and rushed in the direction of the sound. But behold, the wagon and horses, with all Sidonia's luggage, was off. For, in truth, the equerry, seeing Johann's treachery, had secretly followed him, hiding himself in the bushes till it grew dark, but near enough to observe all that was going on; then, watching his opportunity, and knowing the robbers were all more or less drunk, he sprang upon the wagon, and galloped away as hard as he could. Johann gave chase for a little, but the equerry had got too good a start to be overtaken; and so Johann returned, cursing and raging, to the band. Then they all gathered round the fire again, and drank and caroused till morning dawned, when each sought out a good sleeping-place amongst the bushwood; there they lay till morn, when Johann summoned them to prepare for their excursion to the Duke's gardens at Zachan.

CHAPTER IX. HOW HIS HIGHNESS, DUKE BARNIM, THE ELDER, WENT A-HAWKING AT MARIENFLIESS. ITEM: OF THE SHAMEFUL ROBBERY AT ZACHAN, & HOW BURGOMASTER APPELMANN REMONSTRATES WITH HIS ABANDONED SON.

FTER Duke Barnim the elder had resigned the government, he betook himself more than ever to field-sports; & amongst others hawking became one of his most favourite pursuits. By this sport, he stocked his gardens at Zachan with an enormous number of herons, and made a considerable sum annually by the sale of the feathers. These gardens at Zachan covered an immense space, & were walled round. Within were many thousand herons' nests; and all the birds taken by the falcons were brought here and their wings clipped. Then the keepers fed them with fish, frogs, and lizards, so that they became quite tame, and, when their wings grew again, never attempted to leave the gardens, but diligently built their nests and reared their young. Now, though it cost a great sum to keep these gardens in order, & support all the people necessary to look after the birds, yet the Duke thought little of the expense, considering the vast sum which the feathers brought him at the moulting season.

CCORDINGLY, during the moulting time, he generally took up his abode at a castle adjoining the gardens, called "The Stone Rampart," to inspect the gathering in of the feathers himself; and he was just on his journey thither with his falconers, hunters, and other retainers, when the robber band caught sight of him from the wood. His Highness was seated in an open carriage, with Trina Wehlers, the baker's daughter, by his side; and Sidonia, who recognised her enemy, instantly entreated Johann to revenge her on the girl if possible; but as he hesitated, the old gipsy mother stepped forward and whispered Sidonia, "that she would help her to a revenge, if she but gave her that little golden smelling-bottle, which she wore suspended by a gold chain on her neck." Sidonia agreed, and the revenge soon followed; for the Duke left the carriage, and mounted a horse to follow the chase, the falconer having unloosed a couple of hawks and let them fly at a heron. Trina re-

mained in the coach; but the coachman, wishing to see the sport, tied his horses to a tree, and ran off too after the others into the wood. The hawk soared high above the heron, watching its opportunity to pounce upon the quarry; but the heron, just as it swooped down upon it, drove its sharp bill through the body of the hawk, and down they both came together covered with blood, right between the two carriage horses.

NO doubt this was all done through the magic of the gipsy mother; for the horses took fright instantly, plunged and reared, & dashed off with the carriage, which was overturned some yards from the spot, and the baker's daughter had her leg broken. Hearing her screams, the Duke and the whole party ran to the spot; and his Highness first scolded the coachman for leaving his horses, then the falconer for having let fly his best falcon, which now lay there quite dead; the heron, however, was alive, and his Grace ordered it to be bound and carried off to Zachan. The baker's daughter prayed, but in vain, that the coachman might be hung upon the next tree; then they all set off homeward, but Trina screamed so loudly, that his Grace stopped, and ordered a couple of stout huntsmen to carry her to the neighbouring convent of Marienfliess, where, as I am credibly informed, in a short time she gave up the ghost.

NOW, the robber band were watching all these proceedings from the wood, but kept as still as mice. Not until his Grace had driven off a good space, and the baker's daughter had been carried away, did they venture to speak or move; then Sidonia jumped up, clapping her hands in ecstasy, and mimicking the groans and contortions of the poor girl, to the great amusement of the band, who laughed loudly; but Johann recalled them to business, and proposed that they should secretly follow his Highness, and hide themselves at Elsbruck, near the water-mill of Zachan, until the evening closed in. In order, also, to be quite certain of the place where his Grace had laid up all the herons' feathers of that season, Johann proposed that the miller Konnemann should visit his Grace at Zachan, giving out that he was a feather merchant from Berlin. Accordingly, when they reached Elsbruck, the miller put on my knave's best doublet (for he was almost naked before), and proceeded to the Stone Rampart, Sidonia bidding him, over and over again, to inquire at the castle when the young Lord of Wolgast and his bride were expected at Stettin. The Duke received Konnemann very

graciously, when he found he was a wealthy feather merchant from Berlin, who, having heard of the number and extent of his Grace's gardens at Zachan, had come to purchase all the last year's gathering of feathers. Would his Highness allow him to see the feathers? Summa: He had his wish; for his Grace brought him into a little room on the ground-floor, where lay two sacks full of the most perfect and beautiful feathers; and when the Duke demanded a thousand florins for them, the knave replied, "That he would willingly have the feathers, but must take the night to think over the price." Then he took good note of the room, and the garden, and all the passages of the castle, and so came back in the twilight to the band with great joy, assuring them that nothing would be easier than to rob the old turner's apprentice of his feathers. Such, indeed, was the truth; for at midnight my knave Johann, with Konnemann, & a few chosen accomplices, carried away those two sacks of feathers; and no one knew a word of the robbery until the next morning, when the band were far off in the forest, no one knew where. But a quarrel had arisen between my knave and Sidonia over the feathers: she wanted them for herself, that she might turn them into money, and so be enabled to get back to her own people; but Johann had no idea of employing his booty in this way. "What was she thinking of? If those fine stallions, indeed, had not been stolen from him, he might have given her the feathers; but now there was nothing else left wherewith to pay the band; she must wait for another good prize. Meantime, they must settle accounts with the young Lord of Wolgast, who as Konnemann had found out, was expected at Stettin in seven days."

NOW, the daring robbery at Zachan was the talk of the whole country, and as the old burgomaster, Appelmann, had heard at Friedrichswald about the horses and wagon, and his son's shameful knavery, he could think of nothing else but that the same rascal had stolen the Duke's feathers at Zachan. So he took some faithful burghers with him, and set off for the forest, to try and find his lost son. At last, after many wanderings, a peasant, who was cutting wood, told them that he had seen the robber band encamped in a thick wood near Rehewinkel; ∴ and when the miserable father and his burghers arrived at the place, there indeed was the robber band stretched upon the long grass, and Sidonia seated upon the stump of a tree, for she must play the lute, while Johann, his godless son, was plaiting the long black hair of the handsome Sioli.

∴ Two miles and a half from Stargard, and the present dwelling-place of the editor.

METHINKS the knave must have felt somewhat startled, when his father sprang from behind an oak, a dagger in his hand, exclaiming loudly: "Johann, Johann, thou lost, abandoned son! is it thus I find thee?" The knave turned as white as a corpse upon the gallows, & his hands seemed to freeze upon the fair Sioli's hair; but the band jumped up and seized their arms, shouting: "Seize him! seize him!" The old man, however, cared little for their shouts; and still gazing on his son, cried out: "Dost thou not answer me, thou God-forgetting knave? Thou hast deceived and robbed thy own prince. Answer me: who amongst all these is fitter for the gallows than thou art?" So my knave at last came to his senses, & answered sullenly: "What did he want here? He had done nothing for him. He must earn his own bread."

Ille: "God forgive thee thy sins; did I not take thee back as my son, and tried to correct thee as a true and loving father? Why didst thou run away from my house and the writing-office?"

Hic: "He was born for something else than to lead the life of a dog."

Ille: "He had never made him live any such life; & even if he had, better live like a dog than as a robber wolf."

Hic: "He was no robber! Who had belied him so? He & his friends were on their way to Poland to join the army."

Ille: "Wherefore, then, had he tricked his Highness of Stettin out of the horses?"

Hic: "That was only a revenge upon the equerry, to pay him back in his own coin, for he was his enemy, & had broken faith with him."

Ille: "But he had robbed his Grace Duke Barnim, likewise, of the herons' feathers. No one else had done it."

Hic: "Who dared to say so? He was insulted and belied by every one." Then he cursed and swore that he knew nothing whatever of these herons' feathers, which he was making such a fuss about.

MEANWHILE the band stood round with cocked muskets, and as the burghers now pressed forward, to save their leader, if any violence were offered, Konnemann called out: "Give the word, master: shall I shoot down the churl?" Here Johann's conscience was moved a little, and he shouted, "Back! back! he is my father!" But the old gipsy mother sprang forward with a knife, crying: "Thy father, fool? what care we for thy father? Let me at him, and I'll soon settle thy father with my knife." When the unfortunate son heard and saw this, he seized a heavy stick that lay

near him, and gave the gipsy such a blow on the crown, that she rolled, screaming, on the ground. Whereupon the whole band raised a wild yell, and rushed upon the burgomaster. Then Johann cried, almost with anguish, "Back! back! he is my father! Do ye not remember your oaths to me? Spare my father! Wait, at least; he has something of importance to tell me." And at last, though with difficulty, he succeeded in calming these children of Belial. Then drawing his father aside, under the shade of a great oak, he began: "Dearest father mine, it was fear of you, and despair of the future, that drove me to this work; but if you will now give me three hundred florins, I will go forth into the wide world, and take honourable service, wherever it is to be had, during the wars."

Ille: "Had he yet married that unfortunate Sidonia, who he observed, to his surprise, was still with him?"

Hic: "No; he could never marry the harlot now, for she had run away from old Duke Barnim, and followed him here to the forest."

Ille: "What would become of her then, when he joined the army?"

Hic: "That was her look-out. Let her go to her farm at Zachow."

THEREUPON the old man held his peace, and rested his arm against the oak, and his grey head upon his arm, and looked down long upon the grass without uttering a word; then he sighed deeply, and looking up thus addressed Johann: "My son, I will trust thee yet again; but it shall be the last time; therefore take heed to what I say. Between Stargard and Pegelow there stands an old thorn upon the highway; there, to-morrow evening, by seven of the clock, my servant Caspar, whom thou knowest, shall bring thee three hundred florins; but on this one condition, that thou dost now swear solemnly to abandon this villainous robber band, and seek an honourable living far away, in some other country, where thou must pray daily to God the Lord to turn thee from thy evil ways, and help thee by His grace." So the knave knelt down before his father, wept, and prayed for his father's forgiveness; then swore solemnly to abandon his sinful life, and with God's help to perform all that his father had enjoined. "And would he not give his last farewell to his dear, darling mother?" "Thy mother! ah, thy mother!" sighed the old man; "but rise, now, and let me and mine homewards. God grant that my eyes have beheld thee for the last time. Come, I will take this Sidonia back with me."

SO they forthwith joined the robber crew again, who were still making a great uproar, which, however, Johann appeased, and after some time obtained a free passage for his father and the burghers; but Sidonia would not accompany them. The upright old burgomaster admonished first, then he promised to drive her with his own horses to her farm at Zachow; but his words were all in vain, for the knave privately gave her a look, and whispered something in her ear, but no one knew what it was.

FOR did the old man omit to admonish the whole band likewise, telling them that if they did not now look up to the high God, they would one day look down from the high gallows, for all thieves & robbers came to dance in the wind at last; ten hung in Stargard, and he had seen twenty at Stettin, & not even the smallest town had its gallows empty. Hereat Konnemann cried out, "Ho! ho! who will hang us now? We know well the courts of justice are closed in all places." And as the old man sighed, and prepared to answer him, the whole band set up such a shout of laughter that he stood silent a space; then turning round, trod slowly out of the thick wood with all his burghers, and was soon lost to view.

THE next evening Johann received the three hundred florins at the thorn bush, along with a letter from his father, admonishing him yet again, & conjuring him to fulfil his promise speedily of abandoning his wicked life. Upon which, my knave gave some of the money to a peasant that he met on the highway, and bad him go into the town, purchase some wine and all sorts of eatables, & fetch them to the band in the wood, that they might have a merry carouse that same night. This very peasant had been one of their accomplices, and great was his joy when he beheld them all again, and in particular the gipsy mother. He told her that all her prophecy had come out true, for his daughter had been deserted, and her lover had taken Stina Krugers to wife; could she not, therefore, give her something that would make Stina childless, and cause her husband to hate her? "Ay; if he crossed her hand with silver." This the peasant did. Whereupon she gave him a padlock, and whispered some words in his ear.

WHEN Sidonia heard that the man could be brought to hate his wife by some means, her eyes flashed wildly, & she called the horrible old gipsy mother aside, and asked her to tell her the charm.

Illa: Yes; but what would she give her? She had two pretty golden rings on her finger; let her give them, she should have the secret."

Hæc: "She would give one ring now, and the other if the charm succeeded. The peasant had only given her a few groschen."

Illa: "Yes; but she had only given him half the charm."

Hæc: "Was it anything to eat or drink?"

Illa: "No; there was no eating or drinking: the charm did it all."

Hæc: "Then let her teach it to her, and if it succeeded by the young Lord of Wolgast, she would have both rings; if not, but one."

Illa: "It would succeed without doubt; if his young wife had no promise of offspring as yet, she would remain childless for ever."

Summa: The old gipsy taught her the charm, the same with which she afterward bewitched the whole princely Pomeranian race, so that they perished childless from off the face of the earth; ∴ and this charm Sidonia confessed upon the rack afterwards, in the Great Hall of Oderburg, July 28th, A.D. 1620.

∴ Marginal note of Duke Bogislaff XIV. "O ter quaterque detestabilem! Et ego testis adfui tametsi in actis de industria haud notatus. (Oh, thrice accursed! And I too was present at this confession, although I am not mentioned in the protocol.)"

CHAPTER X. HOW THE ROBBERS ATTACK PRINCE ERNEST & HIS BRIDE IN THE UCKERMANN FOREST, AND MARCUS BORK AND DINNIES KLEIST COME TO THEIR RESCUE.

THE young Lord of Wolgast and his young bride the Princess Sophia Hedwig arrived in due time at the court of Stettin, on a visit to their illustrious brother, Duke Johann Frederick. During the ten days of their stay, there was no end to the banquetings huntings, fishings, & revelling of all kinds to do honour to their presence. The young lord has quite recovered from his long and strange illness. But the young bride complains a little. Whereupon my Lord of Stettin jests with her, and the courtiers make merry, so that the young bride blushes and entreats her husband to take her away from this impudent court of Stettin, & take her home to his illustrious mother at Wolgast. Prince Ernest consents, but as the wind is contrary, he arranges to make the journey with a couple of carriages through the Uckermann forest,

not waiting for the grand escort of cavaliers and citizens which his lady mother had promised to send to Stettin, to convey the bride with all becoming honour to her own future residence at Wolgast.

HIS brother reminded him of the great danger from the robber band in the wood, now that the courts of justice were closed, & that Sidonia and Johann were hovering in the vicinity, ready for any iniquity. Indeed, he trusted the States would soon be brought to reason by the dreadful condition of the country, and give him the gold he wanted. These robbers would do more for him than he could do for himself. And this was not the only band that was to be feared; for, since the fatal bankruptcy of the Loitz family, robbers, and partisans, & freebooters had sprung up in every corner of the land. Then he related the trick concerning his two Andalusian stallions. And Duke Barnim the elder told him of his loss at Zachan, & that no one else but the knave Appelmann had been at the bottom of it. So, at last, Prince Ernest had resolved to await the escort from Wolgast. However, the old Duke continued jesting with the bride, after his manner, so that the young Princess was blushing with shame every moment, and finally entreated her husband to set off at once. When his Grace of Stettin found he could prevail nothing, he bade them a kind farewell, promising in eight days to visit them at Wolgast, for the wedding festivities; & he sent stout Dinnies Kleist, with six companions, to escort them through the most dangerous part of the forest, which was a tract extending for about seven miles.

NOW, when they were half way through the forest, a terrible storm came on of hail, rain, thunder, and lightning; and though the Prince and his bride were safe enough in the carriage, yet their escort were drenched to the skin, and dripped like rivulets. The princely pair, therefore, entreated them to return to Falkenwald, and dry their clothes, for there was no danger to be apprehended now, since they were more than half through the wood, and close to the village of Mutzelburg. So Dinnies and his companions took their leave, and rode off. Shortly after the galloping of a horse was heard, and this was Marcus Bork; for he was on his way to purchase the lands of Crienke, previous to his marriage with Clara von Dewitz, and had a heavy sack of gold upon his shoulder, and a servant along with him. Having heard at Stettin that the Prince and his young bride were on the road, he had followed them, as fast as he could, to keep them company.

BY this time they had reached Barnim's Cross, and the Prince halted to point it out to his bride, and tell her the legend concerning it; for the sun now shone forth from the clouds, and the storm was over. But he first addressed his faithful Marcus, & asked, had he heard tidings lately of his cousin Sidonia? But he had heard nothing. He would hear soon enough, I'm thinking. Then seeing that this good vassal Marcus was thoroughly wet, his Grace advised him to put on dry clothes, but he had none with him. Whereupon his Grace handed him his own portmanteau out of the coach window, and bad him take what he wanted. Marcus then lifted the money-bag from his shoulder, which his Grace drew into the coach through the window; and sprang into the wood with the portmanteau, to change his clothes. While the Prince tarried for him, he related the story of Barnim's Cross to his young wife, thus:

YOU must know, dearest, that my ancestor, Barnim, the second of the name, was murdered, out of revenge, in this very spot, by one of his vassals, named Vidante von Muckerwitze. For this aforesaid ancestor had sent him into Poland under some pretence, in order the better to accomplish his designs upon the beautiful Mirostava of Warborg, Vidante's young wife. But the warder of Vogelsang, a village about two miles from here, pleasantly situated on the river Haff, and close to which lay the said Vidante's castle, discovered the amour, & informed the knight how he was dishonoured. His wrath was terrible when the news was brought to him, but he spoke no word of the matter until St. John's day, in the year . . ." But here his Grace paused in his story, for he had forgotten the year; so he drove on the carriage close up to the cross, where he could read the date: "St. John's day, A.D. MCCXCII." and there stopped, with the blessed cross of our Lord covering and filling up the whole of the coach window. Ah, well it is said . . Prov. xx. 24 . . "Each man's going is of the Lord, what man is there who understandeth his way?" Now when the Princess had read the date for herself, she asked, what had happened to the Duke his ancestor? To which the Prince replied: "Here, in these very bushes, the jealous knight lay concealed, while the Duke was hunting. And here, in this spot, the Duke threw himself down upon the grass to rest, for he was weary. And he whistled for his retinue, who had been separated from him, when the knight sprang from his hiding-place and murdered him where he lay. His false wife he re-

served for a still more cruel death. For he brought a coppersmith from Stettin, and had him make a copper coffin for the wretched woman, who was obliged to help him in the work. Then he bade her put on her bridal dress, & forced her to enter the coffin, where he had her soldered up alive and buried. And the story goes, that when any one walks over the spot, the coffin clangs in the earth like a mass-bell, to this very day."

MEANWHILE Marcus had retreated behind a large oak, to dress himself in the young Duke's clothes, but the wicked robber crew were watching him all the time from the wood, and just as he drew the dry shirt over his head, before he had time to put on a single other garment, they sprang upon him with loud shouts, Sidonia, the foremost of all, screaming, "Seize the knave! seize the base spy! he is my greatest enemy!" So Marcus rushed back to the coach, just as he was, and placing the cross as a shield between him & the robbers, cried out loudly to his Highness for a sword. The Prince would have alighted to assist him, but his young bride wound her arms so fast around him, shrieking till the whole wood re-echoed, that he was forced to remain inside. Up came the robber band now, & attacked the coach furiously; musket after musket was fired at it and the horses, but luckily the rain had spoiled the powder, so they threw away their muskets, while Sidonia screamed, "Seize the false-hearted liar, who broke his marriage promise to me! seize his screaming harlot! drag her from the coach! Where is she? let me see her! we will cram her into the old oak-tree; there she can hold her marriage festival with the wild cats. Give her to me! give her to me! I will teach her what marriage is!" And she sprang wildly forward, while the others flung their spears at Marcus. But the blessed cross protected him, and the spears stuck in the wood or in the body of the carriage, while he hewed away right and left, striking down all that approached him, till he stood in a pool of blood, and the white shirt on him was turned to red. As Sidonia rushed to the coach he wounded her in the hand, upon which, with loud curses and imprecations, she ran round to the other coach window, calling out, "Come hither, come hither, Johann! here is the booty, here is the false cat! Come hither, and drag her out of the coach window for me!" And now Marcus Bork was in despair, for the coachman had run away from fear, and though his sword did good service, yet their enemies were gathering thick round them. So he bade the Princess, in a low voice, to tear open his bag of money, for the love

of heaven, with all speed, and scatter the gold out of the windows with both hands; for help was near, he heard the galloping of a horse; could they gain but a few moments they were saved. Thereupon the Princess rained the gold pieces from the window, and the stupid mob instantly left all else to fling themselves on the ground for the bright coins, fighting with each other as to who should have them. In vain Johann roared, "Leave the gold, fools, and seize the birds here in this cage; ye can have the gold after." But they never heeded him, though he cursed and swore, and struck them right and left with his sword. But Marcus, meanwhile, had nearly come to a sad end; for the old gipsy hag swore she would stab him with her knife, and while the poor Marcus was defending himself from a robber who had rushed at him with a dagger, she crept along upon the ground, and lifted her great knife to plunge into his side.

JUST then, like a messenger from God, comes the stout Dinnies Kleist, galloping up to the rescue; for after he had ridden a good piece upon the homeward road, he stopped his horse to empty the water out of his large jack-boots, for there it was plumping up and down, and he was still far from Falkenwald. While one of his men emptied the boots, another wandered through the wood picking the wild strawberries, that blushed there as red as scarlet along the ground. While he was so bent down close to the earth, the shrieks of my gracious Lady reached his ear, upon which he ran to tell his master, who listened likewise; and finding they proceeded from the very direction where he had left the bridal pair, he suspected that some evil had befallen them. So springing into his saddle, he bade his fellows mount with all speed, and dashed back to the spot where they had left the carriage. Marcus was just now fainting from loss of blood, and his weary hand could scarcely hold the sword, while his frame swayed back and forward, as if he were falling to the ground. The gipsy-hag was close beside him, with her arm extended, ready to plunge the knife into his side, when the heavy stroke of a sword came down on it, and arm and knife fell together to the ground, and Dinnies, shouting, "Jodute! Jodute!" swung round his sword a second time, and the head of the robber carl fell upon the arm of the hag. Then he dashed round on his good horse to the other side of the carriage, hewed right & left among the stupid fools who were scraping up the gold, while his fellows chased them into the wood, so that the alarmed band left all this booty, and ran in every direction to hide themselves in the forest. In vain Johann

roared, and shouted, and swore, and opposed himself single-handed to the knight's followers. He received a blow that sent him flying too after his band, and Sidonia along with him, so that none but the dead remained around the carriage.

THUS did the brave Dinnies Kleist and Marcus Bork save the Prince and his bride, like true knights as they were; but Marcus is faint, and leans for support against the carriage, while before him lie three robber carls whom he had slain with his own hand, although he fought there only in his shirt; but the blessed cross had been his shield. And there, too, lay the gipsy's arm with the knife still clutched in the hand, but the hag herself had fled away; and round the brave Dinnies was a circle of dead men, seven in number, whom he and his followers had killed; and the earth all round looked like a ripe strawberry field, it was so red with blood.

ONE can imagine what joy filled the hearts of the princely pair, when they found that all their peril was past. They alighted from the coach, and when the Princess saw Marcus lying there in a dead faint, with his garment all covered with blood, she lamented loudly, and tore off her own veil to bind up his wounds, and brought wine from the carriage, which she poured herself through his lips, like a merciful Samaritan; and when he at last opened his eyes, and kissed the little hands of the Princess out of gratitude, she rejoiced greatly. And the Prince himself ran to the wood for the portmanteau, which they found behind the oak, and helped to dress the poor knight, who was so weak that he could not raise a finger. Then they lifted him into the coach, while the Prince comforted him, saying, he trusted that he would soon be well again, for he would pray daily to the Lord Jesus for him, whose blessed cross had been their protection, and that he should have all his gold again, and the lands of Crienke in addition. So faithful a vassal must never be parted from his prince, for inasmuch as he hated Sidonia, so he loved and praised him. They were like the two Judases in Scripture, of whom some one had said: "What one gave to the devil, the other brought back to God."

AND now he saw the wonderful hand of God in all; for if it had not rained, the powder of the robber band would have been dry, & then they were all lost. Item: the knight would not have stopped to empty his boots, and they never would have heard the screams of his dear wife. Item; if he had himself not forgotten the

date, he would never have driven up close to the cross; which cross had saved them all, but in particular saved their dear Marcus, after a miraculous manner. "Look how the blessed wood is everywhere pierced with spears, and yet we are all living! Therefore, let us hope in the Lord, for he is our helper and defender!" Then the Duke turned to the stout Dinnies, and prayed him to enter his service, but in vain, for he was sworn vassal to his Highness of Stettin. So his Grace took off his golden collar, & put it on his neck, and the Princess drew off her diamond ring to give him, whereupon her spouse laughed heartily, and asked, did she think the good knight had a finger for her little ring? To which she replied, but the brave knight may have a dear wife who could wear it for her sake, for he must not go without some token of her gratitude. However, the knight put back the ring himself, saying, that he had no spouse, and would never have one; therefore the ring was useless. So the Princess wonders, & asks why he will have no spouse, to which he replied that he feared the fate of Samson, for had not love robbed him of his strength? He, too, might meet a Delilah, who would cut off his long hair: then riding up close to the carriage, he removed his plumed hat from his head, and down fell his long black hair, that was gathered up under it, over his shoulders like a veil, even till it swept the flanks of his horse. Would not her Grace think it a grief and sorrow, if a woman sheared those locks? In such pleasant discourse they reached Mutzelburg, where, as the good Marcus was so weak, they resolved to put up for the night, and send for a chirurgeon instantly to Uckermund. And so it was done.

CHAPTER XI. OF THE AMBASSADORS IN THE TAVERN OF MUTZELBURG: ITEM, HOW THE MILLER, KONNEMANN, IS DISCOVERED, AND MADE BY DINNIES KLEIST TO ACT AS GUIDE TO THE ROBBER CAVE, WHERE THEY FIND ALL THE WOMEN-FOLK LYING APPARENTLY DEAD, THROUGH SOME DEVIL'S MAGIC OF THE GIPSY MOTHER.

HEN their Highnesses entered the inn at Mutzelburg, they found it filled with burghers & peasants out of Uckermund, Pasewalk, & other adjacent places, on their way to Stettin, to petition his Grace the Duke to open the courts of justice, for thieves and robbers had so multiplied throughout the land that no road was safe; and all kinds of witchcraft, and imposture, & devil's work were so rife, that the poor people were plagued out of their lives, and no redress was to be had, seeing his Grace had closed all the courts of justice. Forty burghers had been selected to present the petition, and great was the joy to meet now with his Grace Prince Ernest, for assuredly he would give them a letter to his illustrious brother, and strengthen the prayer of their petition. The Prince readily promised to do this, particularly as his own life and that of his bride had just been in such sore peril, all owing to the obstinacy of his Grace of Stettin in not opening the courts. Meanwhile, the leech had visited good Marcus Bork, who was much easier after his wounds were dressed, and promised to do well, to the great joy of their Graces; and Dinnies Kleist went to the stable to see after his horse, there being so many there, in consequence of this gathering of envoys, that he feared they might fight. Now as he passed through the kitchen, the knight observed a man bargaining with the innkeeper; and he had a kettle before him, into which he was cramming sausages, bread, ham, and all sorts of eatables. But he would have taken no further heed, only that the carl had but one tail to his coat, which made the knight at once recognise him as the very fellow whose coat-tail he had hewed off in the forest. He sprang on him, therefore; and as the man drew his knife, Dinnies seized hold of him and plumped him down, head foremost, into a hogshead of water, holding him straight up by the feet till he had drunk his fill. So the poor wretch began to quiver at last in his death agonies; whereupon

the knight called out: "Wilt thou confess? or hast thou not drunk enough yet?" "He would confess, if the knight promised him life. His name was Konnemann; he had lost his mill & all he was worth by the Loitz bankruptcy, therefore had joined the robber-band, who held their meeting in an old cave in the forest, where also they kept their booty." On further question, he said it was an old ruined place, with the walls all tumbling down. A man named Muckerwitze had lived there once, who buried his wife alive in this cave, therefore it had been deserted ever since. Then the knight asked the innkeeper if he knew of such a place in the forest; who said, "Yes." Then he asked if he knew this fellow, Konnemann; but the host denied all knowledge of him (though he knew him well enough, I think). Upon which Konnemann said: "That he merely came to buy provisions for the band, who were hungry, & had despatched him to see what he could get, while they remained hiding in the cave. The knight having laid these facts before their Graces & the envoys, it was agreed that they should steal a march upon the robbers next morning, and, meanwhile, keep Konnemann safe under lock and key.

NEXT morning they set off by break of day, taking Konnemann as guide, and surrounded the old ruin, which lay upon a hill buried in oak-trees; but not a sound was heard inside. They approached nearer, listened at the cave, nothing was to be heard. This angered Dinnies Kleist, for he thought the miller had played a trick on them, who, however, swore he was innocent; & as the knight threatened to give him something fresh to drink in the castle well, he offered to light a pine torch & descend into the cave. Hardly was he down, however, when they heard him screaming: "The robbers have murdered the women; they are all lying here stone dead, but not a man is to be seen." The knight then went down with his good sword drawn. True enough, there lay the old hag, her daughter, and Sidonia, all stained with blood, and stiff and cold upon the damp ground. And when the knight asked, "Which is Sidonia?" the fellow put the pine torch close to her face, which was blue & cold. Then the knight took up her little hand, and dropped it again, and shook his head, for the said little hand was stiff and cold as that of a corpse. Summa: As there was nothing further to be done here, the knight left the corpses to moulder away in the old cellar, and returned with the burghers to Mutzelburg, when his Highness wondered much over the strange event; but Marcus rejoiced that his wicked cousin was now dead, and could bring no further disgrace upon his ancient name.

BUT was the wicked cousin dead? She had heard every word that had been said in the cave; for they had all drunk some broth made by the gipsy mother, which can make men seem dead, though they hear and see everything around them. Such devil's work is used by robbers sometimes in extremity, as some toads have the power of seeming dead, when people attempt to seize them. It will soon be seen what a horrible use Sidonia made of this devil's potion. Wherefore she tried its effect upon herself now, I know not: I have my own thoughts upon the subject! but it is certain that the innkeeper, who was a secret friend of the robbers (as most innkeepers were in those evil times), had sent a messenger by night to warn them of their danger. So, while the band saved themselves by hiding in the forest, perhaps the old hag recommended this plan for the women, as they had got enough of cold steel the day before; or, perhaps the robbers wished to have a proof of the power of this draught, in case they might want to save themselves, some time or other, by appearing dead. Still I cannot, with any certainty, assert why they should all three choose to simulate death.

FURTHER, just to show the daring of these robber bands, now that his Highness had closed the courts, I shall end this chapter by relating what happened at Monkbude, a town through which their Highnesses passed that same day, & which, although close to the Stettin border, belongs to Wolgast. It was Sunday, and after the priest had said amen from the pulpit, the sexton rung the kale-bell. This bell was a sign throughout all Pomerania land to the women-folk who were left at home in the houses, to prepare dinner; for then, in all the churches, the closing hymn began, "Give us, Lord, our daily bread." So the maid, at the first stroke of the bell, lifted off the kale-pot from the fire, and had the kale dished with the sausages, and whatever else was wanting, by the time that the hymn was over, & father and mother had come out of church. Then, whatever poor wretch had fasted all the week, and never tasted a morsel of blessed bread, if he passed on a Sunday through the town, might get his fill; for when the hymn is sung, "Give us, Lord, our daily bread," the doors lie open, and no stranger or wayfarer is turned away empty. Just before their Highnesses had entered the town, this kale-bell had been rung, and each maid in the houses had laid the kale and meat upon the table, ready for the family, when, behold! in rush a troop of robbers from the forest, Appelmann at their head, seize

every dish with the kale and meat that had been laid on the tables, stick the loaves into their pockets, and gallop away as hard as they can across into the Stettin border. How the maids screamed and lamented I leave unsaid; but if any one of them followed and seized a robber by the hair, he drew his knife, so she was glad enough to run back again, while the impudent troop laughed and jeered. Thus was it then in dear Pomerania land! It seemed as if God had forsaken them; for the nobles began their feuds, as of old, and the Jews were tormented even to the death, yea, even the pastors were chased away, as if indeed they had all learned of Otto Bork, these nobles saying: "What need of these idle prating swaddlers! with their prosy sermons & whining psalms, teaching, forsooth, that all men are equal, and that God makes no difference between lord and peasant? Away with them! If the people learn such doctrine, no wonder if they grow proud and disobedient; better no priests in the land;" and such like ungodly talk was heard everywhere.

CHAPTER XII. HOW THE PEASANTS IN MARIENFLIESS WANT TO BURN A WITCH, BUT ARE HINDERED BY JOHANN APPELMANN AND SIDONIA, WHO DISCOVER AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN THE WITCH, THE GIRL WOLDE ALBRECHTS.

T this time, David Grosskopf was pastor of Marienfliess. He was a learned & pious man, & like other pious priests, was in the habit of gathering all the women-folk of the parish in his study of a winter's evening, particularly the young maidens, with their spinning-wheels. And there they all sat spinning round the comfortable fire, while he read out to them from God's Word, & questioned them on it, and exhorted them to their duties. Thus was it done every evening during the winter, the maidens spinning diligently till midnight without even growing weary; or if one of them nodded, she was given a cup of cold water to drink, to make her fresh again. So there was plenty of fine linen by each new-year's-day, and their masters were well pleased. No peasant kept his daughter at home, but sent her to the priest, where she learned her duties, & was kept safe from the young men. Even old mothers went there, among whom Trina Bergen always gave the best answers, & was much commended by the priest in consequence.

This pleased her mightily, so that she boasted everywhere of it, but with all she was an excellent old woman, only the neighbours looked rather jealously on her. This same priest, with all his goodness & learning, was yet a bad logician; for by his careless speaking in one of his sermons, much commotion was raised in the village. In this sermon he asserted that anything out of the usual course of nature must be devil's work, and ought to be held in abhorrence by all good Christians; he suffered for this afterwards, as we shall see. On the Monday after this discourse, he journeyed into Poland, to visit a brother who dwelt in some town there, I know not which. Then arose a great talking amongst the villagers concerning the said Trina Bergen; for the cocks began to sit upon the eggs in place of the hens in her poultry-yard, & all the people came together to see the miracle; and as it was against the course of nature, it must be devil's work, and Trina Bergen was a witch. In vain the old mother protested she knew nothing of it, then runs to the priest's house, but he is away; from that to the mayor of the village, but he is going out to shoot, and bid her and the villagers pack off with their silly stories. So the poor old mother gets no help, and meanwhile the peasants storm her house, and search and ransack every corner for proofs of her witch-craft, but nothing can be found. Stay! there in the cellar sits a woman, who will not tell her name. They drag her out, bring her up to the parlour, while the old mother sits wringing her hands: who was this woman? and how did she come into the cellar?

Illa: "She had hired her to spin, because her daughter was out at service till autumn, and she could not do all the work herself." "Why then did she sit in the cellar, as if she shunned the light?"

Illa: "The girl had prayed for leave to sit there, because the screaming of the young geese in the yard disturbed her, besides she had been only two days with her". "But where in the devil's name was the girl? It was easy to see she had bewitched the hens, for everything against the course of nature must be devil's work."

Illa: "Ah, yes! this must be the truth. Let them chase the devil away. Now she saw why the girl would not sit in the light, and had refused to enter the blessed church with her the day before". "What was her name! They should both be sent to the devil, if she did not tell the girl's name."

Illa: "Alas! she had forgotten it, but ask herself. Her story was, that she had been married to a peasant in Usdom, who died lately, and his relations then turned her out, that she was now going to Daber, where she had a brother, a fisher in the service of the Dewitz

family, and wanted to earn a travelling penny by spinning, to convey her there."

NOW as the rumour of witchcraft spread through the village, all the people ran together, from every part to Trina's house. And a pale young man pressed forward from amongst the crowd, to look at the supposed witch. When he stood before her, the girl cast down her eyes gloomily, and he cried out: "It is she! it is the very accursed witch who robbed me of my strength by her sorceries, & barely escaped from the fagot . . seize her . . that is Anna Wolde. Now he knew what the elder sticks meant, which he found set up as a gallows before his door this morning; the witch wanted to steal away his manhood from him again; burn her! burn her! Come & see the elder sticks, if they did not believe him!" So the whole village ran to his cottage, where he had just brought home a widow, whom he was going to marry, and there indeed stood the elder sticks right before his door in the form of a gallows, upon which the sheriff was wroth, and commanded the girl to be brought before him with her hands bound. But as she denied everything, Zabel Bucher, the sheriff, ordered the hangman to be sent for, to see what the rack might do in eliciting the truth. Further, he bade the people make a fire in the street, and burn the elder sticks therein.

SO the fire is lit, but no one will touch the sticks. Then the sheriff called his hound and bade him fetch them, but Fixlein, who was acute enough at other times, pretended not to know what his master wanted. In vain the sheriff bent down on the ground, pointing with his finger, and crying, "Here, Fixlein! fetch, Fixlein!" No, Fixlein runs round and round the elder sticks till the dust rises up in a cloud, and yelps, and barks, and jumps, and stares at his master, but never touches the sticks, only at last seizes a stone in his mouth and runs with it to the sheriff. Now indeed there was a commotion amongst the people. Not even the dog would touch the accursed thing. So at last the sheriff called for a pair of tongs, to seize the sticks himself and fling them into the fire. Whereupon his wife screamed to prevent him, but the brave sheriff, strengthening his heart, advanced and touched them, whereupon Fixlein, as if he had never known until now what his master wanted, made a grab at them, but the sheriff gave him a blow on the nose with the tongs which sent him away howling, and then with desperate courage and a stout heart, seizing the elder twigs in the tongs, flung them boldly into the fire.

MEANWHILE Peter Bollerjahn the hangman has arrived, and when he hears of the devilry he shakes his head, but thinks he could make the girl speak, if they only let him try his way a little. But they must first get authority from the mayor. Now the mayor had not gone to the hunt, for some friends arrived to visit him, whom he was obliged to stay at home and entertain, so that the whole crowd, with the sheriff Zabel Bucher at the head, set off to the mayoralty, bringing the witch with them, and prayed his lordship to make a terrible example of her, for that witchcraft was spreading fearfully in the land, and they would have no peace else. Whereupon, he came out with his guests to look at the miserable criminal, who, conscious of her guilt, stood there silent & glowering; but he could do nothing for them, did they not know that his Highness had closed all the courts of justice, therefore he could not help them, nor be troubled about their affairs? Upon which the sheriff cried out, "Then we shall help ourselves; let us burn the witch who bewitches our hens, and sticks up elder sticks before people's doors. Come, let us right ourselves!" So the mayor said they might do as they pleased, he had no power to hinder them, only let them remember that when the courts re-opened, they would be called to a strict account for all this. And he went into his house, but the people shouted and dragged away the witch, with loud yells, to the hangman, bidding him stretch her on the rack before all their eyes. When the girl saw and heard all this, and remembered how the old lord chamberlain at Wolgast had stretched her till her hip was broken, she cried out: "I will confess all, only spare me the torture, for I dread it more than death". Upon this, the sheriff said, "He would ask her three questions, and pronounce judgment accordingly." (Oh! what evil times for dear Pomerania land, when the people could thus take the law into their own hands, and pronounce judgment, though no judges were there. Had the bailiff given her a little twist of the rack, just to get at the truth, it would at least have been more in accordance with the usages, although I say not he would have been justified in so doing; but without using the rack at all to believe what this devil's wretch uttered, and judge her thereupon, was grossly improper & absurd.) Summa: Here are the three questions: "First, whether she had bewitched the hens; and for what?" Respond: "Simply to amuse herself; for the time hung heavy in the cellar, and she could see them through the chinks in the wall." (Let her wait; Master Peter will soon give her some-

thing to amuse her.) "Second, why and wherefore had she stuck up the elder-twigs?" Respond: "Because she had been told that Albert was going to marry a widow; for he had promised her marriage, as all the world knew, & even called her by his name, Wolde Albrechts, & therefore she had put a spell upon him of elder-twigs, that he might turn away the widow and marry her." (Let her wait; Master Peter will soon stick up elder-twigs for her.) "Third, whether she had a devil; and how was he named?" Here she remained silent, and began to deny it, but was reminded of the rack, and Master Peter got ready his instruments as if for instant use; so she sighed heavily, and answered, "Yes; she had a familiar called Jurge, and he appeared always in the form of a man" Upon this confession the sheriff roared: "Burn the witch!" and all the people shouted after him, "Burn the witch! the accursed witch!" and she was delivered over to Master Peter But he made answer that he had never burned a witch; he would, however, go over to Massow in the morning, to his brother-in-law, who had burned many, and learn the mode from him. Meanwhile the peasants might collect ten or twelve clumps of wood upon the Koppenberg, and so would they frighten all women from practising this devil's magic. Would they not burn Trina Bergen, likewise, the old hag who had the witch in her cellar? it would be a right pleasant spectacle to the whole town This, however, the peasants did not wish. Upon which the carl asked what he was to be paid for his trouble? Formerly the state paid for the criminal, but the courts now would have nothing to do with the business. What was he to get? So the peasants consulted together, and at last offered him a sack of oats at Michaelmas, just that they might have peace in the village. Whereupon he consented to burn her; only in addition they must give him a free journey to Massow on the morrow Summa: When the third morning dawned, all the village came together to accompany the witch up the Koppenberg: the schoolmaster, with all his school going before, singing, "Now pray we to the Holy Ghost"; then came Master Peter with the witch, he bearing a pan of lighted coal in his hand. But, lo! when they reached the pile on the Koppenberg, behold it was wet wood which the stupid peasants had gathered Now the hangman fell into a great rage. Who the devil could burn a witch with wet wood? She must have bewitched it. This was as bad as the hen business Some of the people then offered to run for some dry wood and hay; but my knave saw that he might turn the matter to profit, so he proposed to sack the witch in place of burning her;

"For," said he, "it will be a far more edifying spectacle and example to your children, this sacking in place of burning. There was a lake quite close to the town, and, indeed, he had forgotten yesterday to propose it to them. The plan was this. They were to tie her up in a leathern sack, with a dog, a cock, and a cat. (Ah, what a pity he had killed the wild cat, which he had caught some weeks before in the fox-trap.) Then they would throw all into the lake, where the cat & dog, and cock & witch would scream & fight, & bite and scratch until they sank; but after a little while up would come the sack again, and the screaming, biting, and fighting would be renewed until they all sank down again and for ever. Sometimes, indeed, they would tear a hole in the sack, which filled with water, & so they were all drowned. In any case it was a fine improving lesson to their children; let them ask the schoolmaster if the sacking was not a far better spectacle for the dear children than the burning" "Ay, 'tis true," cried the schoolmaster; "sacking is better" Upon which all the people shouted after him: "Ay, sack her! sack her!" When the knave heard this, he continued: "Now, they heard what the schoolmaster said, but he could not do all this for a sack of oats, for, indeed, leather sacks were very dear just now; but if each one added a sack of meal and a goose at Michaelmas, why, he would try and manage the sacking. The lake was broad and deep, and it lay right beneath them, so that all the dear children could see the sight from the hill" However, the peasants would by no means agree to the sack of meal, whereupon a great dispute arose around the pile, and a bargaining about the price with great tumult and uproar.

NOW the robber band were in the vicinity, & Sidonia hearing the noise, peeped out through the bushes and recognised Anna Wolde; then, guessing from the pile, what they were going to do to her, she begged of Johann to save the poor girl, if possible; for Sidonia and the knave were now on the best of terms, since he had chased away the gipsy hag and her daughter for robbing him. So Johann gives the word, and the band which now numbered one hundred strong, burst forth from the wood with wild shouts and cries. Ho! how the people fled on all sides, like chaff before the wind! The executioner is the first off, throws away his pan of coals, and takes to his heels. Item: the schoolmaster with all his school take to their heels; the sheriff, the women, peasants, spectators . . all, with one accord, take to their heels, screaming and roaring The witch alone remains, for she is lame and cannot run; but she screams, too,

and rings her hands, crying: "Take me with you; oh, take me with you; for the love of God take me with you; I am lame and cannot run!" Summa: One can easily imagine how it all ended. The witch-girl was saved, and, as she now owed her life a second time to Sidonia, she swore eternal fidelity and gratitude to the lady, promising to give her something in recompense for all the benefits she had conferred on her. Alas, that I should have to say to Christian men what this was!.·.

∴ Namely, the evil spirit Chim. See Sidonia's confession upon the rack, vol. 4; Dahnert's Pomeranian Library, p 244.

AND when Sidonia asked how things went on in Daber, great was her joy to hear that the whole castle and town were full of company, for the nuptials of Clara von Dewitz and Marcus Bork were celebrating there. And the old Duchess from Wolgast had arrived, along with Duke Johann Frederick, and the Dukes Barnim, Casimir, and Bogislaff. Item: A grand cavalcade of nobles had ridden to the wedding upon four hundred horses, and lords and ladies from all the country round thronged the castle. Now Johann Appelmann would not credit the witch-girl, for he had seen none of all this company upon the roads; but she said her brother the fisherman told her, that their Graces travelled by water as far as Wollin, for fear of the robbers, and from thence by land to Daber.

WHEN Sidonia heard this, she fell upon Johann's neck, exclaiming: "Revenge me now, Johann! revenge me! Now is the time; they are all there. Revenge me in their blood!" This seemed rather a difficult matter to Johann, but he promised to call together the whole band, and see what could be done. So he went his way to the band, and then the evil-minded witch-girl began again and told Sidonia, that if she chose to burn the castle at Daber, and make an end of all her enemies at once, there was some one hard by in the bush who would help her, for he was stronger than all the band put together.

∴·According to the witches, every evil spirit must be purchased, no matter how small the price, but something must be given, a ball of worsted, a kerchief, &c.

Illa: "Who was her friend? Let her go and bring him?"

Hæc: "She must first cross her hand with gold, and give her a piece of money for him;.·.· then he would come and revenge her." Sidonia's eyes now sparkled wildly, and she put some money in the woman's hand, who murmured, "For the evil one"; then stepped behind a tree, and returned in a short time with a black cat wrapped up in her apron. "This," she said, "was the strong spirit Chim..·.·. Let her give him plenty to eat, and show him to no one. When she wanted his assistance, strike him three times on the head, and he

∴·.·Joachim.

would assume the form of a man. Strike him six times to restore him again to this form."

NOW Sidonia would scarcely credit this; so, looking round to see if they were quite alone, she struck the animal three times on the head, who instantly started up in the form of a gay young man, with red stockings, a black doublet, and cap with stately heron's plumes. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "I know thy enemies, and will revenge thee, beautiful child. I will burn the castle of Daber for thee, if thou wilt only do my bidding; but now, quick! strike me again on the head, that I may reassume my original form, for some one may see us; and put me in a basket, so can I travel with thee wheresoever thou goest". And thus did Sidonia with the evil spirit Chim, as she afterwards confessed upon the rack, when she was a horrible old hag of eighty-four years of age. And he went with her everywhere, and suggested all the evil to her which she did, whereof we shall hear more in another place. ∴

∴ Dahnert: This belief in the power of evil spirits, to assume the form of animals, comes to us from remotest antiquity: example, the serpent in paradise. In all religions, and amongst all nations, this belief seems firmly rooted; but even if we do not see a visible devil, do we not, alas! know & feel that there is one ever with us, ever present, ever suggesting all wickedness, to us, as this devil to Sidonia? even our own evil nature. For what else is the Christian life, but a warfare between the divine within us and this ever-present Satan? and through God's grace alone can we resist this devil.

CHAPTER XIII. OF THE ADVENTURE WITH THE BOUNDARY LADS, AND HOW ONE OF THEM PROMISES TO ADMIT JOHANN APPELMANN INTO THE CASTLE OF DABER THAT SAME NIGHT. ITEM: OF WHAT BEFELL AMONGST THE GUESTS AT THE CASTLE.

WHEN Johann and Sidonia proposed to the band that they should pillage the castle of Daber, they all shouted with delight, and swore that life and limb might be perilled but the castle should be theirs that night. Nevertheless my knave Johann thought it a dangerous undertaking, for they knew no one inside the walls, and Anna Wolde, the witch, could not come with them, seeing that she was lame. So at last he thought of sending Konnemann disguised as a beggar to examine the courtyard and all the out-offices; perchance he might spy out some unguarded door by which they could effect an entrance. Then Sidonia said she would go too, and although Johann tried hard to persuade her, yet she begged so earnestly for leave that finally he consented. Yes, she must see the very spot where the viper was hatched which had stung her to death. Ah! she would brew something for her in return; pity only that the wedding was over, otherwise the

little bride should never have touched a wedding-ring, if she could help it; but it was too late now" ❧ So the three Satan's children slipped out upon the highway from the wood, and travelled on so near to the castle that the noise, and talking, and laughing, & barking of dogs, and neighing of horses, were all quite audible to their ears. Now the castle of Daber is built upon a hill which is entirely surrounded by water, so that the castle can be approached only by two bridges, one southwards, leading from the town; the other eastwards, leading direct through the castle gardens. The castle itself was a noble, lofty pile, with strong towers and spires, almost as stately a building as my gracious Lord's castle at Saatzig ❧ When Johann observed all this, his heart failed him, and as he and his two companions peeped out at it from behind a thorn-bush, they agreed that it would be hard work to take such a castle, garrisoned, as it was now, by four hundred men or more, with their mere handful of partisans.

BUT Satan knows how to help his own, for what happened while they were crouching there and arguing? Behold, the old Dewitz, as an offering to the church at Daber upon his daughter's marriage, had promised twenty good acres of land to be added to the glebe. And he comes now up the hill, with a great crowd of men to dig the boundary. So the Satan's children behind the thorn-bush feared they would be discovered, but it was not so, & the crowd passed on unheeding them ❧ Old Dewitz now called the witnesses, & bade them take note of the position of the boundary. There where the hill, the wild apple-tree, and the town tower were all in one line was the limit, let them keep this well in their minds. Then calling over six lads, he bade them take note likewise of the boundary, that when the old people were dead they might stand up as witnesses; but as such things were easily forgotten, he, the priest, and the churchwarden would write it down for them, so that it never, by any chance, could escape their memory ❧ Upon which the good knight, being lord and patron, took a stout stick the first, and cudgelled the young lads well, asking them between terms: "Where is the boundary?" ❧ To which they answered, screaming and roaring: "Where the hill, the apple-tree, and the town tower are all in one line" ❧ Then the knight, laughing, handed over the stick to the priest, saying; "It was possible they might forget; they had better, therefore, have another little memorandum from his Reverence." "No! no!" screamed the boys, "we will remember it to eternity." However, his Reverence

just gave them a little touch of the stick in fun, till they roared out the boundary marks a second time.

BUT now stepped forth the churchwarden, to take his turn with the stick on the boys' backs. This man had been a forester of the old Baron Dewitz, and had often taken note of one of the young fellows present, how he had poached & stolen the buck-wheat, so he gladly seized this opportunity to punish him for all his misdeeds, and laying the cudgel on his shoulders thrashed & belaboured him so unmercifully, that the lad ran shrieking, cursing, howling, and roaring, far away in amongst the bushes to hide himself, while the churchwarden cried out: "Well! if all the other lads forget the boundary, I think my fine fellow here will bear the memorandum to the day of judgment." And so they went away laughing from the place, and returned to the castle.

BUT the devil drew his profit from all this, for where should the lad run to, but close to the very spot where the robbers were hiding, and there he threw himself down upon the grass, writhing and howling, & swearing he would be revenged upon the churchwarden. This is a fine hearing for my knave in the bush, so he steps forward, and asks: "What vile Josel had dared to ill-treat so brave a youth? He would help him to a revenge upon the base knave, for injustice was a thing he never could suffer. The tears really were in his eyes to think that such wickedness should be in the world," & here he pretended to wipe his eyes. So the lad, being quite overcome by such compassionate sympathy, howled and cried ten times more: "It was the forester Kell, the shameless hound; he would play him a trick for it."

Ille: "Right. He owed the fellow a drubbing already himself, and now he would have a double one, if he could only get hold of him."

Hic: "He would run and tell him that a great lord wanted to speak to him here in the forest."

Ille: "No, no; that would scarcely answer; but where did the fellow live?"

Hic: "In the castle, where his father lived likewise."

Ille: "Who was his father?"

Hic: "His father was the steward."

Ille: "Ah, then, he kept the keys of the castle?"

Hic: "Oh, yes, & the key of the back entrance also which led through the gardens. His father kept one key and the gardener the other."

Ille: "Well, he would tell him a secret. This very Kell had deceived him once, like a knave as he was, and he was watching to punish him, but he daren't go up to the castle in the broad daylight, particularly now while the wedding was going on. How long would it last?"
Hic: "For three days more; it had lasted three days already, and the castle was full of company, and great lords from all the country round, a great deal grander even than old Dewitz, were there."
Ille: "Well, then, it would be quite impossible to go up to the castle and flog the churchwarden before all the company, he could see that himself. But supposing he let him in at night through the garden door, couldn't they get the knave out on some pretence, & then drub him to their hearts' content?"

SO the lad was delighted with the plan, particularly on hearing that he was to help in the drubbing; but then if the forester recognised him, what was to be done? he would be ruined. To which Johann answered: "Just put on an old cloak, and speak no word; then, neither by dress nor voice will he know thee; besides, the night will be quite dark, so fear nothing. We'll teach him, I engage, how to beat a fine young fellow again, or to rob me of my gold, as he did, the base, unworthy knave." Here the lad laughed outright with joy. "Yes, yes, that would just do; & he could put on his father's old mantle, and bring a stout crab-stick along with him."
Ille: "All right, young friend; but how was he to get into the castle-garden? Was there not a drawbridge, which was lifted every night?"
Hic: "Oh, yes; but his father very often sent him to draw it up, & he could leave it down for to-night; then he would get the forester, by some means, into the shrubbery, where it was dark as pitch, and they could thrash the dog there without any one knowing a word about it."
Ille: "Good! Then when the tower-clock struck nine, let him come himself and admit him into the garden, time enough after to run for the forester, while he was hiding himself in the shrubbery, for no one must know a word about his being there." Then he gave the lad a knife, and told him if all turned out well he should have a piece of gold in addition. "Ah! they would give him a warm greeting, this dog of a forester! But after he had called him out, the lad must pretend as if he had nothing to do with the matter, and go back to the house, or slip down some by-path." So the lad jumped with joy when he got hold of the knife, and skipped off to the castle, promising to be at the drawbridge when nine o'clock struck from the tower, to admit his good friend into the garden.

MEANWHILE, my gracious Lady of Wolgast was making preparations for her departure on the morrow from the castle, for she had been attending the wedding festivities with her four sons, and Ulrich the grand chamberlain; but previous to taking leave of her dear son Duke Johann Frederick, she wished to make one more attempt to induce him to take off the interdict from the country, and allow the courts of justice to be re-opened, for thus would the land be freed from these wild hordes who haunted every road, and filled all hearts with fear. For this purpose she went up to his own private chamber in the castle, bringing old Ulrich along with her; and when they entered, old Ulrich having closed the door, began: "Now, gracious Lady, speak to your son as befits a mother and your princely Grace to do". Upon which he took his seat at the table, looking around him as sour as a vinegar-cruet.

SO the Duchess lifted up her voice with many tears, and prayed his Highness of Stettin to stem all this violence that raged in the land, as a loving Prince and father towards his subjects. He had resisted all her entreaties until now, with those of his dear brothers and old Ulrich; and had not even his host and the whole nobility tried to soften his heart towards his people, who were suffering by his hard resolve? but surely he would not refuse her now, for she had come to take her leave of him, and had brought his old guardian and his brothers to plead along with her; besides, who knew what might happen next? For she heard, to her astonishment, that Sidonia was not dead at all, as they supposed, but roaming through the country with her accursed paramour. Had she known this, never would she have permitted this long journey, dear even as the bride was to her heart, but would have stayed at Wolgast to watch over her heart's dear son, Ernest, & his young spouse, who rightly feared to put themselves in danger again, after the sore peril they had encountered in the Stettin forest; and who knew what might happen to her on the journey homeward? for if she encountered Sidonia, what could she expect from her but the bitterest death (weeping)? Ah, this all came upon them because the young Duke had despised the admonitions of his blessed father upon his death-bed, & thought not of that scripture which saith: 'The father's blessing buildeth the children's houses, but the curse of the mother pulleth them down.". ∴ Sirach iii. 11. She had never cursed him yet, but that day might come". Then Duke Johann answered, "He was sad to see his darling mother

chafe and fret about these same courts of justice, but his princely honour was pledged, and he could not retract one word until the states came back to their duty, and gave him the gold he demanded. For how could he stand before the world as a fool? He had begun this castle of Friedrichswald, and had ordered all kinds of statues, paintings, &c. from Italy, for which gold must be paid. How, then, if he had none?" "But those were idle follies," his mother answered, and showed how true were the words of Solomon: 'When a prince wanteth understanding, there is great oppression.'" ∴ Here the Duke grew angry. "It was false; he did not want understanding. Well it was that no one had dared to say this to him but his mother."

∴ Proverbs xxviii. 16.

BUT my gracious Lady could not hear him plainly; for his Serene Highness, Barnim the younger, who had drunk rather freely at dinner, began to snore so loudly, that he snored away a paper which lay before old Ulrich, upon which he had been sketching a list of propositions, for the reconciliation of the Duke & the estates of the kingdom. Hereupon the old chamberlain cursed and swore: "May the seven thousand devils take them! One snarls at his mother, and the other snores away his paper! Did the Prince think that Pomerania was like Saxony, when he began these fine buildings at Friedrichswald? His Grace had a house at Stettin; what did he want with a second? Was his Grace better than his forefathers? And would not his Grace have Oderburg when old Duke Barnim died? and castles and towns all round the land?" But the Duke answered proudly, "That old Ulrich should remember his guardianship had ended. He knew himself what to do and what to leave undone" Herewith the young Lord Bogislaff broke in: "Yet, dearest brother, be advised by us. Bethink you how I resigned my chance of the duchy at the Diet of Wollin, and now I am ready to give you up the annuity which I then received, if it will help your necessities, and that you promise thereupon to release the land from the interdict, that all this fearful villainy and lawlessness, which is devastating the country, may have an end."

Ille: "Matters were not so bad as he thought; besides, why cannot the people defend themselves, and take care of their own skin?"

Hic: "So they do; but this only increased injustice and lawlessness." Then he related many examples of how the despairing people of the different towns had executed justice, after their own manner, upon the robbers who fell into their hands. In Stolpschen, for instance,

three fellows had been caught plundering the corn, and the peasants nailed them up to a tree, and whipped them till they dropped down dead. Well might Satan laugh over the sin & wickedness that reigned now in poor Pomerania. Item: He related how the peasants in Marienfliess were going to burn a witch, without trial or sentence. Item: How many peasants and villagers had hung up their own bailiffs or strangled them. Item: How the priests had been chased away from many places, so that they now had to beg their bread upon the highway; and in such towns God's service was no more heard, but each one lived as it pleased him, and the peasants did as they chose. And now he would ask his heart's dear brother, which would be more upright and honourable in the sight of the great God, to build up this castle of Friedrichswald, or to let it fall, and build up the virtue and happiness of his people? He could not build the castle without money, and he had none; but he could restore his land to peace and happiness by a word. Let him, then, open these long-closed courts of justice, for this was his duty as a Prince; and let him remember that every prince was ordained of God, and must answer to him for his government. Hereupon the Stettin Duke made answer: "Pity, good Bogislaff, thou wert not a village priest! Hast thou finished thy sermon? Truly thou wert never meant for a Prince, as we heard from thy own lips, the day of the Diet at Wollin. Thou hast no sense of princely honour, I see, but I stand by mine; and now, by my princely honour, I pledge my princely word, that, until the states give me the money, the land shall remain in all things as it is."

HERE old Ulrich sprang to his feet (while my gracious Lady sobbed aloud), clapped the table, and roared: "Seven thousand devils, my Lord! are we to be robbed and murdered by those vile cut-throats that infest the land, and your Grace will fold your hands and do nothing, till they drive your Grace yourself out of the land, or run a spear through your body, as they would have done to your princely brother of Wolgast, only he had faithful vassals to defend him? If it is so to be, then must the nobles make their petition to the Emperor, and we shall see if his Imperial Majesty cannot bring your Grace to reason, though your mother and we all have failed to move you."

HERE the little Casimir, who was playing with the paper which his brother had snored away, ran up to his mother, & pulling her by the gown, said: "Gracious Lady mamma, what ails my brother, the Stettin Duke? Is he drunk, too?" At which they all laughed, except Duke Johann, who gave a kick to his little

brother, and then strode out of the room, exclaiming, "Sooner my life than my honour; I shall stay here no longer to be tutored and lectured, but will take my journey homewards this very night." And so he departed, but by a small side-door, for old Ulrich had locked the chief door on entering.

NOW indeed her Grace wept bitterly: ah! she thought the evil had left her house, which the fatal business at her wedding had wrought on it, when Dr. Martinus dropped the ring, but alas! it was only beginning now; and yet she could not curse him, for he was her son, and she had borne him in pain and sorrow. Summa: If many were displeased at these proceedings of his Grace, so also was the Lord God, as was seen clearly by many strange signs; for on that same night Duke Barnim the elder died at Oderburg, and all the crosses, knobs, and spires throughout the whole town turned quite black, though they had only been newly gilded a year before, and no rain, lightning, or thunder had been observed. . . . But this was all clearly to show the anger of God over the sins of the young Duke, and by these signs he would admonish him to repentance, as a father might gently threaten a refractory child. As to what further happened to his Grace when he went out by the little door, & the danger that befell him there, we shall hear more in another chapter.

∴ The Duke died 29th September, 1573, aged 72 years. Micraelius 369.

CHAPTER XIV. HOW THE KNAVE APPELMANN SEIZES HIS SERENE EMINENCE, DUKE JOHANN, BY THE THROAT, AND HOW HIS GRACE AND THE WHOLE CASTLE ARE SAVED BY MARCUS BORK & HIS YOUNG BRIDE CLARA; ALSO HOW SIDONIA AT LAST IS TAKEN PRISONER.

THE castle was now almost quite still, for as the festival had already lasted three days, the guests were pretty well tired of dancing and drinking, and most of them, like young Prince Barnim, had lain down to snore. Yet still there were many drinking in the great hall, or dancing in the saloon, for the fiddles fiddled away merrily until far in the night. And it was a beautiful night this one; not too dark, but starry, bright, and soft and still, so that Marcus and his young bride glided away from the dancing & drinking, to wander in the cool fresh air of the shrubbery, before they retired to their chamber. So they passed down the

broad path that led from the garden to the drawbridge by the water-mill, and seating themselves on a bank under the shade of the trees, began to kiss & caress, as may well become a young bridal pair to do.

SOON they heard nine o'clock strike from the town, & immediately after, stealthy footsteps coming along the shrubbery towards them. They held their breath, and remained quite still, thinking it was some half-drunken guest from the castle wandering this way; but then the drawbridge was lowered, and three persons advanced to a youth, as they could see plainly. One said: "Now?" to which another answered, "No, when I whistle!" He who had so asked, then went back again, but Sidonia and my knave came on with the boundary lad over the bridge (for of course, every one will have guessed them) and entered the shubbery where the young bridal pair were seated, but perfectly hidden, by reason of the darkness. The boundary lad would now have drawn up the bridge, but the knave hindered him: "Let him leave it down, how would he escape else, if the carl roared, and all came running out of the castle to see what was the matter?" Then Sidonia asked the boy, if he thought the castle folk would hear him? To which he answered, no. They could thrash the hound securely, and he had brought a short cudgel with him for the purpose. Upon which my knave murmured to him, "Lead on, then; I must get out of this dark place to see what I am about. And when we get to the end of it, do you run and bring him out here. Then we shall both pay him off bravely." So they crept on in the darkness towards the castle, but the young wedded pair had plenty of time to recognise both Sidonia and Appelmann by their voices. Therefore Marcus argued truly that the knave and his paramour could be about no good, for the whole land rang with their wickedness. And no doubt the band was in the vicinity, because Appelman had answered, "No, when I whistle!" So the good Marcus grew wroth over the villainy of this shameless pair, who had evidently resolved on nothing less than the destruction of the whole princely race, and even this castle of Daber was not to be spared, which belonged to his dear bride's father, so that their wicked purposes might be fulfilled. Then he whispered: "Did his dear wife know of any by-way that led to the castle, as she was born here, perhaps some such little path might be known to her, so that she would escape meeting the villain?" And as she whispered in return, "Yes, there was such a path," he bid her run along it quick as thought, have all the bells rung when she reached the castle, and even the cannon

fired, which was ready loaded for the farewell salute to the Lady of Wolgast on the morrow; and to gather as many people together, of all stations and ages, as could be summoned on the instant, and let them shout "Murder! murder!" Meanwhile he would run & draw up the bridge, then track the fellow along the shrubbery, and seize him if possible.

DOW Clara trembled and hesitated, as a young girl might, but soon collecting herself, she said, although with much agitation, "I will trust in God: the Lord is my strength, of whom then should I be afraid?" and plunged alone into the darkest part of the shrubbery. Marcus instantly ran down to the garden door, & began to draw up the bridge with as little noise as possible. "What are you doing?" called out a voice to him from the other side. "I hear steps," he answered, "and perchance it is the castellan on his rounds; he would discover all." So he draws up the bridge, and then glided along the shrubbery after my knave.

GEANWHILE Appelmann and Sidonia, with the boundary lad, had reached the door of the castle, through which he was determined to make good his entrance after the lad by any means. But at that very instant it opened, & my gracious Lord Duke Johann Frederick stood before them. For it has been already mentioned, that he left the chamber in which the family council was held by a small private door which led down to this portion of the castle; here he was looking about for his court-jester, Clas Hinze, to bid him order the carriages to convey him and his suite that very night to Freienwald, and by chance opened this very door which led out to the shrubbery. Seeing no one from the darkness, the Duke called out, "Is Clas there?" to which Appelmann answered "Yes, my Lord" (for he had recognised the Duke by his voice), and at the same time he retreated a few steps into the shubbery, hoping the Duke would follow him. But the Duke called out again, "Where art thou, Clas?" "Here!" responded Appelmann, retreating still further. Whereupon the boundary lad whispered, "This is not him!" His Grace, however, heard the whisper, & called out angrily, while he advanced from the door: "What meanest thou, knave? It is I who call! Art thou drunk, fool! if so, thou must have a bucket of water on thy head, for we ride away this night." So speaking, his Highness went on still further into the shrubbery, upon which my knave makes a spring at his throat and hurls him to the ground, while he gives a

loud shrill whistle through the fingers of his other hand. Now the boundary lad screamed in earnest, but Sidonia threatened him, and bade him hold his tongue, & run for the other fellows and not mind them. But she screamed yet louder herself, when a powerful arm seized her round the waist, and she found herself in the grasp of Marcus Bork. Appelmann, who had stuffed his kerchief into the Duke's mouth to stifle his cries, & placed one knee upon his breast, now sprang up in terror at her scream, while at the same instant the bells rang, the cannon was fired, and all the court was filled with people shouting, "Murder! murder!" So he let go his hold of the Duke, and without waiting to release Sidonia, darted down the shrubbery, reached the bridge, and finding it raised, plunged into the water, & swam to the other side. And here we see the hand of the all-merciful God; for had the bridge been down the band would have rushed over at their captain's whistle, and then methinks there would have been a sad end to the whole princely race, for as I have said, half the guests were drunk and half were snoring, so that but for Marcus this evil and accursed woman would have destroyed them all, as she had sworn. True, they were destroyed by her at last, but not until God gave them over to destruction, in consequence of their sins, no doubt, and of the wickedness of the land. Summa: When my gracious Lord felt himself free, he sprang up, crying, "Help help!" and ran as quick as he could back into the castle. Marcus Bork followed with Sidonia, who drew a knife to stab him, but he saw the glitter of the blade by the light of the lanterns (for one can easily imagine that the bells & the cannon had brought all the snorers to their legs), and giving her a blow upon the arm that made her drop the knife, dragged her through the little door, after the Duke, as fast as he was able. So the whole princely party stood there, and great and small shouted when the upright Marcus appeared, holding Sidonia firmly by the back while she writhed and twisted, and kicked him with her heels till the sweat poured down his face.

BUT when old Ulrich beheld her, he exclaimed: "Seven thousand devils! do my eyes deceive me, or is this Sidonia again?" Her Grace, too, turned pale, & all were horrified at seeing the evil one, for they knew her wickedness. Then Marcus must relate the whole story, and how he came to bring to nought the counsel of the devil. And when Duke Johann heard the whole extent of the danger from which he had been saved, he fell upon the neck of the loyal Marcus, and, pressing him to his heart, exclaimed: "Well-

beloved Marcus, and dear friend, thou hast saved my brother of Wolgast in the Stettin Forest, so hast thou saved me this night, therefore accept knighthood from my hands; and I make thee governor of my fortress of Saatzig." To which the other answered: "He thanked his Grace heartily for the honours; but he had already promised to remain in the service of his princely brother of Wolgast; and for that object had made purchase of the lands of Crienke" But his Highness would hear of no refusal. Only let him look at Saatzig; it was the finest fortress in the land. What would he do in a miserable fishing village? The castle was almost grander than his own ducal house at Stettin; and the knights' hall, with its stone pillars and carved capitals, was the most stately work of architecture in the kingdom. Where would he find such a dwelling in his village nest? Old Kleist, the governor, had just died, and to whom could he give the castle sooner than to his right worthy and loyal Marcus!" When old Dewitz heard this (he was a little, dry old man, with long grey hair), he pressed forward to his son-in-law, and bade him by no means refuse a prince's offer; besides, Saatzig was but two miles off, and they could see each other every Sunday. Also, if they had a hunt, a standard erected on the tower of one castle could be seen plainly from the tower of the other, and so they could lead a right pleasant, neighbourly life, almost as if they all lived together" Still Marcus will not consent. Upon which his mother-in-law can no longer suppress her feelings, and comes forward to entreat him. (She was a good, pious matron, and as fat as her husband was thin.) So she stroked his cheeks: "And where in the land, as far as Usdom, could he find such fine muranes and maranes, ∴ this fish he loved so much? and where was such fine flax to be had for his young wife to spin? no flax in the land equalled that of Saatzig! since ever she was a little girl, people talked of the fine Saatzig flax. Let her dear daughter Clara come over, and see if she could prevail aught with her stern husband. Why, they could send pudding hot to each other, the castles were so near."

∴ The great marana weighs from ten to twelve pounds, and is a species of salmon-trout. The murana is of the same race, but not larger than the herring It must not be confounded with the murana of which the Romans were so fond, which was a species of eel.

AND now the mild young bride approached her husband, and taking his hand gently, looked up into his eyes with soft beseeching glances, but spake no word; so that the princely widow of Wolgast was moved, and said: "Good Marcus, if you only fear to offend my son of Wolgast by taking service at Saatzig, be composed on that head, for I myself will make your peace. Great, indeed, would be my joy to have you and your young spouse settled

at Crienke, which you know is but half a mile from Pudgla, my dower-castle, where I mean to reside; yet these beseeching glances of my little Clara fill my heart with compassion, for do I not read in her clear eyes that she would love to stay near her dear parents, as indeed is natural? Therefore, in God's name accept the offer of your prince. I myself command you." Hereupon Marcus inclined himself gracefully to the Duchess and Duke Johann, and pressed his little wife to his heart. "But what need, gracious Prince, of a governor at Saatzig, when all the courts are closed, and no justice can be done? I shall eat my bread in idleness, like a worn-out hound. But, marry, if your Grace consents to open the courts, I will accept your offer with thanks, and do my duty as governor with all justice and fidelity" Then his Grace answered: "What! good Marcus, dost thou begin again on that old theme which roused my wrath so lately, and made me fall into that peril? But I bethink me of thy bravery, and will say no bitter word; only thou mayest hold thy peace, for I have sworn by my princely honour, and from that there is no retreating. However, thou hast leave to hold jurisdiction in thy own government, and execute justice according to thy own upright judgment" So Marcus was silent; but the Duchess and the other princes took up the subject, and assailed his Highness with earnest petitions: "Had he not himself felt and seen the danger of permitting these freebooters to get such a head in the land? Had not the finger of God warned him this very night, in hopes of turning him back to the right path? Let him reflect, for the peace of his land was at stake." But all in vain. Even though old Ulrich tumbled into the argument with his seven thousand devils, yet could they obtain no other answer from his Highness but: "If the states give me gold, I shall open the courts; if they give no gold, the courts shall remain closed for ever. Were he to be brought before the emperor, or Pontius Pilate himself, it was all alike; they might tear him in pieces, but not one nail's breadth of his princely word would he retreat from, or break it like a woman, for their prayers."

HEN he rose, and calling his fool Clas to him, bade him run to the old priest, and tell him he would sleep at his quarters that night, for he must have peace; but the merry Clas, as he was running out, got behind his Highness, and stuck his fool's cap upon the head of his Grace, crying out: "Here, keep my cap for me" However, his Highness did not relish the joke, for every one laughed; and he ran after the fool, trying to catch him, & threat-

ening to have his head cut off; but Clas got behind the others, and clapping his hands, cried out: "You can't, for the courts are closed. Huzza! the courts are closed!" Whereupon he runs out at the door, and my gracious Lord after him, with the fool's cap upon his head. Nor did he return again to the hall, but went to sleep at the priest's quarters, as he had said; and next morning, by the first dawn of day, set off on his journey homeward.

ALL this while no one had troubled himself about Sidonia. My gracious Lady wept, the young lords laughed, old Ulrich swore, whilst the good Marcus murmured softly to his young wife: "Be happy, Clara; for thy sake I shall consent to go to Saatzig. I have decided". This filled her with such joy that she danced, and smiled, and flung herself into her mother's arms; nothing was wanting now to her happiness! Just then her eyes rested upon Sidonia, who was leaning against the wall, as pale as a corpse. Clara grew quite calm in a moment, and asked, compassionately: "What aileth thee, poor Sidonia?" "I am hungry!" was the answer. At this the gentle bride was so shocked, that the tears filled her eyes, and she exclaimed, "Wait, thou shalt partake of my wedding-feast," and away went she.

THE attention of the others was, by this time, also directed to Sidonia. And old Ulrich said: "Compose yourself, gracious Lady; I trust your son, the prince, will not be so hard and stern as he promises; now that the water has touched his own neck, methinks he will soon come to reason; but what shall we do now with Sidonia?" Upon which my Lady of Wolgast turned to her, & asked if she were yet wedded to her gallows-bird? "Not yet," was the answer; "but she would soon be." Then my gracious Lady spat out at her; and, addressing Ulrich, asked what he would advise. So the stout old knight said: "If the matter were left to him, he would just send for the executioner, and have her ears and nose slit, as a warning & example, for no good could ever come of her now, and then pack her off next day to her farm at Zachow; for if they let her loose, she would run to her paramour again, and come at last to gallows and wheel; but if they just slit her nose, then he would hold her in abhorrence, as well as all other men-folk."

DURING this, Clara had entered, and set fish, and wild-boar, and meat, and bread, before the girl; and as she heard Ulrich's last words, she bent down and whispered: "Fear nothing, Sidonia, I hope to be able to protect thee, as I did once before; only eat, Sidonia! Ah! hadst thou followed my advice! I always meant well by thee, and even now, if I thought thou wouldst repent truly, poor Sidonia, I would take thee with me to the castle of Saatzig, and never let thee want for aught through life" When Sidonia heard this, she wept and promised amendment. Only let Clara try her, for she could never go to Zachow & play the peasant girl. Upon which Clara turned to her Highness, and prayed her Grace to give Sidonia up to her. See how she was weeping; misfortune truly had softened her, and she would soon be brought back to God. Only let her take her to Saatzig, and treat her as a sister. At this, however, old Ulrich shook his head: "Clara, Clara," he exclaimed, "knowest thou not that the Moor cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots? I cannot, then, let the serpent go. Think on our mother, girl; it is a bad work playing with serpents." Her Grace, too, became thoughtful, and said, at last: "Could we not send her to the convent at Marienfliess, or somewhere else?" "What the devil would she do in a convent?" exclaimed the old knight. "To infect the young maidens with her vices, or plague them with her pride? Now, there was nothing else for her but to be packed off to Zachow." Now Clara looked up once again at her husband with her soft, tearful eyes, for he had said no word all this time, but remained quite mute; and he drew her to him, and said: "I understand thy wish, dear Clara, but the old knight is right. It is a dangerous business, dear Clara! Let Sidonia go."

AT this Sidonia crawled forth like a serpent from her corner, and howled: "Clara had pity on her, but he would turn her out to starve; he, who bore her own name, & was of her own blood." Alas! the good knight was ashamed to refuse any longer, & finally promised the evil one that she should go with them to Saatzig. So her Grace at last consented, but old Ulrich shook his gray head ten times more. "He had lived many years in the world, but never had it come to his knowledge that a godless man was tamed by love. Fear was the only teacher for them. All their love would be thrown away on this harlot; for even if the stout Marcus kept her tight with bit and rein, and tried to bring her back by fear, yet the moment his

back was turned, Clara would spoil all again by love and kindness" ❧ However, nobody minded the good knight, though it all came to pass just as he had prophesied.

CHAPTER XV. HOW SIDONIA DEMEANS HERSELF AT THE CASTLE OF SAATZIG, AND HOW CLARA FORGETS THE INJUNCTIONS OF HER BELOVED HUSBAND, WHEN HE LEAVES HER TO ATTEND THE DIET AT WOLLIN, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE COURTS. ITEM: HOW THE SERENE PRINCE, DUKE JOHANN FREDERICK, BEHEADS HIS COURT FOOL WITH A SAUSAGE.

SUMMA: Sidonia went to the castle of Saatzig, & her worthy cousin Marcus gave her a little chamber to herself, in the third story, close to the tower. It was the same room in which she afterwards sat as a witch, for some days ere she was taken to Oderburg. There was a right cheerful view from the windows down upon the lake, which was close to the castle, and over the little town of Jacobshagen, as far even as the meadows beyond. Here, too, was left a Bible for her, and the opera Lutheri in addition, with plenty of materials for spinning and embroidery, for she had refused to weave. Item: a serving-wench was appointed to attend on her, and she had permission to walk where she pleased within the castle walls; but if ever seen beyond the domain, the keepers had orders to bring her back by force, if she would not return willingly. ❧ In fine, the careful knight took every precaution possible to render her presence as little baneful as could be, for, truth to say, he had no faith whatever in her tears and seeming repentance. ❧ First, he strictly forbade all his secretaries to interchange a word with her, or even look at her. They need not know his reason, but any one who transgressed his slightest command in this particular, should be chased away instantly from the castle. ❧ Secondly, he prayed his dear wife to let Sidonia eat her meals alone, in her own little room, & never to see her but in the presence of a third person. ❧ Also, never to accept the slightest gift from her hand, fruit, flower, or any kind of food whatsoever. These injunctions were the more necessary, as the young bride had already given hopes of a heir. Sidonia's rage and jealousy at this prospect of complete happiness for Clara may be divined from her words to her maid, Lene Penkun,

a short time after she reached the castle: "Ha! they are talking of the baptism already forsooth; but it might have been otherwise if I had come across her a little sooner!"

THIS same maid also she sent to Daber for the spirit Chim, which had been left behind at the last resting-place of the robbers, never telling her it was a spirit, however, only a tame cat, that was a great pet of hers. "It must be half-dead with hunger now, for it was four days since she had left it in the hollow of an old oak in the forest, the poor creature! So let the maid take a flask of sweet milk and a little saucer to feed it. She could not miss her way, for, when she stepped out of the high-road at Daber into the forest, there was a thorn-bush to her left hand, & just beyond it a large oak where the ravens had their nests; in a hollow of this oak, to the north side, lay her dear little cat. But she must not tell any one about the matter, or they would laugh at her for sending her maid two miles & more to look for a cat. Men had no compassion or tender-heartedness now-a-days to each other, much less to a poor dumb animal. No; just let her say that she went to fetch a robe which her mistress had left in the oak. Here was an old gown, take this with her, and it would do to wrap up the poor little pussy in after she had fed it and warmed it, so that no one might see it, for what a mock would all these pitiless men make of her, if they heard the object of her message; but she was not cruel like them."

NOW, after some time, it happened that the states of the Duchy assembled at Wollin, to come to some arrangement with his Highness respecting the opening of the courts of justice; and Marcus Bork, along with all the other nobles, was summoned to attend the Diet. So, with great grief he had to leave his dear wife, but promised, if possible, to return before she was taken with her illness. Then he bade her be of good courage, &, above all things, to guard herself against Sidonia, and mind strictly all his injunctions concerning her. Alas! she too soon flung them all to the winds! For, behold, scarcely had the good knight arrived at Wollin, when Clara was delivered of a little son, at which great joy filled the whole castle. And one messenger was dispatched to Marcus, and another to old Dewitz and his wife with the tidings; but woe, alas! the good old mother was going to stand sponsor for a nobleman's child in the neighbourhood, and could not hasten then to save her dear daughter from a terrible and cruel death. She cooked some broth, however,

for the young mother, & pouring it into a silver flask, bade the messenger ride back with all speed to Saatzig, that it might not be too cold. She herself would be over in the morning early with her husband, and let her dear little daughter keep herself warm and quiet.

MEANWHILE Sidonia had heard of the birth, and sent her maid to wish the young mother joy, and ask her permission just to give one little kiss to her new cousin, for they told her he was a beautiful infant. Alas, alas! that Clara's joy should make her forget the judicious cautions of her husband! Permission was given to the murderess, & down she comes directly to offer her congratulations; even affecting to weep for joy as she kissed the infant, and praying to be allowed to act as nurse until her mother came from Daber. "Why, she had no one about her but common serving-women! How could she leave her dearest friend to the care of these old hags, when she was in the castle, who owed everything to her dear Clara?" And so she went on till poor Clara, even if she did not quite believe her, felt ashamed to doubt so much apparent affection and tenderness. Summa: She permitted her to remain, & we shall soon see what murderous deeds Sidonia was planning against the poor young mother. But first I must relate what happened at the Diet of Wollin, to which Marcus Bork had been summoned.

HIS Highness Duke Johann had become somewhat more gracious to the states since they had come to the Diet at their own cost, which was out of the usage; and further, because, as old Ulrich prophesied, he himself had felt the inconveniences resulting from the present lawless state of the country. Still he was ill-tempered enough, particularly as he had a fever on him; & when the states promised at last that they would let him have the money, he said, "So far good; but, till he saw the gold, the courts should not be opened. Not that he misdoubted them, but then he knew that they were sometimes as tedious in handing out money as a peasant in paying his rent. The courts, therefore, should not be opened until he had the gold in his pot, so it would be to their own profit to use as much diligence as possible." At this same Diet his Grace related how he first met Clas, his fool, which story I shall set down here for the reader's pastime.

THIS same fool had been nothing but a poor goose-herd; and one day as he was on the road to Friedrichswald with his flock, my gracious Lord rode up, and growing impatient at the geese running hither and thither in his path, bade the boy collect them together, or he would strike them all dead. Upon which the knave took up goose after goose by the throat, and stuck them by their long necks into his girdle, till a circle of geese hung entirely round his body, all dangling by the head from his waist. This merry device pleased my Lord so much, that he made the lad court-jester from that day, and many a droll trick he had played from that to this, particularly when his Highness was gloomy, so as to make him laugh again. Once, for instance, when the Duke was sore pressed for money, by reason of the opposition of the states, he became very sad, and all the doctors were consulted, but could do nothing. For unless his Grace could be brought to laugh (they said to the Lady Erdmuth), it was all over with him. Then my gracious Lady had the fool whipped for a stupid jester, who could not drive his trade; for if he did not make the Duke laugh, why should he stay at all in the castle? What did my fool? He collected all the princely soldateska, and got leave from their Graces to review them; and surely never were seen such strange evolutions as he put them through, for they must do everything he bade them. And when his Highness came forth to look, he laughed so loud as never had fool made him laugh before; and calling the Duchess, bid him repeat his experimentum many times for her. In fine, the fool got the good town of Butterdorf for his fee, which changed its name in honour of him, and is called Hinzendorf to this day (for his name was Hinze). But Clas Hinze had not been able to cure my Lord Duke of his fever, which attacked him at the Diet at Wollin, nor all the doctors from Stettin, nor even Doctor Pomius, who had been sent from Wolgast by the old Duchess, to attend her dear son; and as the doctor (as I have said) was a formal, priggish little man, he and the fool were always bickering and snarling.

NOW one day at Wollin, the weather being beautiful, his Grace, with several of the chief prelates, & many of the nobility, went forth to walk by the river's side, and the fool ran along with them: item, Doctor Pomius, who, if he could not run, at least tried to walk majestically; and he munched a piece of sugar all the time, for he never could keep his mouth still a moment. See-

ing his Grace now about to cross the bridge, the doctor started forward with as much haste as was consistent with his dignity, and seizing his Highness by the tail of the coat, drew him back, declaring, "That he must not pass the water; all water would give strength to the fever-devil." But his Highness, who was talking Latin to the Deacon of Colberg, turned on the doctor with: "Apage te asine!" and strode forward, whilst one of the nobles gave a free translation aloud for the benefit of the others, saying, "And that means: begone, thou ass!" When the fool heard this he clapped the little man on the back, shouting, "Well done, ass! and there is thy fee for curing our gracious Prince of his fever" This so nettled the doctor that he spat out the lump of sugar for rage, and tried to seize the fool; but the crowd laughed still louder when Clas jumped on the back of an old woman, giving her the spur with his yellow boots in the side, and shaking his head with the cap and bells at the little doctor in mockery, who could not get near him for the crowd. So the woman screamed and roared, and the people laughed, till at last the Duke stopped in the middle of the bridge to see what was the matter. When the fool observed this he sprang off the old woman's back, and calling out to the doctor: "See how I cure our gracious Lord's fever," ran upon the bridge like wind, and, seizing the Duke with all his force, jumped with him into the water Now the people screamed from horror, as much as before from mirth, and thirty or forty burghers, along with Marcus Bork, plunged in to rescue his Highness, whilst others tried to seize the fool, threatening to tear him in pieces This was a joyful hearing to Doctor Pomius. He drew forth his knife: "Would they not finish the knave at once? Here was a knife just ready" But the fool, who was strong and supple, swung himself up to the bridge, and crouched in between the arches, catching hold of the beams, so that no one dared to touch him there, and his Highness was soon carried to land. He was in a flaming rage, as he shook off the water "Where is that accursed fool? He had only threatened to cut off his head at Daber, but now it should be done in earnest" So the fool shouted from under the bridge: "Ho! ho! the courts are all closed! the courts are all closed!" At which the crowd laughed so heartily, that my Lord Duke grew still more angry, and commanded them to bring the fool to him dead or alive Hearing this, the fool crept forward of himself, & whimpered in his Low Dutch: "My good Lord Duke, praise be to God that we've made the doctor fly. I'll give him a little piece of drink-money for his journey, and then I'll be your doctor myself. For if

the fright has not cured you, marry, let the deacon be your fool, and I will be your deacon as long as I live."

OWEVER, my gracious Lord was in no humour for fun, but bid them carry off the fool to prison, and lock him up there; for though, indeed, the fever had really quite gone, as his Highness perceived to his joy, yet he was resolved to give the fool a right good fright in return. Therefore, on the third day from that, he commanded him to be brought out and beheaded on the scaffold at Wollin. He wore a white shroud, bordered with black gauze, over his motley jacket, and a priest and melancholy music accompanied him all the way; but Master Hansen had directions that, when the fool was seated in the chair with his eyes bound, he should strike the said fool on the neck with a sausage in place of the sword. However, no one suspected this, and a great crowd followed the poor fool up to the scaffold; even Doctor Pomius was there, and kept close up to the condemned. As the fool passed the ducal house, there was my lord seated at a window looking out, and the fool looked up, saying: "My gracious master, is this a fool's jest you are playing me, or is it earnest?" To which the Duke answered: "You see it is earnest." Then answered the fool: "Well, if I must, I must; yet I crave one boon!" When the promise was granted, the knave, who could not give up his jesting even on the death-road, said: "Then make Doctor Pomius herewith to be fool in my place, for look how he is learning all my tricks from me; sticking himself close up to my side" Hereat a great shout of laughter pealed from the crowd, and the Duke motioned with the hand to proceed to the scaffold. Still the poor fool kept looking round every moment, thinking his Grace would send a message after them to stop the execution, but no one appeared. Then his teeth chattered, and he trembled like an aspen leaf; for Master Hansen seized hold of him now, and put him down upon the chair, & bound his eyes. Still he asked, with his eyes bound, "Master, is any one coming?" "No!" replied the executioner; and, throwing back his red cloak, drew forth a large sausage in place of a sword, to the great amusement of the people. With this he strikes my fool on the neck, who thereupon tumbles down from the stool, as stone dead from the mere fright as if his head and body had parted company, yea, more dead, for never a finger or a muscle did the poor fool move more. This sad ending moved his Grace even to tears; and he fell into a yet greater melancholy than before, crying: "Woe! alas! He

gave me my life through fright, & through fright I have taken away his poor life! Ah, never shall I meet with so good and merry a fool again!" Then he gave command to all the physicians to try and restore him, and he himself stood by while they bled him & felt his pulse, but all was in vain; even Doctor Pomius tried his skill, but nothing would help, so that my Lord cried out angrily: "Marry, the fool was right. The fools should be doctors, for the doctors are all fools. Away with ye all, and your gibberish, to the devil!"

AFTER this he had the said fool placed in a handsome black coffin, and conveyed to his own town of Hinzendorf, there to be buried; and over his grave my Lord erected a stately monument, on which was represented the poor fool, as large as life, with his cap and bells, and staff in his hand; and round his waist was a girdle, from which many geese dangled, all cut like life, while at his side lay his shepherd's bag, and at his feet a beer-can. The figure is five feet two inches long, & bears a Latin inscription above it, which I forget; but the initials, G. H. are carved upon each cheek. ∴

∴ His original name was Gurgen Hinze, not Clas. The Latin inscription is nearly effaced, but the beginning is still visible, and runs thus: "Caput ecce manus gestus que;" from which Oelrichs concludes that the whole was written in hexameters. (See his estimable work, "Memoirs of the Pomeranian Dukes," p. 41.)

SHORTLY after the death of the fool a messenger arrived from Saatzig to Marcus Bork, bringing him the joyful tidings that the Lord God had granted him the blessing of a little son. So he is away to my Lord Duke, to solicit permission to leave the Diet and return to his castle. This the Duke readily granted, seeing that he himself was going away to attend the funeral of the poor fool at Hinzendorf. Then he wished Marcus joy with all his heart, which so emboldened the knight that he ventured to make one more effort about the opening of the courts, praying his Grace to put faith in the word of his faithful states, and open the courts & the treasury without further delay. But his Grace is wroth: "What should he be troubled for? The states could give the money when they chose, and then all would be right. Let the nobles do their duty. He never saw a penny come out of their pockets for their Prince" "But his Highness knew the poor peasants were all beggared; & where could the nobles get the money?" "Let them go to their saving-pots, then, where the money was turning green from age; better for them if they had less avarice. Why did not he himself bring him some gold, in place of dressing up his wife in silks and jewels, finer than the Princess Erdmuth herself, his own princely spouse? Then, indeed, the courts might be soon opened," &c. So the sorrowing knight took his leave, and each went his different way.

CHAPTER XVI. HOW SIDONIA MAKES POOR CLARA APPEAR QUITE DEAD, & OF THE GREAT MOURNING AT SAATZIG OVER HER BURIAL, WHILE SIDONIA DANCES ON HER COFFIN AND SINGS THE CIX. PSALM. ITEM: OF THE SERMON AND THE ANATHEMA PRONOUNCED UPON A WICKED SINNER FROM THE ALTAR OF THE CHURCH.

I MUST first state that this horrible wickedness of Sidonia, which no eye had seen nor ear heard, neither had it entered into the heart of man to conceive (for only in hell could such have been imagined) never would have come to light but that she herself made confession thereof to Dr. Cramero, thy well-beloved god-father, in her last trial. And he, to show how far Satan can lead a poor human creature who has once fallen from God, related the same to my worthy father-in-law, Master David Reutzio, some time superintendent at the criminal court, from whose own lips I received the story.

AND this was her confession: That when the messenger returned from Daber with the broth, he had ridden so fast that it was still, in truth, quite hot, but she (the horrible Sidonia) who was standing at the bed of the young mother, along with the other women, pretended that it was too cold for a woman in her state, and must just get one little heating on the fire. The poor Clara, indeed, showed unwillingness to permit this, but she ran down with it, & secretly, without being seen by any of the other women, poured in a philtrum that had been given her by the gipsy-hag, and then went back again for a moment. This philtrum was the one which produced all the appearance of death. It had no taste, except, perhaps, that it was a little saltish. Therefore, Clara perceived nothing wrong, only when she tasted it, said, "My heart's dearest mother, in her joy, has put a little too much salt into her broth; still, what a heart's dearest mother sends, must always taste good." However, in one hour after that, Clara lay as stiff and cold as a corpse, only her breath came a little; but even this ceased in a short time, and then a

great cry and lamentation resounded through the whole castle. No one suspected Sidonia, for many said that young women died so often; but even the old mother, who arrived a few hours after, and hearing the cries from the castle while she was yet far off, began to weep likewise; for her mother's heart revealed the cause to her ere she had yet descended from the carriage.

BUT it was a sadder sight next evening, when the husband arrived at the castle from Wollin. He could not take his eyes from the corpse. One while he kissed the infant, then fixed his eyes again upon his dead wife, and sighed and groaned as if he lay upon the rack. He alone suspected Sidonia, but when she cried more than they all, & wrung her hands, exclaiming, "Who would have pity on her now, for her best friend lay there dead!" and flung herself upon the seeming corpse, kissing it and bedewing it with her tears, and praying to have leave to watch all night beside it, for how could she sleep in her sore grief and sorrow? the knight was ashamed of his suspicions, & even tried to comfort her himself. Then came the physicians out of Stargard and other places, who had been summoned in all haste, and they gabbled away, saying: "It could not have been the broth, but puerperal fever." This at least was Dr. Hamster's opinion, who knew all along it would be a bad case. Indeed the last time he was at the castle visiting the mower's wife, he was frightened at the look of the poor lady. Still, if they had only sent for him in time, this great evil could not have happened, for his pulvis antispasmodicus was never known to fail; and so he went on chattering, by which one can see that doctors have always been the same from that time even till now.

SUMMA: On the third day the poor Clara was laid in her coffin, & carried to her grave, with such weeping and lamentation of the mourners & bearers as never had been heard till then. And all the nobles of the vicinage, with the knights & gentlemen, came to attend her funeral at Saatzig Cathedral, she was to be buried in this new church just finished by his Grace Duke Johann, & but one corpse had been laid in the vaults before her. ∴ But what does the devil's sorceress do now? She knew that the poor Clara would awake the next day (which was Sunday) about noon, and if any should hear her cries, her plans would be detected. Therefore, about ten of the clock, she ran to Marcus, with her hair all

∴ The beautifully painted escutcheon of Duke Johann & his wife Erdmuth of Brandenburg, is still to be seen on the chancel windows of this stately building.

flowing down her shoulders, saying, that he must let her away that very day to Zachow, for what would the world say if she, a young unmarried thing, should remain here all alone with him in his castle? No; sooner would she swallow the bitter cup her father had left her than peril her name. But first, would he allow her to go and pray alone in the church? Surely he would not deny her this. Thereupon the simple knight gave her instant leave: "Let her go & pray, in God's name. He himself would soon be there to hear the Reverend Dr. Wudargensis preach the funeral sermon over his heart's dear wife. And after service he would desire a carriage to be in readiness to convey her to Zachow". Then he called to the warder from the window, bidding him let Sidonia pass. So she went forth in deep mourning garments, glided through the castle gardens, and concealing herself by the trees, slipped into the church without any one having perceived her; for the sexton had left the door open to admit fresh air, on account of the corpse. Then she stepped over to the little grated door near the altar, which led down into the vault, and softly lifting it, stepped down, drawing the door down again close over her head. Clara's coffin was lying beneath, and first she laid her ear on it and listened, but all was quite still within. Then removing the pall, she sat herself down upon the lid. Time passed, and still no sound. The sexton began to ring the bell, and the people were assembling in the church above. Soon the hymn commenced, "Now in peace the loved one sleepeth," and ere the first verse had ended, a knocking was heard in the coffin, then a cry: "Where am I? What brought me here? Let me out, for God's sake let me out! I am not dead. Where is my child? Where is my good Marcus? Ah! there is some one near me. Who is it? Let me out! let me out!" Then (oh! horror of horrors!) the devil's harlot on her coffin, answered: "It is I, Sidonia! this pays thee for acting the spy at Wolgast. Lie there, and writhe till thou art stifled in thy blood!" Now the voice came again from the coffin, praying and beseeching, so that many times it went through her stony heart like a sword.

AND just then the first verse of the hymn ended, and the voice of the priest was heard asking the lord governor whether they should go and sing the remainder over the vault of his dear spouse, for it was indeed sung in her honour, seeing she had been ever a mother to the orphan, and a holy, pious, and Christian wife; or, since the people all knew her worth, and mourned for her with bitter mourning, should they sing it here in the nave, that the whole congregation might join in chorus? ∴ To this the

∴ These interruptions were by no means unusual at that period.

governor, in a loud yet mournful voice, gave answer: "Alas, good friends, do what you will in this sad case; I am content." But Sidonia, this devil's witch, was in a horrible fright lest the priest would come up to the altar to sing the hymn, and so hear the knocking within the coffin. However the devil protects his own, for, at that instant, many voices called out: "Let the hymn be sung here, that we may all join to the honour of the blessed soul of the good lady." And mournfully the second verse was heard pealing through the church, from the lips of the whole congregation, so that poor Clara's groans were quite smothered. For, when the voice of her dear husband reached her ear, she had knocked and cried out with all her strength: "Marcus! Marcus! Alas, dear Lord, will you not come to me?" Then again: "Sidonia, by the Jesu cross, I pray thee have pity on me! Save me, save me, I am stifling. Oh, run for some one, if thou canst not lift the lid thyself!" But the devil made answer to the poor living corpse: "Dost thou take me for a silly fool like thyself, that I should now undo all I have done?" And as the voice went on from the coffin, but feebler and fainter: "Think on my husband; on my child, Sidonia!" She answered: "Didst thou think of that when, but for thee, I might have been a Duchess of Pomerania, and the proud mother of a prince, in place of being as I now am?"

THEN all became still within the coffin, and Sidonia sprang up on it & danced, chanting the 109th psalm; & as she came to the words: "Let none shew mercy to him; let none have pity on his orphans; let his posterity be cut off & his name be blotted out," there was a loud knocking again within the coffin, and a faint, stifled cry: "I am dying!" then followed a gurgling sound, & all became still. At that moment the congregation above raised the last verse of the hymn:

"In the grave, with bitter weeping,
Loving hands have laid her down;
There she resteth, calmly sleeping,
Till an angel lifts the stone."

∴ Superstition has found many sinful usages for this psalm. The Jews, for example, took a new vessel, poured a mixture of mustard & water therein, and after repeating this psalm over it for three consecutive days, poured it out before the door of their enemy, as a certain means to ensure his destruction. In the middle ages monks & nuns were frequently obliged to repeat it in superstitious ceremonies, at the command of some powerful revengeful man. And that its efficacy was considered as something miraculously powerful, even by the evangelical church, is proved by this example of Sidonia, who made frequent use of this terrible psalm in her sorceries, as any one may see by referring to the records of the trial in Dahnert. And other interesting examples are found in the treatise of Joh. Andreas Schmidii, Abusus Psalmi 109 imprecatorii; vulgo, The Death Prayer. Helmstadt, 1708.

BUT the sermon which now followed she remembered her life long. It was on the tears, the soft tears of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And, as her spirit became oppressed by the silence in the vault, now that all was still within the coffin, she lifted the lid after the exordium, to see if Clara were indeed quite dead It was an easy matter to remove the cover, for the screws were not fastened; but, oh, God! what has she beheld? A sight that will never more leave her brain! The poor corpse lay all torn and disfigured from the writhings in the coffin, and a blood-vessel must have burst at last to relieve her from her agony, for the blood lay yet warm on the hands as she lifted the cover. But more horrible than all were the fixed glassy eyes of the corpse, staring immovably upon her, from which clear tears were yet flowing, and blending with the blood upon the cheek; and, as if the priest above had known what was passing beneath, he exclaimed: "Oh, let us moisten our couch with tears; let tears be our meat, day & night. They are noble tears that do not fall to earth, but ascend up to God's throne. Yea, the Lord gathers them in his vials, like costly wine. They are noble tears, for if they fill the eyes of God's chosen in this life, yet, in that other world, the Lord Jesus will wipe away tears from off all faces, as the dew is dried by the morning sun. Oh, wondrous beauty of those eyes which are dried by the Lord Jesus! Oh, blessed eyes! Oh, sun-clear eyes. Oh! joyful and ever-smiling eyes!" She heard no more, but felt the eyes of the corpse were upon her, and fell down like one dead beside the coffin; and Clara's eyes and the sermon never left her brain from that day, and often have they risen before her in dreams.

BUT the Holy Spirit had yet a greater torment in store for her, if that were possible. For, after the sermon, a consistorium was held in the church upon a grievous sinner named Trina Wolken, who, it appeared, had many times done penance for her unchaste life, but had in no wise amended. And she heard the priest asking: "Who accuseth this woman?" To which, after a short silence, a deep small voice responded: "I accuse her; for I detected her in sin, and though I besought her with Christian words to turn from her evil ways, and that I would save her from public shame if she would so turn, yet she gave herself up wholly to the devil, and out of revenge bewitched my best sheep, so that it died the very day after it had brought forth a lamb. Alas! what will

become of the poor lamb! And it was such a beautiful little lamb!" ❧ When Marcus Bork heard this he began to sob aloud; and each word seemed to run like a sharp dagger through Sidonia's heart, so that she bitterly repented her evil deeds. And all the congregation broke out into loud weeping, and even the priest continued, in a broken voice, to ask the sinner what she had to say to this terrible accusation. ❧ Upon which a woman's voice was heard swearing that all was a malignant lie, for her accuser was a shameless liar and open sinner, who wished to ruin her because she had refused his son. ❧ Then the priest commanded the witnesses to be called, not only to prove the unchastity but also the witchcraft. And after this, she was asked if she could make good the loss of the sheep? No; she had no money. And the people testified also that the harlot had nothing but her shame. ❧ Thereupon the priest rose up, and said: "That she had long been notorious in the Christian communion for her wicked life, and that all her penance and repentance having proved but falsehood and deceit, he was commissioned by the honourable consistorium, to pronounce upon her the solemn curse and sentence of excommunication. For she had this day been convicted of strange and terrible crimes, on the testimony of competent witnesses. Therefore he called upon the whole Christian congregation to stand up and listen to the words of the anathema, by which he gave over Trina Wolken to the devil, in the name of the Almighty God". ❧ And as he spoke the curse, it fell word by word upon the head of Sidonia, as if he were indeed pronouncing it over herself:

DEAR Christian friends: Because Trina Wolken hath broken her baptismal vows, and given herself over to the devil, to work all uncleanness with greediness; & though divers times admonished to repentance by the church, yet hath stiffened her neck in corruption, and hardened her heart in unrighteousness, therefore we herewith place the said Trina Wolken under the bann of the excommunication. Henceforth she is a thing accursed, cast off from the communion of the church, and participation in the holy sacraments. Henceforth she is given up to Satan for this life & the next, unless the blessed Saviour reach forth his hand to her as he did to the sinking Peter, for all things are possible with God. And this we do by the power of the keys granted by Christ to his church, to bind and loose on earth as in heaven, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen". ❧ And now Sidonia heard distinctly the screams of the wretched sinner, as she was

hunted out of the church, and all the congregation followed soon after, and then all was still above.

NOW indeed, terror took such hold of her that she trembled like an aspen leaf, and the lid fell many times from her hand with great clatter on the ground, as she tried to replace it on the coffin. For she had closed her eyes, for fear of meeting the ghastly stare of the corpse again. At last she got it up, & the corpse was covered; but she would not stay to replace the screws, only hastened out of the vault, closing the little grated door after her, reached the church door, which had no lock, but only a latch, and plunged into the castle gardens to hide herself amongst the trees. Here she remained crouched for some hours, trying to recover her self-possession; and when she found that she could weep as well as ever when it pleased her, she set off for the castle, and met her cousin Marcus with loud weeping and lamentations, entreating him to let her go that instant to Zachow. Eat and drink could she not from grief, though she had eaten nothing the whole morning. So the mournful knight, who had himself risen from the table without eating, to hasten to his little motherless lamb, asked her where she had passed the morning, for he had not seen her in the church. To which she answered, that she had sunk down almost dead on the altar-steps; and, as he seemed to doubt her, she repeated part of the sermon, and spoke of the curse pronounced upon the girl, and told how she had remained behind in the church, to weep & pray alone. Upon which he exclaimed joyfully: "Now, I thank God, that my blessed spouse counselled me to take thee home with us. Ah! I see that thou hast indeed repented of thy sins. Go thy ways, then; and, with God's help, thou shalt never want a true and faithful friend while I live" He bid her also take all his blessed wife's wardrobe with her, amongst which was a brocaded damask with citron flowers, which she had only got a year before; item, her shoes and kerchiefs: summa, all that she had worn, he wished never to see them again. And so she went away in haste from the castle, after having given a farewell kiss to the little motherless lamb. For though the evil spirit Chim, which she carried under her mantle, whispered to her to give the little bastard a squeeze that would make him follow his mother, or to let him do so, she would not consent, but pinched him for his advice till he squalled, though Marcus certainly could not have heard him, for he was attending Sidonia to the coach; but then the good knight was so absorbed in grief that he had neither ears nor eyes for anything.

CHAPTER XVII. HOW SIDONIA IS CHASED BY THE WOLVES TO REHEWINKEL, AND FINDS JOHANN APPELMANN AGAIN IN THE INN, WITH WHOM SHE GOES AWAY A SECOND TIME BY NIGHT.

WHEN Sidonia left Saatzig, the day was far advanced, so that the good knight recommended her to stop at Daber that night with his blessed wife's mourning parents, and, for this purpose, sent a letter by her to them. Also he gave a fine one-year old foal in charge to the coachman, who tied it to the side of the carriage; & Marcus bid him deliver it up safely to the pastor of Rehewinkel, his good friend, for he had only been keeping the young thing at grass for him, and the pastor now wished it back; they must, therefore, go by Rehewinkel. So they drove away, but many strange things happened by reason of this same foal; for it was so restive and impatient at being tied, that many times they had to stop and quiet it, lest the poor beast might get hurt by the wheel. This so delayed their journey, that evening came on before they were out of the forest; and as the sun went down, the wolves began to appear in every direction. Finally, a pack of ten or twelve pursued the carriage; and though the coachman whipped his horses with might and main, still the wolves gained on them, and stared up in their faces, licking their jaws with their red tongues. Some even were daring enough to spring up behind the carriage, but finding nothing but trunks, had to tumble down again. This so terrified Sidonia that she screamed and shrieked, and, drawing forth a knife, cut the cords that bound the foal, which instantly galloped away, and the wolves after it. How the carl drove now, thinking to get help in time to save the poor foal! but not so. The poor beast, in its terror, galloped into the town of Rehewinkel; and as the paddock is closed, it springs into the churchyard, the wolves after it, and runs into the belfry-tower, the door of which is lying open, the wolves rush in too, and there they tear the poor animal to pieces, before the pastor could collect peasants enough to try and save it.

MEANWHILE, Sidonia has reached the town likewise; and as there is a great uproar, some of the peasants crowding into the churchyard, others setting off full chase after the wolves, which had taken the road to Freienwald, Sidonia did not choose to move on (for she must have travelled that very road), but desired the coachman to drive up to the inn; and as she entered, lo! there sat my knave, with two companions, at a table drinking. Up he jumps, and seizes Sidonia to kiss her, but she pushed him away. "Let him not attempt to come near her. She had done with such low fellows." So the knave feigned great sorrow: "Alas! had she quite forgotten him, and he treasured her memory so in his heart! Where had she come from? He saw a great many trunks and bags on the carriage. What had she in them?"

Illa: "Ah! he would, no doubt, like to get hold of them; but she would take care and inform the people what sort of robber carls they had now in the house. She came from Saatzig and was going to Daber; for as old Dewitz had lost his daughter, he intended to adopt her in the place of one. Therefore let him not attempt to approach her, for she was now, more than ever, a castle- and land-dowered maiden, and from such a low burgher carl as he was, would cross and bless herself." But my knave knew her well; so he answered: "Woe is me, Sidonia! do not grieve me by such words; for know that I have given up my old free courses of which you talk; and my father is so pleased with my present mode of life, that he has promised to give me my heritage, and even this very night I am to receive it at Bruchhausen, and am on my way there, as you see. Truly I meant to purchase some land in Poland with the money, and then search throughout all places for you, that we might be wedded like pious Christians. Alas! I thought to have sold your poor cabins at Zachow, and brought you home to my castle in Poland; but for all my love you only give me this proud answer!"

NOW Sidonia scarcely believed the knave; so she called one of his comrades aside, and asked him was it true, and where they came from. Upon which he confirmed all that Johann had said: "The devil had dispersed the whole band, so that only two were left with the captain, himself and Konnemann; & they came from Norenburg, where the master had been striking a bargain with Elias von Wedel, for a town in Poland. The town was called Lembrowo, and there was a stately castle there, as grand al-

most as the castle of old Dewitz at Daber. They were going this very night to Bruchhausen, to get gold from the old stiff-neck of Stargard, that so the bargain might be concluded next day. This was a pleasant hearing for Sidonia. She became more friendly, and said, "He could not blame her for doubting him, as he had deceived her so often; still it was wonderful how her heart clung to him through all. Where had he been so long? and what had happened since they parted?" Hereupon he answered: "That he could not speak while the people were all going to and fro in the inn; but if she came out with him (as the night was fine), they could walk down to the river-side, and he would tell her all." Summa: She went with him, and they sat down upon the green grass to discourse, never knowing that the pastor of Rehewinkel was hid behind the next tree: for he had gone forth to lament over the loss of his poor foal, and sat there weeping bitterly. He had got it home to sell, that he might buy a warm coat for the winter, which now he cannot do; therefore the old man had gone forth mournfully into the clear night, thrown himself down, and wept. By this chance he heard the whole story from my knave, and related it afterwards to the old burgomaster in Stargard. It was as follows: Some time after his flight from Daber, a friend from Stettin told him that Dinnies von Kleist (the same who had spoiled their work in the Uckermund forest) had got a great sum of gold in his knapsack, and was off to his castle at Dame, ∴ while the rest were feasting at Daber. This sum he had won by a wager from the Princes of Saxony, Brandenburg, and Mecklenburg. For he had bet, at table, that he would carry five casks of Italian wine at once, and without help, up from the cellar to the dining-hall, in the castle of old Stettin. Duke Johann refused the bet, knowing his man well, but the others took it up; upon which, after grace, the whole noble company stood up and accompanied him to the cellar. Here Dinnies took up a cask under each arm, another in each hand by the plugs, and a fifth between his teeth by the plug also; thus laden, he carried the five casks up every step from the cellar to the dining-hall. So the money was paid to him, as the lacqueys witnessed, and having put the same in his knapsack, he set off for his castle at Dame, to give it to his father. And the knave went on: "After I heard this news from my good friend, I resolved to set off for Dame and revenge myself on this strong ox, burn his castle, and take his gold. The band agreed; but woe, alas! there was one traitor amongst them. The fellow was called Kaff, and I might well have suspected him; for latterly I observed that when we were

∴ A town near Polzin, in Lower Pomerania, and an ancient feudal hold of the Kleists.

about any business, particularly church robbing, he tried to be off, and asked to be left to keep the watch. Divers nights, too, as I passed him, there was the carl praying; so I ought to have dismissed the coward knave at once, or he would have had half the band praying likewise before long. In short, this arrant villain slips off at night from his post, just as we had all set ourselves down before the castle, waiting for the darkest hour of midnight to attack the foxes in their den, and betrays the whole business to Kleist himself, telling him the strength of the band, and how and when we were to attack him, with all other particulars. Whereupon a great lamentation was heard in the castle, and old Kleist, a little white-headed man, wrung his hands, and seemed ready to go mad with fear; for half the retainers were at the annual fair, others far away at the coal-mines, and, finally, they could scarcely muster in all ten fighting men. Besides this, the castle fosse was filled with rubbish, though the old man had been bidding his sons, for the last year, to get it cleared, but they never minded him, the idle knaves. All this troubled stout Dinnies mightily, and as he walked up and down the hall, his eyes often rested on a painting which represented the devil cutting off the head of a gambler, and flying with it out of the window. Again and again he looked at the picture, then called out for a hound, stuck him under his arm, and cut off his head, as if it had been only a dove; then he called for a calf from the stall, put it under his arm likewise, and cut off the head. Then he asked for the mask which represented the devil, and which he had got from Stettin to frighten his dissolute brothers, when they caroused too late over their cups. The young Johann, indeed, had sometimes dropped the wine-flask by reason of it, but Detloff still ran after the young maidens as much as ever, though even he had got such a fright that there was hope for his poor soul yet. So the mask was brought, and all the proper disguise to play the devil, namely, a yellow jerkin slashed with black, a red mantle, and a large wooden horse's foot. When Dinnies beheld all this, and the man who played the devil instructed him how to put them on, he rejoiced greatly, and declared that now he alone could save the castle. I knew nothing of all this at the time," said Johann, "nor of the treason, neither did the band. We were all seated under a shed in the wood, that had been built for the young deer in the winter time, and had stuck a lantern against the wall while we gamed and drank, and our provider poured us out large mugs of the best beer, when, just at midnight, we heard a report like a clap of thunder outside, so that the earth shook under us (it was no

thunder-clap, however, but an explosion of powder, which the traitor had laid down all round the shed, for we found the trace of it next day) And as we all sprang up, in strode the devil himself bodily, with his horse's foot and cock's feathers, and a long calf's tail, making the most horrible grimaces, and shaking his long hair at us. Fire came out of his mouth and nostrils, and roaring like a wild boar, he seized the little dwarf (whom you may remember, Sidonia), tucked him under his arm like a cock, and just as he was uttering a curse over his good game being interrupted, and cut his head clean off; then, throwing the head at me, growled forth:

'Every day one,
Only Sundays none;'

and disappeared through the door like a flash of lightning, carrying the headless trunk along with him When my comrades heard that the devil was to carry off one of them every day but Sunday, they all set up a screaming, like so many rooks when a shot is fired in amongst them, & rushed out in the night, seizing hold of horses or wagons, or whatever they could lay their hands on, and rode away east and west, and west and east, or north and south, as it may be. Summa: When I came to my senses (for I had sunk down insensible from horror, when the head of the dwarf was thrown at me) I found that the said head had bit me by the arm, so that I had to drag it away by force; then I looked about me, and every knave had fled, even my wagon had been carried off, and not a soul was left in the place of all these fine fellows, who had sworn to be true to me till death.

THIS base desertion nearly broke my heart, and I resolved to change my course of life & go to some pious priest for confession, telling him how the devil had first tempted me to sin, and then punished me in this terrible manner (as indeed, I well deserved) So next morning I took my way to the town, after observing, to my great annoyance, that the castle could have been as easily taken as a bird's nest; & seeing a beer-glass painted on a sign-board, I guessed that here was the inn. Truth to say, my heart wanted strengthening sorely, and I entered. There was a pretty wench washing crabs in the kitchen, and as I made up to her, after my manner, to have a little pastime, she drew back and said, laughing, "May the devil take you, as he took the others last night in the barn!' upon which she laughed again so loud & long, that I thought she would have fallen down, and could not utter a word more for

laughing. This seemed a strange thing to me, for I had never heard a Christian man, much less a woman, laugh when the talk was of the bodily Satan himself. So I asked what there was so pleasant in the thought? whereupon she related what the young knight Dinnies Kleist had done to save his castle from the robbers. I would not believe her, but while I sat myself down on a bench to drink, the host comes in and confirmed her story. Summa: I let the conversion lie over for a time yet, and set about looking for my comrades, but not finding one, I fell into despair, and resolved to get into Poland, and take service in the army there, especially as all my money had vanished."

HERE the old parson said that Sidonia cried out, "How now, Sir Knave, you are going to buy castle and lands forsooth, and have no money? Truly the base villain is deceiving me yet again". But my knave answered, "Alas! woe that thou shouldest think so hardly of me! Have I not told thee that my father is going to give me my heritage? So listen further what I tell thee: In Poland I met with Konnemann and Stephen Pruski, who had one of my wagons with them, in which all my gold was hid, and when I threatened to complain to the authorities, the cowards let me have my own property again on condition that I would take them into my service, when I went to live at my own castle. This I promised; therefore they are here with me, as you see. And Konnemann went lately to my father at my request, and brought me back the joyful intelligence that he would assign me over my portion of his goods and property."

SO far the Pastor Rehewinkelensis heard. What follows concerning the wicked knave was related by his own sorrowing father to my worthy father-in-law, along with other pious priests, and from him I had the story when I visited him at Marienfliess. For what was my knave's next act? When he returned to the town, and heard from his comrades that the coachman of Saatzig was snoring away there in the stable with open mouth, he stuffed in some hay to prevent him screaming, and tied him hands and feet, then drew his horses out of the stall, yoked them to the carriage, and drove it himself a little piece out of the town down into the hollow, then went back for Sidonia, telling her that her stupid coachman had made some mistake and driven off without her, but he had put all her baggage on his own carriage, which was now quite ready, if she would walk with him a little way just outside the town.

Hereupon she paid the reckoning, mine host troubling himself little about the affair of the wagon, & they set off on foot. When they reached the carriage, Sidonia asked if all her baggage were really there, for she could not see in the darkness. And when she felt, and reckoned all her bundles and trunks, and found all right, my knave said: "Now, she saw herself that he meant truly by her. Here was even a nice place made in the straw sack for her, where he had sat down first himself, that she might have an easy seat. Item, she now saw his own carriage which he had fished up in Poland and kept till now, that he might travel in it to Bruchhausen to receive his heritage, and he was going there this very night." She saw that he had lied in nothing. Whereupon Sidonia got into the carriage with him, never discovering his knavery on account of the darkness, and about midnight they reached the inn at Bruchhausen.

CHAPTER XVIII. HOW A NEW LEAF IS TURNED OVER AT BRUCHHAUSEN IN A VERY FEARFUL MANNER. OLD APPELMANN TAKES HIS WORTHLESS SON PRISONER & ADMONISHES HIM TO REPENTANCE. OF JOHANN'S WONDERFUL CONVERSION, & EXECUTION NEXT MORNING IN THE CHURCH-YARD, SIDONIA BEING PRESENT THEREBY.

MY knave halted a little way before they reached the inn, for he had his suspicions that all was not quite right, and sent on the forenamed Pruski to ascertain whether the money was really come for him. For there was a bright light in the tap-room, and the sound of many voices, which was strange, seeing that it was late enough for every one to be in bed. Pruski was back again soon; yes, it was all right. There were men in there from Stargard, who said they had brought gold for the young burgomaster. Marry! how my knave jumped down from the carriage, and brought Sidonia along with him, bidding Pruski to stay and watch the things. But, behold, as my knave entered, six men seized him, bound him firmly, and bid him sit down quietly on a bench by the table, till his father arrived. So he cursed & swore, but this was no help to him, and when Sidonia saw that she had been deceived again, she tried to slip out and get to the carriage, but the men stopped her, saying unless she wished a pair of handcuffs

on, she had better sit down quietly on another bench opposite Johann. And she asked in vain what all this meant. Item, my knave asked in vain, but no one answered them.

HEY had not long been waiting, when a carriage stopped before the door, more voices were heard, and alas! who should enter but the old burgomaster himself, with Mag. Vito, Diaconus of St. Johns? And after them came the executioner, with six assistants bearing a black coffin. My knave now turned as white as a corpse, and trembled like an aspen leaf; no word could he utter, but fell with his back against the wall. Then a dead silence reigned throughout the chamber, and Sidonia looked as white as her paramour. When the assistants had placed the coffin on the ground, the old father advanced to the table, & spake thus: "Oh, thou fallen and godless child! thou thrice lost son! how often have I sought to turn thee from evil, and trusted in thy promises? but in place of better, thou hast grown worse, and wickedness has increased in thee day by day, as poison in the young viper. On thy infamous hands lie so many robberies, murders, and seductions, that they cannot be reckoned. I speak not of past years, for then truly the night would not be long enough to count them; I speak only of thy last deeds in Poland, as old Elias von Wedel related them to me yesterday in Stargard. Deny, if thou darest, here in the face of thy death and thy coffin, how thou didst join thyself to the Lansquenets in Poland, and then along with two vile fellows got entrance into Lembrowo, telling the old castellan, Elias von Wedel, that thou wast a labourer, upon which he took thee into his service. But at night, thou (oh, wicked son!) didst rise up and beat the old Elias almost unto death, demanding all his money, which, when he refused, thou and thy robber villains seized his cattle and his horses, and drove them away with thee. Item, canst thou deny that on meeting the same old Elias at Norenberg by the hunt in the forest, thou didst mock him, and ask would he sell his castle of Lembrowo in Poland, for thou wouldst buy it of him, seeing thy father had promised thee plenty of gold? Item, canst thou deny having written me a threatening letter, declaring that if by this very night a hundred dollars were not sent to thee here at Bruchhausen, a red beacon should rise up from my sheepfolds and barns, which meant nothing else than that thou wouldst burn the whole good town of Stargard, for thou knowest well that all the sheepfolds and barns of the burghers adjoin one to the other? Canst thou deny this, oh, thou lost son? if so, deny it now."

HERE Johann began again with his old knavery. He wept, and threw himself on the ground, crawling under the table to get to his father's feet, then howled forth, that he repented of his sins, and would lead a better life truly for the future, if his hard stern father would only forgive him now. But Sidonia screamed aloud, and as the burgomaster in his sorrow had not observed her before, he turned his eyes now on her, and exclaimed: "Woe, alas! thou godless son, hast thou this noble maiden with thee yet? I thought she was at Saatzig, or perchance thou hast made her thy wife?"

Ille: "Alas, no; but he would marry her soon, to make amends for the wrong he had done her."

Hic: "This thou hast ten times promised, but in vain, and thy sins have increased a hundredfold; because, like all profligates, thou hast shunned the holy estate of matrimony, and preferred to wallow in the mire of unchastity, with any one who fell in the way of thy adulterous and licentious eyes."

Ille: "Alas! his heart's dearest father was right, but he would amend his evil life; and, in proof of it, let the reverend deacon, M. Vitus, here present, wed him now instantly to Sidonia."

Hic: "It is too late. I counsel thee rather to wed thy poor soul to the holy Saviour, like the repentant thief on the cross. See here is a priest, and there is a coffin.

HERE the executioner broke in upon the old, deeply-afflicted father, telling him the coffin was too short, as, indeed, his worship had told him, but he would not believe the young man was so tall. Where could he put the head? It must be stuck between his feet, or under his arm, cried out another. So some proposed one thing and some another, till a great uproar arose. Upon which the old mourning father cried out: "Do you want to break my heart? Is there not time enough to talk of this after?" Then he turned again to his profligate son, and asked him: "Would he not repent, and take the holy body and blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as a passport with him on this long journey? If so, let him go into the little room and pray with the priest, & repent of his sins; there was yet time."

Ille: "Alas, he had repented already. What had he ever done so wicked, that his own bodily father should thirst after his blood? The courts were all closed, and law or justice could no man have in

all Pomerania. What wonder then if club-law and the right of the strongest should obtain in all places, as in the olden time?"

Hic: "That law and justice had ceased in the land was, alas! but too true. However, he was not to answer for this, but his princely Grace of Stettin. And because they had ceased in the land, was he, as an upright magistrate, called upon to do his duty yet more sternly, even though the criminal were his own born son. For the Lord, the just Judge, the Almighty and jealous God, called to him daily, from his holy word, 'Ye shall not respect persons in judgment, nor be afraid of the face of man, for the judgment is God's.' Woe to the land's prince who had not considered this, but compelled him, the miserable judge, to steep his father's hands in the blood of his own son. But righteous Abraham conquered through faith, because he was obedient unto God, and bound his own innocent son upon the altar, and drew forth his knife to slay him. Therefore he too would conquer through faith if he bound his guilty son, and drew out the sword against him, obedient to the words of the Lord. Therefore, let him prepare himself for death, and follow the priest into the adjoining little chamber". When Johann found that his father could in no wise be softened, he began horribly to curse him and the hour of his birth, so that the hair of all who heard him stood on end. And he called the devil to help him, and adjured him to come and carry away this fierce and unnatural father, who was more blood-thirsty than the wild beasts of the forest, for who had ever heard that they murdered their own blood?

COME, devil," he screamed; "come, devil, and tear this bloodthirsty monster of a father to pieces before my eyes, so will I give myself to thee, body and soul! Hearest thou, Satan! Come and destroy my father, and all who have here come out to murder me, only leave me a little while longer in this life to do thy service, and then I am thine for eternity!". Now all eyes were turned in fear and horror to the door, but no Satan entered, for the just God would not permit it, else, methinks, he would have run to catch such a morsel for his supper. However, the old man trembled, and seemed dwindling away into nothing before the eyes of the by-standers, as his son uttered the curse. But he soon recovered, & laying his quivering hands upon the head of the imprecator, broke forth into loud weeping, while he prayed thus: "Oh, thou just and Almighty God, who bringest the devices of the wicked to nought, close thine ears against this horrible curse of my false son; remember thine own

word, 'Into an evil soul wisdom cannot enter, nor dwell in a body subject unto sin.' Thou alone canst make the sinful soul wise & the body of sin a temple of the Holy Ghost. Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, hast thou no drop of living water, no crumb of strengthening manna for this sinful and foolish soul? Hast thou no glance of thy holy eyes for this denying Peter, that he may go forth and weep bitterly? Hast thou no word to strike the heart of this dying thief, of this lost son, who, here bound for death, has cursed his own father, & given himself up, body and soul, to the enemy of mankind? Oh, blessed spirit, who comest and goest as the wind, enter the heavenly temple, which is yet the work of thy hands, and make it, by thy presence, a temple of the Most High! Oh, Lord God, dwell there but one moment, that so in his death-anguish he may feel the sweetness of thy presence, & the heaven-high comfort of thy promise! Oh, thou Holy Trinity, who hast kept my steps from falling, through so much care and trouble, through so much shame and disgrace, through so much watching and tears, and even now through these terrible curses of my son, come and say Amen to this my last blessing, which I, poor father, give him for his curse. Yes, Johann, the Lord bless thee and keep thee in the death hour. The Lord shed his grace on thee, and give thee peace in thy last agonies! Yes, Johann; the Lord bless thee and keep thee, and give thee peace upon earth, and peace above the earth! Amen, amen, amen!"

HEN the trembling old man had so prayed, many wept aloud, and his son trembled likewise, and followed the priest, silently & humbly, into the neighbouring chamber. Then the old man turned to Sidonia, & asked, why she had left her worthy cousin Marcus of Saatzig? Upon which she told him, weeping, how his son had deceived her, in order to get her once more into his power, in order that he might rob her, & all she wanted now was, to be let go her way in peace to her farm-houses in Zachow. But this the old man refused. "No; this must not be yet. She was as evil-minded as his own son, and needed an example to warn her from sin. Not a step should she move till his head was off". And, for this purpose, he bid two burghers seize hold of her by the hands, and carry her to the scaffold when the execution was going to take place. The grave must be nearly ready now, which he bade them dig in a corner of the church-yard close by, and he had ordered a car-load of sand likewise, to be laid down there, for the execution should take place in the church-yard.

MEANWHILE the poor criminal has come out of the inner chamber with M. Vitus, and going up to the bench, where the poor father had sunk down exhausted by emotion, he flings himself at his feet, exclaiming, with the prodigal son in the parable: "Father, I have sinned before heaven & in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" Then he kissed his feet, and bedewed them with his tears. Now the father thought this was all pretence as formerly, so he gave no answer. Upon which the poor sinner rose up, and reached his hand to each one in the chamber, praying their forgiveness for all the evil he had done, but which he was now going to expiate in his blood. Item: he advanced to Sidonia, sighing: "Would not she too forgive him, for the love of God? Woe, alas! She had more to forgive than any one; but would not she give him her pardon, for some comfort on this last journey; and so would he bear her remembrance before the throne of God?" But Sidonia pushed away his hand. "He should be ashamed of such old-womanish weakness. Did he not see that his father was only trying to frighten him? For were he in earnest, then were he more cruel even than her own unnatural father, who, though he had only left her two cabins in Zachow, out of all his great riches, yet had left her, at least, her poor life" Hereupon the poor sinner made answer: "Not so; I know my father; he is not cruel, what he does is right; therefore I willingly die, trusting in my blessed Saviour, whose body will sanctify my body in the grave. For, had I committed no other sin, yet the curse I uttered just now is alone sufficient to make me worthy of death, as it is written: 'He that curseth father or mother shall surely be put to death.'" When the old man heard such like words, he resolved to put his son's sincerity to the test, for truly it seemed to him impossible that the Almighty God should so suddenly make the crooked straight, and the dead to live, and a child of heaven out of a child of hell. So he spake: "Thy repentance seemeth good unto me, my son, what sayest thou? will it last, think you, if I now bestow thy life on thee?" Hereat Sidonia laughed aloud, exclaiming: "Said I not right? It was all a jest of thy dear father's" But the poor sinner would not turn again to his wallowing in the mire. He sat down upon a bench, covering his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud. At last he answered: "Alas, father, life is sweet and death is bitter; but since the Holy Spirit hath entered into me, with the body of our Lord, I say, death is sweet and life is bitter. No; off with my head! 'I find a law in my members warring against the

law of my spirit, and making me a prisoner under the law of sin;' for if I see my neighbour rich and I am poor, then the demon of covetousness rises in me, and my fingers itch to seize my share. Or, if the foaming flask is before me, how can I resist to drain it, for the spirit of gluttony is within me? Or, if I see a maiden, the blood throbs in my veins, and the demon of lust has taken possession of me. 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?' You will, dearest father. You will release me from this life, as you once gave it to me, for it is now a life in death. Ah! shew mercy! Come quickly, and release me from the body of this death!"

HEN he ceased, the old man sprung up like a youth, and pressing his lost son to his heart, sobbed forth like him of the gospel: "Oh, friends, see! 'This, my son, was dead, but is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' Yea, yea, see all that nothing is impossible with God. Oh, thou Holy Trinity, Father, Son, & Holy Spirit, now I have nothing more to ask, but that I too may soon be released from the body of this death, & go forth to meet my new-found son amidst the bright circle of the Holy Angels" Then the son answered: "Let me go now, father. See, the morning dawn shines already through the window, so hath the loving mercy of my God come to me, who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. Farewell, father; let me go now. Away with this head in the clear early morning light, so that my feet be fixed for evermore upon the path to peace" And so speaking, he seized M. Vitus by the hand, who was sobbing loudly, as well as most of the burghers, and the executioner with his assistants bearing the coffin were going to follow, when the old man, who had sunk down upon a bench, called back his son, though he had already gone out at the door, and prayed the executioner to let him stay one little while longer. For he remembered that his son had a welt upon his neck, & he must see whether it would interfere with the sword. Woe, woe! if he should have to strike twice or thrice before the head fell! So the executioner removed the neck-cloth from the poor sinner (who, by the great mercy of God, was stronger than any of them), and having felt the welt, said: "No; the welt was close up to the head, but he would take the neck in the middle, as indeed was his usual custom. His Worship may make his mind quite easy; he would stake his life on it, that the head would fall with the first blow. This was his one hundred and fiftieth, and he never yet had failed" Then the unhappy criminal tied his cravat on again, took M. Vitus by the hand, and

said: "Farewell, my father; once more forgive me for all that I have done!" After which he went out quickly, without waiting to hear a word more from his father, and the executioner followed him.

MEANWHILE, the afflicted father was sore troubled in mind. Three times he repeated the text: "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment, nor be afraid of the face of man, for the judgment is God's." Then he called upon God to forgive the prince, who, by taking away law & justice from the land, had obliged him to be the judge and condemner of his son. How the Lord dealt with the prince we shall hear further on. One while he sent mine host to look over the edge, & tell him if the head were off yet. Then he would begin to pray that he might soon follow this poor son, who had never given him one moment of joy but through his death, and pass quickly after him through the vale of tears. The son, however, is steadfast unto the end. For when they reached the churchyard, he stood still a while gazing on the heap of sand. Then he desired to be led to the spot where his grave was dug; and near this same grave there being a tombstone, on which was figured a man kneeling before a crucifix, he asked: "Who was to share his grave-bed here?" Whereupon M. Vitus replied: "He was a rector scholæ out of Stargard, a very learned man, who had retired from active life, and settled down here at Bruchhausen, where he died not long since". Whereat the poor sinner stood still a while, and then repeated this beautiful distich, no doubt by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, to warn all learned sinners against that demon of pride and vain-glory, which too often takes possession of them.

"Quid juvat innumeros scire atque evolvere casus
Si facienda fugis et fugienda facis?" ∴

Then he looked calmly at his grave, & only prayed the executioner not to put his head between his feet; after which he returned to the sand-heap, and exclaimed: "Now to God!" Upon which M. Vitus blessed him yet again, and spake: "Oh, God, Father, who hast brought back this lost son, and filled this foolish soul with wisdom; ah, Jesus, Saviour, who, in truth, hast turned thy holy eyes on him as on the denying Peter, and on the dying thief; oh, Holy Spirit, who has not scorned to make this poor vessel a temple for thyself to dwell in, that in the death-anguish this sinner may find the sweet-

∴ "What is the use of knowledge, and all our infinite learning,
If we fly what is right, and do what we ought to fly?"

ness of thy presence, and the heaven high comfort of thy promises! Oh, thou Holy Trinity, to thee, to thee, to thee, to thy grace, thy power, thy protection, we resign this dying mortal in his last agonies. Help him, Lord God! Kyrie Eleison! Give thy Holy Angels command to bear this poor soul into Abraham's bosom. Oh, come, Lord Jesus; help him, oh, Lord our God. Kyrie Eleison! Amen" And hereupon he pronounced a last blessing over him. And when the executioner took off his upper garment, & bound the kerchief over his eyes, M. Vitus again spake: "Think on the holy martyrs, of whom Basilius Magnus testifies that they exclaimed, when undressing for their death, Non vestes exuimus, sed veterem hominem deponimus" ∴ Upon which he answered from under the kerchief something in Latin, but the executioner had laid the cloth so thickly even over his mouth and chin, that no one could catch the words. Then he kneeled down, and while the executioner drew his sword, M. Vitus chaunted:

∴ "We lay not off our clothes but the old man." Basil the Great, archbishop of Cesarea, A.D. 379.

"When my lips no more can speak,
May thy spirit in me cry,
When my eyes are faint and weak,
May my soul see heaven nigh!
"When my heart is sore dismayed,
This dying frame has lost its strength,
May my spirit, with thy aid,
Cry: Jesu take me home at length."

And all who stood round saw, as it were, a wonderful sign from God; for, as the executioner let the sword fall, head & sun appeared at the same moment, the head upon the earth, the sun above the earth; and there was a deep silence. Sidonia alone laughed out loud, and cried: "So ends the conversion!" And while the psalm was singing, "Now, pray we to the Holy Ghost," the executioner acting as clerk, she disappeared, and for thirty years, as we shall hear presently, no one could ascertain where she went to or how she lived; though sometimes, like a horrible ghost, she was seen occasionally here and there. Summa: The miserable criminal was laid in his coffin, and as, in truth, it was too short for the corpse, and the poor sinner had requested that his head might not be placed between his feet, so it was laid upon his chest, with his hands folded over it, and thus he was buried. The old father rejoiced greatly that his son remained steadfast in the truth until the last, and thanked God for it. Then he returned to Stargard; and I may just mention, to conclude, concerning him, that the merciful God heard the prayer of

this his faithful servant, for he scarcely survived his son a year, but after a short illness, fell asleep in Jesus. ∴

CHAPTER XIX. OF SIDONIA'S DISAPPEARANCE FOR THIRTY YEARS. ITEM: HOW THE YOUNG PRINCESS ELIZABETH MAGDELENE WAS POSSESSED BY A DEVIL, & OF THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER FATHER, ERNEST LUDOVICUS OF POMERANIA.

∴ For further particulars concerning this truly worthy man, who may well be called the Pomeranian Manlius, see Friedeborn, Description of Old Stettin, vol. ii. p. 113; and Barthold, Pomeranian History, pp. 46, 419.

I HAVE said that Sidonia disappeared after the execution at Bruchhausen, & that for thirty years no one knew where she lived or how she lived. At her farm-house at Zachow she never appeared; but the Acta Criminalia set forth that during that period she wandered about the towns of Freienwald, Regenwald, Stargard, and other places, in company with Peter Konneman and divers other knaves. However, the ducal prosecutor, although he instituted the strictest inquiries at the period of her trial, could ascertain nothing beyond this, except that in consequence of her evil habits and licentious tongue, she was held everywhere in fear and abhorrence, and was chased away from every place she entered after about six or eight o'clock. Further, that some misfortune always fell upon every one who had dealings with her, particularly young married people. To the said Konnemann, she betrothed herself after the death of her first paramour, but afterwards gave him fifty florins to get rid of the contract, as she confessed at the seventeenth question upon the rack, according to the Actis Lothmanni. Meantime her brothers and cousins were so completely turned against her, that her brother even took those two farm-houses to himself; and though Sidonia wrote to him, begging that an annuity might be settled on her, yet she never received a line in answer, and this was the manner in which the whole cousinhood treated her in her despair & poverty.

I MYSELF made many inquiries as to her mode of life during those thirty years, but in vain. Some said that she went into Poland & there kept a little tavern for twenty years, some had seen her living at Rugen at the old wall, where in heathen times the goddess Hertha was honoured. Some said she went to Ruden, a little uninhabited island between Rugen and Usdom,

where the wild geese and other birds flock in the moulting season and drop their feathers. Thence, they said, she gathered the eggs, and killed the birds with clubs. At least, this was the story of the Usdom fishermen, but whether it were Sidonia or some other outcast woman, I cannot in strict verity declare. Only in Freienwald did I hear for certain that she lived there twelve years with some carl whom she called her shield-knight; but one day they quarrelled, and beat each other till the blood flowed, after which they both ran out of the town, and went different ways.

Summa: On the 1st of May, 1592, when the witches gather in the bracken to hold their Walpurgis night, and the princely castle of Wolgast was well guarded from the evil one by white and black crosses placed on every door, an old wrinkled hag was seen about eight o'clock of the morning (just the time she had returned from the Blocksburg, according to my thinking), walking slowly up and down the great corridor of the princely castle. And the providence of the great God so willed it, that at that moment the young and beautiful Princess Elizabeth Magdalena (who had been betrothed to the Duke Frederick of Courland), opened her chamber-door, & slipped forth to pay her morning greetings to her illustrious father, Duke Ernest and his spouse, the Lady Sophia Hedwig of Brunswick, who sat together drinking their warm beer, ∴ and had sent for her.

∴ Before the introduction of coffee or chocolate, warm beer was in general use at breakfast.

SO the hag advanced with much friendliness, and cried out, "Hey, what a beautiful young damsel! But her lord papa was called 'the handsome' in his time, & wasn't she as like him as one egg to another? Might she take her ladyship's little hand, and kiss it?" Now as the hag was bold in her bearing, and the young Princess was a timid thing, she feared to refuse; so she reached forth her hand, alas! to the witch, who first three times blew on it, murmuring some words before she kissed it, then as the young Princess asked her who she was and what she wanted, the evil hag answered: "I would speak with your gracious father, for I have known him well. Ask his Princely Grace to come to me, for I have somewhat to say to him." Now the Princess, in her simplicity, omitted to ask the hag's name, whereby much evil came to pass, for had she told her gracious father that SIDONIA wished to speak to him, assuredly he never would have come forth, and that fatal and malignant glance of the witch would not have fallen upon him However, his Serene Grace, having a mild Christian nature, step-

ped out into the corridor at the request of his dear daugher, & asked the hag who she was, and what she wanted. Upon this, she fixed her eyes on him in silence for a long while, so that he shuddered, & his blood seemed to turn to ice in his veins. ∴ At last she spake: "It is a strange thing, truly, that your Grace should no longer remember the maiden to whom you once promised marriage." At this his Grace recoiled in horror, and exclaimed: "Ha, Sidonia! but how you are changed!" "Ah!" she answered with a scornful laugh, "you may well triumph, now that my cheek is hollow, and my beauty gone, and that I have come to you for justice against my own brother in Stramehl, who denies me even the means of subsistence, you, who brought me to this pass" Upon which his Grace answered, that her brother was a subject of the Duke of Stettin. Let her go then to Stettin, and demand justice there Illa: "She had been there, but the Duke refused to see her, and to her request for a præbenda in the court of Marienfliess had returned no answer. She prayed his Grace, therefore, out of old good friendship, to take up her cause, and use his influence with the Lord Duke of Stettin, to obtain the præbenda for her, also to send a good scolding to her brother at Stramehl under his own hand" Now my gracious Prince was so anxious to get rid of her, that he promised everything she asked. Whereupon she would kiss his hand, but he drew it back shuddering, upon which she went down the great castle steps again, murmuring to herself.

BUT her wickedness soon came to light; for mark: scarcely a few days had passed over, when the beautiful young Princess was possessed by Satan; she rolls herself upon the ground, twists & writhes her hands & feet, speaks with a great coarse voice like a common carl, blasphemes God & her parents; and what was more wonderful than all, her throat swelled, & when they laid their hand on it, something living seemed creeping up and down in it. Then it went up to her mouth, and her tongue swelled so, that her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, & the gracious young lady became fearful to look at. Item: Then she began to speak Latin, though she had never learned this tongue, whereupon many, and in particular Mag. Michael Aspius, the court chaplain (for Dr. Gerschovius was long since dead) pronounced that Satan himself verily

∴ This belief in the witchcraft of a glance, was very general during the witch period. And even the ancients notice it (Pliny, Hist. Nat. vii. 2), also Aul. Gell. Noct. Attic. ix. 4; and Virgil Eclog. iii. 103. The glance of a woman with double pupils was particularly feared.

∴ The ancients name three distinguishing marks of demoniacal possession: 1st, When the patient blasphemes God, & cannot repeat the leading articles of his Christian belief. 2d, When he foretells events which afterwards come to pass. 3d, When he speaks in a strange tongue, which it can be proved he never learned. Now, the somnambulists of our day fulfil the second and third conditions without dispute; and some account for the divining power, by saying, it is the effect of the increased activity of the soul. They also assert that the patient speaks in a strange tongue only when the magnetiser with whom he is en rapport, understands the tongue himself, & the patient speaks it because all the thoughts, feelings, words, &c. of the operator become his; in short, their souls become one. This explanation, however, is very improbable, and has not been confirmed by facts; for the phenomenon of speaking in a strange tongue often appears before a perfect rapport has been obtained between the patient and the operator. Indeed, Psellus gives an instance to show that it is not even at all necessary. (Psellus lived about the eleventh century, & wrote De Operatione Dæmonum, also De Mysteriis Ægyptiorum; his works are very remarkable and well worth a perusal.) He states that a sick woman all at once began to speak in a strange & barbarous tongue no one had ever heard before. At last some of the women about her brought an Armenian magician to see her, who instantly found that she spoke Armenian, though she had never in her life beheld one of that nation. Psellus describes him as an old lean wrinked man. He acted quite differently from our modern magnetisers, for he never sought to place himself in sympathetic relation with her by passes or touches; on the contrary, he drew his sword, & placing himself beside the bed, began uttering the most harsh & cruel words he could think of in the Armenian tongue (acriter conviciatus est). The woman retorted in the Armenian tongue likewise, & tried to get out of bed to fight with him. Then the barbarian grew as if mad, and endeavoured to stab her, upon which she shrank back terrified and trembling, & soon fell into a deep sleep. Psellus seems to have witnessed this, for he says the woman was wife to his eldest brother. As further regards demoniacal possession, the New Testament is full of examples thereof; & though in the last century, the reality of the fact was assailed, yet Franz Meyer has again defended it with arguments that cannot be overthrown. Remarkable examples of possession in modern times we find in the Didiskalia, No. 81, of the year 1833; and in Berner's History of Satanic possession, page 20.

must be in the maiden. This was fully proved on the following Sunday; for during divine service in the church of Saint Peter, the young Princess was carried in on a litter & laid down before the altar, whereupon she commenced uttering horrible blasphemies, & mocking the holy prayer in a coarse bass voice, while she foamed and raged so violently, that eight men could scarcely hold her in her bed. Whereat the whole Christian congregation were admonished to pray to the Lord for this poor maiden, that she might be freed from the devil within her; and during the week, all priests throughout the land were commanded to offer up prayers day and night for her princely Grace. But on Sundays, all the people were to unite in one common supplication to the throne of grace, for the like object. And it seemed, after some weeks, as if God had heard their prayers, & commanded Satan to leave the body of the young maiden, for she had now rest for fourteen days, & was able to pray again. Also her rosy cheeks began to bloom once more, so that her parents were filled with joy, and resolved to hold a thank festival throughout the land, & receive the holy sacrament in St. Peter's church with their beloved daughter.

BUT what happened? For as the godly discourse had ended, and their Graces stepped to the altar to make a rich offering on the plate which lay upon the litttle desk, free of approach from all sides, my knave Satan has again begun his work. Truly, he waited with cunning till her Grace had swallowed the sacrament, that his blasphemies might seem more horrible. And this was the way he manifested himself. After the court-marshal and the castellan had laid down a black velvet carpet, embroidered in gold with the Pomeranian and Brandenburg arms, for their Graces to kneel upon, they took another black velvet cloth, on which the holy supper was represented embroidered in silver, to hold before their Graces like a serviette, while they received the blessed elements. Then advanced the priest with the sacrament, but scarcely had the gracious young Princess swallowed the same, when she uttered a loud cry and fell backward with her head upon the ground, while Satan raged so in her that it might have melted the heart of a stone. So M. Aspius bade the organ cease, and then placed the young lady upon a seat, after which he called upon their Graces, and the whole congregation, to join him in offering up a prayer. Then he solemnly adjured the evil spirit to come out of her: it, however, had grown so daring, that it only laughed at the priest; and when asked where it had been for so long, and in particular where it had lain while the Jesu bride was wedded to her Holy Saviour in the blessed sacrament, it impatiently answered, that it had lain under her tongue; many knaves might lie under a bridge while an honourable seigneur passed overhead, and why should not it do the like? And here, to the unspeakable horror of the whole congregation, it seemed to move up and down in the chest and throat of the young Princess, like some animal. But the long-suffering of God was now at an end, for while the Reverend Dr. Aspius was talking himself weary with adjurations, and gaining no good by it, for the evil spirit only mocked and jeered him, crying, "Look at the fat parson how he sweats, maybe it will help as much as his chattering over the wine," and who should enter the church (sent no doubt by the all-merciful God), but the Reverend Dr. Joel, Professor at Grypswald, for he had heard how this lusty Satan had taken possession of the princely maiden. When the devil saw him, he began to tremble through all the limbs of the young Princess, and exclaimed in Latin: "Consummatum est." ∴ For this Dr. Joel was a powerful man, and learned in all the cunning shifts of the arch-enemy, having many times dis-

∴ It is over

puted de Magis. ∴ Now when he advanced to the young Princess, and saw how the evil spirit ran up and down her poor form, like a mouse in a net, he was filled with horror, and removing his hat, exclaimed, without taking much heed of his Latin: "Deus misereatur peccatoris." Upon which the devil, in a deep bass voice, corrected him, crying, "Dic peccatricis, dic peccatricis". ∴ However, Satan himself felt that his hour had come; for when Doctor Joel laid his hand upon the maiden, and repeated a powerful adjuration from the Clavicula Salomonis, Satan immediately promised to obey, if he were allowed to take away the oblation-cloth which lay upon the desk.

Ille: "What did he want with the oblation-cloth?"

Satanas: "There was a coin in it which vexed him."

Ille: "What coin could it be? and wherefore did it vex him?"

Satanas: "He would not say."

Ille: (Adjures him again.)

Satanas: "Let him have it, or he would tear the young maiden to pieces." And here he began to foam and rage so horribly, that her eyes turned in her head, and she gnashed with her teeth, so that father and mother had to cover their eyes not to see her great agony. Whereupon Doctor Joel bent down and wrote with his finger upon her breast the Tetragrammaton, ∴ crying out: "Away, thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost!" Upon which the young maiden sank down as quiet as a corpse, and the oblation-cloth, which lay upon the desk, whirled round of itself in the middle of the church with great noise and clatter, as if seized by a storm-wind, and the money therein was all scattered about the church, so that the old wives who sat upon the benches fell down upon the floor, right and left, to try and catch it. Great horror and amazement now filled the whole congregation; yet as some had expressed an opinion that the young Princess was only afflicted by a sickness, & not possessed at all, Doctor Joel thought it needful to admonish them in the following words: "Those wise persons who, forsooth, would not credit such a thing as Satanic possession, might see now of a truth, by the oblation-cloth, that Satan bodily had been amongst them. He knew there were many such wise knaves in the church; therefore let them hold their tongue for evermore, and remember that such signs had been permitted before of God, to testify of the real bodily presence of the devil. Example (Matt. viii.): where, on the command of Christ, a legion of devils went into the swine of the Gergasenes; so that these animals, contrary to their nature, ran

∴ Of Witchcraft, see Barthold iv.2, 412.

∴ Peccatoris is masculine, Peccatricis feminine.

∴ The four letters which compose the name Jehovah (יהוה). It was employed by the Theurgists in all their most powerful conjurations.

down into the sea and were drowned. But the wise people of this day little heed these divine signs; so he will add two from historical records which he happened to remember. First, the Jew, Josephus, relates, that in presence of the world-renowned Roman captain, Vespasian, of his son Titus, also of all the officers and troops of the army, an acquaintance of his, by name Eleazer, adjured the devil out of one possessed, by means of the ring of Solomon, repeating at the same time the powerful spell which, no doubt, the great king himself employed to control the demons, and which, probably, was the very one he had just now exorcised the devil with, out of the Clavicula Salomonis. And to show the bystanders that it was indeed a devil which he had exorcised out of the nose of the patient, the said Eleazer bid him, as he was passing, to overturn a vessel of water that lay there, which indeed was done, to the great wonderment of all present. Thus even the blind heathen were convinced, though the would-be-wise of the present day ignorantly doubted. But people might say this happened in old times, and was only told by a stupid Jew; therefore he would give a modern example. There was a woman named Kronisha (she was still well remembered by the old people of Stralsund), who was sorely given to pomp and vanity, wherefore a devil was sent into her to punish her; and after the preacher at St. Nicholas had exorcised him to the best of his power, the wicked spirit said, mockingly, that he would go if they gave him a pane of glass out of the window over the tower-door; and this being granted, one of the panes was instantly scattered with a loud clang, and the devil flew away through the opening. So the Christian congregation might now see what silly fools these wise people were who presumed to doubt," &c. Then Doctor Joel admonished the Prince himself to keep a diligent eye over this Satan, who, day by day, was growing more impudent in the land, no doubt because the pure doctrine of Dr. Luther vexed him sorely. And indeed his Highness, to show his gratitude for the recovery of his dear daughter, did not cease in his endeavours to banish witches from the land, knowing that Sidonia had brought all the evil upon the young Princess. Fifteen were seized & burned at this time, to the great joy of the country; but, alas! these truly princely and Christian measures little helped among the godless race, for evil seemed still to strengthen in the land, and many wonderful signs appeared, one of which I would not set down here, as it was only seen by the court-fool, but that events confirmed it. I mean that strange thing, along with a three-legged hare, which ap-

∴ See Sastrowen, his family, birth, and adventures. Edited by Mohnike, part i. 73.

peared eighty years before, at the death of Duke Bogislaus the Great, and since, at the death of each Duke of his house. By a strange whim of Satan's, this apparition was only visible to fools; until indeed (as we shall hear anon) it appeared to the nuns at Marienfliess, who bore witness of it. Summa: On the very day wherein the devil's brides were burned at Wolgast, the fool was walking at evening time up and down the great corridor, when a little manikin, hardly three hands high, started out from behind a beer-barrel, riding on a three-legged hare. He was dressed all in black, except little red boots which he had on, and he rides up and down the corridor, hop! hop! hop! stares at my fool & makes a face at him; then rides off again, hop! hop! hop! till he vanished behind the barrel. No one would believe the fool's story; but woe, alas! it soon became clear what the little manikin Puck denoted. For my gracious Prince, who had grown quite weak ever since this horrible witch-work, which had been raging for some weeks, so that Pomerania never had seen the like, became daily worse, & not even the fine Falernian wine from Italy, which used to cure him, helped him now. So he died on the 17th July, 1591, aged forty-six years, seven months, and fifteen days, leaving his only son, Philippus Julius a child of eight years old, to reign in his place. Whereupon the deeply afflicted widow placed the boy under the tutelage & guardianship of his uncle, the princely Lord of Stettin; but, woe! woe! the guardian must soon follow his dear brother! and all through the evil wickedness of Sidonia, as we shall hear in the following chapters.

CHAPTER XX. HOW SIDONIA DEMEANS HERSELF AT THE CONVENT OF MARIENFLIESS. ITEM: HOW THEIR PRINCELY & ELECTORAL GRACES OF POMERANIA, BRANDENBURG, AND MECKLENBURG, WENT ON SLEIGHS TO WOLGAST, AND OF THE DIVERS PASTIMES OF THE JOURNEY.

AFTER this, Sidonia disappeared again for a couple of years, & no man knew whither she had flown, or what she did, until one morning she appeared at the convent of Marienfliess, driving a little one-horse wagon herself, and dressed no better than a fish-wife. On driving into the court, she desired to speak with the abbess, Magdalena von Petersdorf; and when she came, Sidonia ordered the cell of the deceased nun

Barbara Kleist, to be got ready for her reception, as his Highness of Stettin had presented her to a præbenda here. So the pious old abbess believed the story, and forthwith conducted her to the cell, No 11; but Sidonia spat out at it, said it was a pig-sty, and began to run clattering through all the cells till she reached the refectory, a large chamber where the nuns assembled for evening prayer. This, she said, was the only spot fit for her to put her nose in, and she would keep it for herself. Meanwhile, the whole sisterhood ran together to the refectory to see Sidonia; and as most of them were girls under twenty, they tittered and laughed, as young women-folk will do when they behold a hag. This angered her. "Ha!" she exclaimed, "the flesh and the devil have not been destroyed in them yet, but I will soon give them something else to think of than their lovers". And here, as one of them laughed louder than the rest, Sidonia gave her a blow on the mouth: "Let that teach the peasant girl more respect for a castle- and land-dowered maiden". When the good abbess saw and heard all this, she nearly fainted with shame, & had to hold by a stool, or she would have fallen to the ground. However she gained fresh courage when, upon asking for Sidonia's documents, she found that there were none to show. Without more ado, therefore, she bade her leave the convent; and, amidst the jeers & laughter of all the sisterhood, Sidonia was obliged to mount her one-horse cart again, or the convent porter had orders to force her out.

BY this, all may perceive that, in place of repenting, Sidonia had fallen still further in the mire, wherein she wallowed yet for many years, as if it were, indeed, her true and natural element, like that beetle of which Albertus Magnus speaks, that died if one covered it with rose-leaves, but came to life again when laid in dung. Hardly has she left the convent-gate when the old abbess bade a carl get ready a carriage, and flew in it to Stettin herself, to lay the whole case before my gracious Prince, and entreat him, even on her knees, not to send such a notorious creature amongst them; for what blessing could the convent hope to obtain if they harboured such an infamous sinner? So his Grace wonders much over the daring of the harlot; for he had given her no præbenda, though she was writing to him constantly requesting one. Nor would he ever think of giving her one; for why should he send such a hell-besom to sweep the pious convent of Marienfliess? The good abbess might rise up, for as long as he lived, Sidonia should never enter the convent. And his Grace held by his word, though it cost him his life, as I shall just now relate with bitter sighs.

IT happened that A.D. 1600, there was a terribly hard winter, so that the fresh Haff ∴ was quite frozen over, and able to bear heavy beams. Now, as the ice was smooth, and beautiful as a mirror, my lord of Stettin proposed to his guests, Joachim Friedrich, elector of Brandenburg, his brother-in-law, and old Duke Ulrich of Mecklenburg, his uncle, to go over the Haff in sleighs, and pay a visit to the princely widow and her little son. Their Graces were well pleased at the idea. Whereupon his Highness of Stettin gave orders to have such a procession formed as never had been seen in Pomerania before for magnificence and beauty, and therefore I shall note down some particulars here. There were a hundred sleighs, some drawn by reindeer caparisoned like horses, and all decorated gaily. The three ducal sleighs in particular were entirely girded and lined with sable skin; each was drawn by four Andalusian horses; and my Lady Erdmuth, who was a great lover of show and pomp, had hers hung with little tinkling bells & chains of gold, so that no one to look at them could imagine how very little of the dear gold her gracious lord and husband had in his purse, by reason of the hardness of the times. The adornments of the other sleighs were less costly. Upon them came the ministers, the officials, and others pertaining to the retinue of the three princes: item, the ladies-in-waiting, and divers of the reverend clergy; last of all came the Duke's henchman, with a pack of wolf-dogs in leash: item, several live hares and foxes; a live bear, which they purposed to let slip, for the pleasure and pastime of their Graces. But the young men out of the town, fifty head strong, and many of the knights, ran along on skates, headed by Dinnies Kleist, that mighty man, who bore in one hand the blood-banner of Pomerania, ∴ and in the other, that of Brandenburg. Barthold von Ramin ran by his side, with the Mecklenburg standard. He was a strong knight, too. But ah! my God! how my Ramin, with his ox-head, was distanced by the wild men of Pomerania, as they ran upon the ice over the Haff! Two reserve sleighs, drawn by six Frisian horses, finished the procession; they were laden with axes, planks, ropes, and dry garments, both for men and women.

∴ The river Haff.

∴ The blood-standard was granted by the Emperor Maximilian II. to Duke Johann Friedrich of Pomerania, because he carried the imperial banner during the Turkish war of 1566. It only differed from the old banner by having a red ground, from thence its name. Both Pomerania & Brandenburg had wild men in their escutcheon, while Mecklenburg bore an ox's head.

WHEN their Graces mounted the sleighs amidst the ringing of bells & roaring of cannon, great was their astonishment to see their own initials stamped into the hard ice by Dinnies Kleist, as thus: F.U.J.E.J.F., which, however, afterwards caused much dismay to the honest burghers, for one of them, M. Faber, a

præceptor, mistaking the J. for a G. read plainly upon the ice: "Fuge, J.F.," that is, "Fly, Johann Frederick!" Ah! truly has the gracious Prince flown from thence; but it is to a bitter death. During the journey, Duke Johann, had much jesting with his brother-in-law, the elector, who was filled with wonder at the strength of Dinnies Kleist, for he kept a-head even of the Andalusian stallions, & waved aloft the two banners of Pomerania and Brandenburg, while his long hair floated behind him; & sometimes he stopped, kissed the banners, and then inclined them to their Serene Princely Graces. Whereupon Duke Johann exclaimed: "Ay, brother, you might well give me a thousand of your wide-mouthed Berliners for this carl; though, me-thinks, if he had his will, he would make their wide mouths still wider." At this, his Electoral Grace looked rather vexed, and began to uphold the men of Cologne. Upon which his Highness cut him short, saying, "Marry, brother, you know the old proverb:

'The men of Cologne
Have no hues of their own,
But the men of Stettin
Are the true ever-green.'

For where truly could your fellows find the true green in their sandy dust-box? Marry, cousin, one Pomerania is worth ten Margravates; and I will show your Grace just now that my land in winter is more productive than yours even in autumn". His Grace here alluded to the fisheries; for along the way, for twelve or fourteen miles, the fishermen had been ordered to set their nets by torch-light the night before, in holes dug through the ice, so that on the arrival of the princely party the nets might be drawn up, and the draught ex-hibited to their Graces.

NOW, when they entered the fresh Haff, which lay before them like a large mirror, six miles long & four broad, his Grace of Pomerania called out: "See here, brother, this is my first store-room; let us try what it will give us to eat." Upon which he signed to Dinnies Kleist to steer over to the first heap of nets, which lay like a black wood in the distance. These belonged to the Ziegenort fishermen, as the old schoolmaster Peter Leisticow himself told me; and as they had taken a great draught the day before, many people from the towns of Warp, Stepenitz, & Uckermund were assembled there to buy up the fish, & then retail it, as was their custom, through-out the country. They had made a fire upon a large sheet of iron laid upon the ice, while their horses were feeding close by upon hay,

which they shook out before them. And, having taken a merry carouse together, they all set to dancing upon the ice with the women to the bagpipe, so that the encampment looked right jovial as their Graces arrived. Now when the grand train came up, the peasants roared out: "Donnerwetter, ∴ look at the plotz-eaters! See the cursed plotz-eaters! Donnerwetter, what plotz-eaters!" ∴ And now they observed, during their shouting, that the water had risen up to their knees; and when the ducal procession rushed up, the abyss re-echoed with a noise like thunder, so that the foreign princes were alarmed, but soon grew accustomed thereto. Then the pressure of such a crowd upon the ice caused the water to spout out of the holes, to the height of a man. So that by the time they were two bow-shots from the nets, all the folk, the women and children especially, were running, screaming, in every direction, trying to save themselves on the firm ice, to the great amusement of their Graces, while a peasant cried out to the sleigh-drivers: "Stop, stop! or ye'll go into the cellar!" Hereupon his Grace of Pomerania beckoned over the Ziegenort schoolmaster, and asked him what they had taken, to which he answered: "Gracious Prince, we have taken bley; the nets are all loaded, we've taken seventy schumers ∴ & your Grace ought to take one with you for supper" Now his Highness the Elector wished to see the nets emptied, so they rested a space while the peasants shovelled out the fish, and pitched them into the aforesaid schumers. But, ah! woe to the fish-thieves who had come over from Warp and other places; for the water having risen up and become all muddy with fish slime, they never saw the great holes, and tumbled in, to the great amusement of the peasants & pastime of their Graces. How their Highnesses laughed when the poor carls in the water tried to get hold of a net or a rope, or a firm piece of ice, while they floundered about in the water, and the peasants fished them up with their long hooks, at the same time giving many of them a sharp prod on the shoulder, crying out: "Ha! will ye steal again? Take that for your pains, you robbers!" Now when their Graces were tired laughing, and looking at the fish hauled, they prepared to depart, but the schoolmaster prayed his Highness of Stettin yet again to take a schumer of fish for their supper, as their Graces were going to stop for the night in Uckermund. "But what could I do with all the fish?" quoth the Duke. To which the carl answered in his jargon: "Eh! gracious master, give them to the plotz-eaters; that will be something new for them; never fear but they'll eat them all up!" Hereupon his Highness the Elector grew nettled, and cried out:

∴ A common oath.

∴ Plotz-eaters was a nick-name given by the Pomeranians to people of the Margravates. For the plotz (Cyprinus Exythrophthalmus) is a very poor tasteless fish, while the rivers of Pomerania are stocked with the very finest of all kinds. In return, the men of the Marks called the Pomeranians "Feather-heads," from the quantity of moor-palms (Eriophorum vaginatum) which grow in their numerous rich meadows.

∴ A schumer was a measure which contained twelve bushels.

"Ho! thou damned peasant, thinkest that we have no bley?" "Well, we've none here," replied the man cunningly.

SO their Graces laughed, & ordered a couple of bushels of the largest to be placed upon the safety sleigh. Now when they had gone a little farther and found the ice as smooth as glass, the henchman let loose the bear and the wolf-dogs after it. My stout Bruin first growls and paws the ice, then sets himself in earnest for the race, and on account of his sharp claws, ran on straight for Uckermund without ever slipping, while the hounds fell down on all sides, or tumbled on their backs, howling with rage and disappointment. Yet more pleasant was the hare-hunt, for hounds and hares both tumbled down together, and the hares squeaked and the hounds yelped; some hares indeed were killed, but only after infinite trouble, while others ran away after the bear. After the hunt they came to another fishery, & so on till they reached Uckermund, passing six fisheries in succession, whereof each draft was as large as the first, so that his Grace the Elector marvelled much at the abundance, and seeing the nets full of zannats, at the last halting-place, cried out: "Marry, brother, your store-room is well-furnished. I might grow dainty here myself. Let us take a bushel of these along with us for supper, for zannat is the fish for me!" This greatly rejoiced his Grace of Stettin, who ordered the fish to be laid on the sumpter sleigh, and in good time they reached the ducal house at Uckermund, Dinnies Kleist still keeping foremost, & waving his two banners over his head, while Barthold Barnim and the other skaters hung weary and tired upon the backs of the sleighs.

CHAPTER XXI. HOW SIDONIA MEETS THEIR GRACES UPON THE ICE. ITEM: HOW DINNIES KLEIST BEHEADS HIMSELF, & MY GRACIOUS LORD OF WOLGAST PERISHES MISERABLY.

THE next morning early the whole train set off from Uckermund in the highest spirits, passing net after net, till the Duke of Mecklenburg, as well as the Elector, lifted their hands in astonishment. From the Haff they entered the Pene, and from that the Achterwasser. ∴ Here a great crowd of people stood upon the ice, for the town of Quilitz lay quite near; besides, more fish had been taken here than had yet been seen

∴ A large bay formed by the Pene.

upon the journey, so that people from Wolgast, Usdom, Lassahn, and all the neighbouring towns had run together to bid for it. But what happened?

ALAS, that his Grace should have desired to halt, for scarcely had his sleigh stopped, when a little old woman, meanly clad, with fisher's boots, & a net filled with bley fish in her hand, stepped up to it and said: "My good Lord, I am Sidonia von Bork; wherefore have you not replied to my demand for the præbenda of Barbara von Kleist in Marienfliess?" "How could he answer her? He knew nothing at all of her mode of living, or where she dwelt."

Illa: "She had bid him lay the answer upon the altar of St. Jacob's in Stettin. Why had he not done so?"

"That was no place for such letters, only for the words of the Holy Spirit and the blessed sacrament of his Saviour, therefore, let her say now where she dwelt."

Illa: "The richest maiden in Pomerania could ill say where the poorest now dwelt," weeping "The richest maiden had only herself to blame if she were now the poorest; better had she wept before. The præbenda she could never have, let her cease to think of it; but here was an alms, and she might now go her ways."

Illa (refuses to take it, and murmurs): "Your Grace will soon have bitter sorrow for this" As she so menaced and spat out three times, the thing angered Dinnies Kleist, who held her in abhorrence ever since the adventure in the Uckermund forest, & as he had lost none of his early strength, he hit her a blow with the blood standard over the shoulder, exclaiming: "Pack off to the devil, thou shameless hag! What does the witch mean by her spittings? The præbenda of my sister Barbara shalt thou never have!" However, the hag stirred not from the spot, answered no word, but spat out again; & as the illustrious party drove off, she still stood there, and spat out after them.

WHAT this devil's sorcery denoted we shall soon see; for as they approached Ziemitze, & the ducal house of Wolgast appeared in sight, Dinnies Kleist started on before the safety sleigh; and as soon as the high towers of the castle rose above the trees, he waved the two banners above his head, and brought them together till they kissed; having held them for a space, he set forward again with giant strides, in order to be the first to arrive, although,

indeed, the town was aware of the advance of the princely train, for the bells were ringing, & the blood-standard waved from St. Peter's and the three other towers. But woe, alas! Dinnies, in his impatience, never observed a windwake direct in his path, and down he sank, while the sharp ice cut his head clean off, as if an executioner had done it; and the head, with the long hair, rolled hither & thither, while the body remained fast in the hole, only one arm stuck up above the ice: it was that which held the Brandenburg standard, but the blood-banner of Pomerania had sunk for ever in the abyss. ∴ When his Grace of Stettin beheld this, he was filled with more sorrow than even at the death of his fool; and weeping bitterly, commanded seven sleighs to return and seize the evil hag; then with all speed, and for a terrible example, to burn her upon the Quilitz mountain. But when many present assured his Grace that such like accidents were very common, and many skaters had perished thus, whereof even Duke Ulrich named several instances, so that his Grace of Stettin need not impute such natural accidents to witchcraft or the power of the hag, he was somewhat calmed. Still he commanded the seven sleighs to return and bring the witch bound to Wolgast, that he might question her as to wherefore she had spat out. So the sleighs returned, but the vile sorceress was no longer on the ice, neither did any one know whither she had gone; whereupon the sleighs hastened back again after the others.

∴ A windwake is a hole formed by the wind in the thawing season, and which afterwards becomes covered with a thin coating of ice by a subsequent frost.

NOW it was the Friday before Shrove Tuesday, about mid-day, when the princely party arrived at Wolgast; and Prince Bogislaff of Barth was there to receive them with his five sons, namely, Philip, Franz, George, Ulrich, and Bogislaff. ∴ And there was a great uproar in the castle, some of the young lords playing ball in the castle court with the young Prince, Philip Julius, others preparing for the carnival mummeries, which were to commence next evening by a great banquet and dance in the hall. Indeed, that same evening, their Graces had a brave carouse, to try and make Duke Johann forget his grief about his well-beloved Dinnies Kleist: and his Grace thus began to discourse concerning him: "Truly, brothers, who knows what the devil may have in store for us? For it was a strange thing how my blood-standard sunk in the abyss, while that of my brother of Brandenburg floated above it. Think you that our male line will become extinct, and the heritage of fair Pomerania descend to Brandenburg? For, in truth, it is strange that, out of five brothers, two of us only have heirs,

∴ Marginal note of Duke Bogislaff XIV. This is not true; for I had a fever at the time, and remained at home.

Bogislaff, and Ernest Ludovicus, who has left indeed but one only son" ❧ Then Duke Bogislaff (whom our Lord God has surely blessed for his humility in resigning the government, and also because of his dutiful conduct ever towards his mother, even in his youth having brought her a tame sea-gull) made answer, laughingly: "I think Herr Bacchus has done more to turn Frau Venus against our race than Sidonia or any of her spells, therefore ye need not wonder if ye have no heirs; however, if my five young Princes listen to my warnings, and shun the wine-cup, trust me, the blood-standard will be lifted up again, and our ancient name never want a fitting representative."

MEANWHILE as they so discoursed, and the gracious ladies looked down for shame upon the ground, young Lord Philip began a Latin argument with the Rev. Dr. Glambecken, court chaplain at Wolgast, de monetis; and pulled out of his pocket a large bag of old coins, which had been presented to him by Dr. Chytræus, professor of theology at Rostock, with whom his Grace interchanged Latin epistles. ∴ ❧ This gave the conversation a new turn, and the ladies particularly were much pleased examining the coins; but the devil himself surely must have anagramatised one of them, for over the letters, Pomerania, figures were scratched thus: $\overset{3\,5\,6\,4\,1\,2\,7\,8\,9}{\text{Pomerania}}$, giving the terrible meaning, rape omnia (rob all); and many said that this must have been the very coin which the devil took that time he rent the oblation-table, at the exorcism of the young Princess ❧ This discovery filled the Pomeranian Duke with strong apprehensions, and young Prince Franz handed over the coin to the Elector of Brandenburg, saying bitterly: "Yes, rob all! Dr. Joel of Grypswald has long since told me that it would all end this way, even as Satan himself has scratched down here, but my Lord father will not credit him, he is so proud of his five sons. Doctor Joel, however, is a right learned man, and no one knows the mysteries of the black art better; besides, who reads the stars more diligently each night than he?" ❧ And behold, while he is speaking, the fool runs into the hall, pale, and trembling in every limb ❧ "Alas! Lord Franz," he exclaimed, "I have seen the manikin again on his three-legged hare, which appeared at the death of Duke Ernest Ludovicus" ❧ But the young lord boxed him, crying: "Away, thou knave! Must thy chatter help to make us more melancholy?" ❧ However, Duke Bogislaff bid the fool stay, & tell them

∴ See the Latin letters of the talented young Prince, in Oelrich's "Contributions to the Literary History of the Pomeranian Dukes," vol. i. p. 67. He fell a victim to intemperance, though his death was imputed likewise to Sidonia, and formed the subject of the sixth torture examination.

when and where he had seen the imp. My fool wiped his eyes, and began: "The young Lord Franz had bid him put on his best jacket, that which had been given him as a Christmas-box, for the carnival mummings on Shrove Tuesday; so that he went up to the garret to get it himself out of the trunk, but before he had quite reached the trunk, the black dwarf, with his little red boots, rode out from behind it on his three-legged hare, hop! hop! hop! made a frightful face at him, and after a little while rode back again, hop! hop! hop! behind his old boots, which stood in a corner, & disappeared!" What the malicious Puck denoted we shall soon see. Oh, woe! woe!

NEXT day all sorts of amusements were set on foot, to chase away gloomy thoughts out of the hearts of the illustrious guests, such as tilting with lances, dancing upon stilts, wrestling, rope-dancing; item, pickleherring, and harlequins. Amongst these last the fool showed off to great advantage, for who could twist his face into more laughable grimaces? Item, in the evening there was a mask of mummers, in which one fellow played the angel, and another dressed as Satan, with a large horse's foot and cock's plume, spat red fire from his mouth, and roared horribly when the angel overcame him (but withal, I think the gloomy thoughts stayed there yet). And mark what in truth soon happened! When the drums & trumpets struck up the last mask dance in the great Ritter Hall, which every one joins in, old and young, his Grace, Duke Johann, went to the room of his dear cousin Hedwig, the princely widow, and prayed her to tread the dance with him; but she refuses, and sits by the fire and weeps. "Let not my dear cousin fret," said the Duke, "about the chatter of the fool". To which she replied: "Alas! wherefore not? For surely it betokens death to my darling little son, Philip Julius". "No," exclaimed the Duke, quickly, "it betokens mine!" and he fell flat upon the ground. One can easily imagine how the gracious Lady screamed, so that all ran in from the Knights' Hall in their masks and mumming-dresses, to see indeed the mumming of the true bodily Satan; and Doctor Pomius, who was at the mask likewise, ran in with a smelling-bottle, but all was in vain. His Grace lingered for three days, & then having received the holy sacrament from Doctor Glambecken, died in the same chamber in which he was born, having lived fifty-seven years, five months, twelve days, and fourteen hours.

HOW can I describe the lamentations of the princely company, yea, indeed, of the whole town? for every one saw now plainly that the anger of God rested upon this ancient and illustrious Pomeranian race, and that he had given it over helplessly to the power of the evil one. Summa: On the 9th February, the princely corse was laid in the very sleigh which had brought it a living body, and followed by a grand train of princes, nobles, and knights, along with a strong guard of the ducal soldateska, was conveyed back to Stettin; & there, with all due & befitting ceremonies, was buried on Palm Sunday, in the vault of the castle church.

CHAPTER XXII. HOW BARNIM THE TENTH SUCCEEDS TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND HOW SIDONIA MEETS HIM AS SHE IS GATHERING BILBERRIES. ITEM, OF THE UNNATURAL WITCH-STORM AT HIS GRACE'S FUNERAL, AND HOW DUKE CASIMIR REFUSES, IN CONSEQUENCE, TO SUCCEED HIM.

HOW Barnim the Tenth succeeded to that very duchy, about which he had been so wroth the day of the Diet at Wollin, but it brought him little good. He was, however, a pious prince, and much beloved at his dower of Rugenwald, where he spent his time in making a little library of all the Lutheran hymn-books which he could collect, and these he carried with him in his carriage wherever he went; so that his subjects of Rugenwald shed many tears at losing so pious a ruler. Item, the moment his Grace succeeded to the government, he caused all the courts to be re-opened, along with the Treasury and the Chancery, which his deceased Grace had kept closed to the last; & for this goodness towards his people, the states of the kingdom promised to pay all his debts, which was done; & thus lawlessness and robbery were crushed in the land. But woe, alas! Sidonia can no man crush! She wrote immediately to his Grace, soliciting the præbenda, and even presented herself at the ducal house of Stettin; but his Grace positively refused to lay eyes on her, knowing how fatal a meeting with her had proved to each of his brothers, who no sooner met her evil glance than they sickened and died. Therefore his Highness held all old women in abhorrence. Indeed, such was his

fear of them, that not one was allowed to approach the castle; and when he rode or drove out, lacqueys and squires went before with great horsewhips, to chase away all the old women out of his Grace's path, for truly Sidonia might be amongst them. From this, it came to pass that as soon as it was rumoured in the town, "His Grace is coming," all the old mothers seized up their pattens and scampered off, helter-skelter, to get out of reach of the horsewhips.

BUT who can provide against all the arts of the devil? for though it is true that Sidonia destroyed his two brothers, also his Grace himself, along with Philip II., by her breath and glance, yet she caused a great number of other unfortunate persons to perish, without using these means, as we shall hear further on; whereby many imagined that her familiar Chim could not have been so weak a spirit as she represented him, on the rack, in order to save her life, but a strong and terrible demon. These things, however, will come in their proper place. Summa: After Duke Barnim had reigned several years, with great blessing to his people, it happened that word came from Rugenwald how that his brother, Duke Casimir, was sick. This was the prince whom we may remember Sidonia had whipped with her irreverent hands upon his princely podex, when he was a little boy. Now Duke Barnim had quarrelled with the Estates because they refused funds for the Turkish war; however, he became somewhat merrier that evening with the Count Stephen of Naugard, when the evil tidings came to him of his beloved brother (yet more bitter sorrow is before him, I think). So the next morning the Duke set off with a train of six carriages to visit his sick brother, and by the third evening they reached the wood which lies close beside Rugenwald. Here there was a large oak, the stem of which had often served his Grace for a target, when he amused himself by practising firing. So he stopped the carriage and alighted to see if the twenty or thirty balls he had shot into it were still there.

BUT alas! as he reached the oak, that devil's spectre (I mean Sidonia) stepped from behind it; she had an old pot in her hand filled with bilberries, and asked his Grace, would he not take some to refresh himself after his journey? His Highness, however, recoiled horror-struck, and asked who she was. She was Sidonia von Bork, and prayed his Grace yet once more for the præbenda in Marienfliess. Hereat the Duke was still more horrified,

& exclaimed: "Curse upon thy præbenda, but thou shalt get something else, I warrant thee! Thou art a vile witch, and hast in thy mind to destroy our whole noble race with thy detestable sorceries."
Illa: "Alas! no one had called her a witch before; how could she bewitch them? It was a strange story to tell of her."
The Duke: "How did it happen, then, that he had no children by his beloved Amrick?.∴.
Illa (laughing): "He had better ask his beloved Amrick herself. How could she know?"

∴. Anna Maria, second daughter of John George, Elector of Brandenburg

BUT here she began to contort her face horribly, and to spit out, whereupon the Duke called out to his retinue: "Come here, and hang me this hag upon the oak-tree; she is at her devil's sorceries again! And woe! woe! already I feel strange pains all through my body!" Upon this, divers persons sprang forward to seize her, but the nimble night-bird darted behind a clump of fir-trees, and disappeared. Unluckily they had no bloodhounds along with them, otherwise I think the devil would have been easily seized, and hung up like an acorn on the oak-tree. But God did not so will it, for though they sent a pack of hounds from Rugenwald, the moment they arrived there, yet no trace of the hag could be found in the forest.

AND now mark the result; the Duke became worse hour by hour, and as Duke Casimir had grown much better by the time he arrived, and was in a fair way of recovery, his Grace resolved to take leave of him & return with all speed to his own house at Stettin; but on the second day, while they were still a mile from Stettin, Duke Barnim grew so much worse, that they had to stop at Alt-Damm for the night. And scarcely had he laid himself down in bed when he expired. This was on the 1st of September, 1603, when he was fifty-four years, six months, sixteen days, and sixteen hours old. But the old unclean night-bird would not let his blessed Highness go to his grave in peace (probably because he had called her an accursed witch). For the eighteenth of the same month, when all the nobles and estates were assembled to witness the ceremonial of interment, along with several members of the ducal house, and other illustrious personages, such a storm of hail, rain, & wind, came on just at a quarter to three, as they had reached the middle of the service, that the priest dropped the book from his hands and the church became so suddenly dark, that the sexton had to light the

candles to enable the preacher to read his text. Never, too, was heard such thunder, so that many thought St. Jacob's tower had fallen in, and the princes and nobles rushed out of the church to shelter themselves in the houses, while the most terrific lightning flashed round them at every step. Yet truly it must have been all witch-work, for when the funeral was over, the weather became as serene & beautiful as possible. And a great gloom fell upon every one in consequence, for that it was no natural storm, a child could have seen. Indeed, Dr. Joel, who was wise in these matters, declared to his Highness Duke Bogislaff XIII. that without doubt it was a witch-storm, for the doctor was present at the funeral, as representative of the University of Grypswald. And respecting the clouds, he observed particularly that they were formed like dogs' tails, that is when a dog carries his tail in the air so that it forms an arc of a circle. And this indeed was the truth. Summa: As by the death of Duke Barnim the government devolved upon Duke Casimir of Rugenwald, the Estates proceeded thither to offer him their homage, but the Prince hesitated, said he was sickly, and who could tell whether it would not go as ill with him as with his brothers? But the Estates, both temporal and spiritual, prayed him so earnestly to accept the rule, that he promised to meet them on the next morning by ten of the clock, in the great Rittersaal (knights' hall), and make them acquainted with his decision. The faithful states considered this a favourable answer, & were in waiting next morning, at the appointed hour, in the Rittersaal. But what happened? Behold as the great door was thrown open, in walked the Duke, not with any of the insignia of his princely station, but in the dress of a fisherman. He wore a linen jacket, a blue smock, a large hat, and great high fisher's boots, reaching nearly to his waist. Item, on his back the Duke carried a fisherman's basket; six fishermen similarly dressed accompanied him, & others in a like garb followed. All present wondered much at this, and a great murmur arose in the hall, but the Duke threw his basket down by his side, and he leaned his elbow on it, while he thus went on to speak: "Ye see here, my good friends, what government I intend to hold in future with these honest fishers, who accompanied me up to my dear brother's funeral. I shall return this day to Rugenwald. The devil may rule in Pomerania, but I will not; if you kill an ox there is an end of it, but here there is no end. Satan treats us worse than the poor ox. Choose a Duke wheresoever you will, but as for me, I think fishing & ruling the rudder is pleasanter work than to rule your land." And when the unambitious Prince had

so spoken, he drew forth a little flask containing branntwein . . (a new drink which some esteemed more excellent than wine, which, however, I leave in its old pre-eminence; I tasted the other indeed but once, but it seemed to me to set my mouth on fire, such is not for my drinking), & drank to the fishers, crying, "What say you, children, shall we not go and flounder again upon the Rugenwald strand?" Upon which they all shouted "Aye! aye!" His Grace then drank to the states for a farewell, and leaving the hall, proceeded with his followers to the vessel, which he ascended, singing gaily, and sailed home directly to his new fishing-lodge at Neuhausen. Such humility, however, availed his Grace nothing in preserving him from the claws of Satan; for scarcely a year and a half had elapsed when he was seized suddenly, even as his brothers, and died on the 10th May, 1605, at the early age of forty-eight years, one month, twenty-one days, and seventeen hours.

. . Whiskey

BUT to return to the states. They were dumb with grief and despair when his Grace left the hall. The land marshal stood with the staff, and the court marshal with the sword, and the chancellor with the seals, like stone statues there, till a noble at the window called out: "Let us hasten quickly to Prince Bogislaff, before he journeys off too with his five sons, and we are left without any ruler. See, there are the horses just putting to his carriage!" Upon this, they all ran out to the coach, and the chancellor asked in a lamentable voice, "If his Grace were indeed going to leave them, like that other gracious Prince who owned the dukedom by right? The states would promise everything he desired, they would pay all his debts, only his Grace must not leave them and their poor fatherland in their sore need" Hereat his Grace laughed, & told them: "He was not going to his castle of Franzburg, only as far as Oderkrug, with his dear sons, to look at the great sheep-pens there, and drink a bowl of ewe's milk with the shepherds under the apple-tree. He hoped to arrive there before his brother Casimir in his boat, & then they might discuss the casus together; indeed, when he showed him the sheep-pens, it was not probable that he would refuse a duchy which had a fold of twenty thousand sheep, for his brother Casimir was a great lover of sheep as well as of fish." Upon this, the states and privy council declared that they would follow him to Oderkrug before he reached it.

CHAPTER XXIII. DUKE BOGISLAFF XIII. ACCEPTS THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DUCHY, & GIVES SIDONIA AT LAST THE LONG DESIRED PRÆBENDA. ITEM, OF HER ARRIVAL AT THE CONVENT OF MARIENFLIESS.

NOW my gracious Lord Bogislaff had scarcely alighted at Oderkrug from his carriage, and drunk a bowl of milk under the apple-tree, when he spied the yellow sails of his brother's boat above the high reeds; upon which he ran down to the shore, and called out himself: "Will you not land, brother, and drink a bowl of ewe's milk with us, or take a glance at the great sheep-pen? It is a rare wonder, and my Lord brother was always a great lover of sheep!" But Prince Casimir went on, and never slackened sail. Whereupon his Highness called out again: "The states and privy councillors are coming, brother, and want to have a few words with you" Hereat Prince Casimir laughed in the boat, & returned for answer: "He knew well enough what they wanted; but, no, he had no desire to be bewitched to death. Just give him the lands of Lauenburgh and Butow, as an addition to his dower, & then his dear Bogislaff might take all Pomerania to himself if he pleased" After which, doffing his hat for addio, he steered bravely through the Pappenwasser.

WHEN young Prince Franz heard this, he laughed loud, & said: "Truly our uncle is the wisest, he will not be bewitched to death, as he says; but what will my Lord father do now, for see, here come the states already in their carriages over the hill!" Duke Bogislaff answered: "What else remains for me to do but to accept the government?"

Ille: "Yes, and be struck dead by witchcraft, like my three uncles! Ah, my gracious Lord father, before ever you accept the rule of the duchy, let the witch be seized and burned. Doctor Joel hath told me much about these witches; and believe me, there is no wiser man in all Pomerania than this Magister. He can do something more than eat bread" Then he fell upon his father's neck, & caressed him: "Ah, dear father, do not jump at once into the government; burn the witch first: we cannot spare our dear lord father!" And the two young Princes, George and Ulrich, prayed him in like

manner; but young Philip Secundus spake: "I think, brothers, it were better if our dear father gave this long talked-of præbenda to the witch at once; then, whether she bewitches or not, we are safe at all events" Hereupon his Highness answered: "My Philip is right; for in truth no one can say whether your uncles died by Sidonia's sorceries or by those of the evil man Bacchus. Therefore I warn you, dear children, flee from this worst of all sorcerers; not starting at appearances, as a horse at a shadow, for appearance is the shadow of truth. Be admonished, therefore, by St. Peter, and 'gird up the loins of your spirit: be sober, and watch unto prayer.' Then ye may laugh all witches to scorn; for God will turn the devices of your enemy to folly" Meanwhile the states have arrived; and having alighted from their coaches at the great sheep-pen, they advanced respectfully to the Duke, who was seated under the apple-tree, the land marshal first, with the staff, then the court marshal with the sword, and lastly the chancellor with the seals They had seen from the hill how Duke Casimir sailed away without waiting to hear them, and prayed and hoped that his Highness would accept the insignia which they here respectfully tendered, & not abandon his poor fatherland in such dire need. The devil and wicked men could do much, but God could do more, as none knew better than his Highness Herewith his Grace sighed deeply, & taking the insignia, laid staff and sword beside him; then, taking up the sword hastily again, he held it in his hand while he thus spake: "My faithful, true, & honourable states, ye know how that I resigned the government, out of free will, at the Diet at Wollin, because I thought, and still think, that nothing weighs heavier than this sword which I hold in my hand. Therefore I went to my dower at Barth, and have founded the beautiful little town of Franzburg to keep the Stralsund knaves in submission, and also to teach our nobles that there is some nobler work for a man to do in life than eating, drinking, and hunting. Item, I have encouraged commerce, and especially given my protection to the woollen trade; but all my labours will now fall to the ground, and the Stralsund knaves be overjoyed; ∴ however, I must obey God's will, & not kick against the pricks. Therefore I take the sword of my father, hoping that it will not prove too heavy for me, an old man; ∴ and that He who puts it into my hand (even the strong God) will help me to bear it. So let his holy will be done. Amen." Then his Highness delivered back the insignia to the states, who reverently kissed his hand, and blessed God for having given so good & pious a prince to reign over

∴ The apprehension was justified by the event; for on the departure of Duke Bogislaff, Franzburg fell rapidly to a mere village, to the great joy of the Stralsunders, who looked with much envy on a new town springing up in their vicinity.

∴ The Duke was then sixty.

them. Then they approached the five young lords, and kissed their hands likewise, wishing at the same time that many fair olive branches might yet stand around their table. This made the old Duke laugh heartily, and he prayed the states to remain a little and drink ewe's milk with them for a pleasant pastime; the shepherds would set out the bowls.

DUKE Philip alone went away into the town to examine the library, & all the vases, pictures, statues, and other costly works of art, which his deceased uncle, Duke Johann Frederick, had collected; and these he delivered over to the marshal's care, with strict injunctions as to their preservation. But a strange thing happened next day; for as the Duke and his sons were sitting at breakfast, and the wine-can had just been locked up, because each young Lord had drunk his allotted portion, namely, seven glasses (the Duke himself only drank six), a lackey entered with a note from Sidonia, in which she again demanded the præbenda, and hoped that his Highness would be more merciful than his dead brothers, now that he had succeeded to the duchy. Let him, therefore, send an order for her admission to the cloister of Marienfliess. The answer was to be laid upon St. Mary's altar. Here young Lord Francis grew quite pale, and dropped the fork from his hands, then spake: "Now, truly, we see this hag learns of the devil, for how else could she have known that our gracious father had accepted the government, unless Satan had visited her in her den? But let his dearest father be careful. In his opinion, the Duke should promise her the præbenda; but as soon as the accursed hag showed herself at the cloister (for the devil now kept her concealed), let her be seized and burned publicly, for a terrible warning & example". This advice did not please the old Duke. "Franz," he said, "thou art a fool, and God forbid that ever thou shouldst reign in the land; for know that the word of a prince is sacred. Yes, Sidonia shall have the præbenda; but I will not entrap my enemy through deceit to death, but will try to win her over by gentleness. The chancellor shall answer her instantly, and write another letter to the abbess of Petersdorf; and Sidonia's shall be laid upon the altar of St. Mary's this night, as she requested, by one of my lacqueys". Then Duke Philip kissed his pious father's hand, and the tears fell from the good youth's eyes as he exclaimed: "Alas, if she should murder you too!" And here are the two letters, according to the copies which are yet to be seen in the princely chancery. Sub. litt. Marienfliess K, No. 683.

"We, Bogislaff, by the Grace of God, Duke of Stettin, Pomerania, Cassuben, and Wenden; Prince of Rugen; Count of Cutzkow, of the lands of Lauenburg and Butow; Lord, etc.

"In consequence of your repeated entreaties for a præbenda in the cloister of Marienfliess, We, of our great goodness, hereby grant the same unto you; hoping that, in future, you will lead an humble, quiet life, as beseems a cloistered maiden, and, in especial, that you will always show yourself an obedient and faithful servant of our Princely House. So we commit you to God's keeping!

"Signatum, Old Stettin, the 20th October, 1603. "Bogislaff."

The other letter, to the abbess of Petersdorf, was sent by a salmon lad to the convent, as we shall hear further on, and ran thus:

"We, Bogislaff, etc.

"Worthy Abbess, trusty and well-beloved friend!

"Hereby We send to you a noble damsel, named Sidonia von Bork, and desire a cell for her in your cloisters, even as the other nuns. We trust that misery may have softened her heart towards God, but if she do not demean herself with Christian sobriety, you have our commands to send her, along with the fish peasants and others, to our court for judgment. God keep you; pray for us!

"Signatum, etc. "Bogislaff."

THE letter to Sidonia was, in truth, laid that same night upon the altar of St. Mary's, by a lacquey, who was further desired to hide himself in the church, & see what became of it. Now, the fellow had a horrible dread of staying alone in the church by night, so he took the cook, Jeremias Bild, along with him; and after they had laid the letter down upon the altar, they crept both of them into a high pew close by, belonging to the Aulick Counsellor, Dieterick Stempel. Now mark what happened. They had been there about an hour, and the moon was pouring down as clear as daylight from the high altar window; when all at once, the letter upon the altar began to move about of itself, as if it were alive, then it hopped down upon the floor, from that danced down the altar steps, and so on all along the nave, though no human being laid hands on it the while, and not a breath or stir was heard in the church. ∴ Our two carls nearly died of fright, and solemnly attested by oath to his Highness the truth of their relation. Thereby young Lord Franz was more strengthened in this belief concerning Sidonia's witchcraft, and had many arguments with his father in consequence. "His Lord father might easily know that a letter could not move

∴ Something similar is related in the Seherin of Prevorst, where a glass of water moved of its own accord to another place

of itself, without devil's magic. Now this letter had moved of itself; ergo," &c. Whereupon his Highness answered: "When had he ever doubted the power of Satan? Ah, never; but in this instance who could tell what the carls in their fright had seen or not seen? For, perhaps, Sidonia, when she observed them hiding in the pew, had stuck a fish-hook into the letter, and so drawn it over to herself. He remembered in his youth a trick that had been played on the patron, for this patron always went to sleep during the sermon. So the sexton let down a fish-hook through the ceiling of the church, which, catching hold of the patron's wig, drew it up in the sight of the whole congregation, who afterwards swore that they had seen the said wig of their patron carried up to the roof of the church by witchcraft, and disappear through a hole in the ceiling, as if it had been a bird. Some time after, however, the sexton confessed his knavery, and the patron's flying wig had been a standing joke in the country ever since" But the young lord still shook his head: "Ah, they would yet see who was right. He was still of the same opinion."

BUT I shall leave these arguments at once, for the result will fully show which party was in the right. Summa: Sidonia, next day, drove in her one-horse cart again to the convent gate of Marienfliess, accompanied by another old hag as her servant. Now the peasants had just arrived with the salmon, which the Duke despatched every fortnight as a present to the convent, and the letter of his Grace had arrived also. So many of the nuns were assembled on the great steps looking at the fish, and waiting for the abbess to divide it amongst them, as was her custom. Others were gathered round the abbess, weeping as she told them of the Duke's letter, and the good mother herself nearly fainted when she read it So Sidonia drove straight into the court, as the gates were lying open, and shouted: "What the devil! Is this a nun's cloister, where all the gates lie open, and the carls come in and out as if it were a dove-cot? Shame on ye, for light wantons! Wait; Sidonia will bring you into order Ha! ye turned me out, but now ye must have me, whether ye will or no!" At such blasphemies the nuns were struck dumb. However, the abbess seemed as though she heard them not, but advancing, bid Sidonia welcome, and said: "It was not possible to receive her into the cloister, until she had command from his Grace so to do, which command she now held in her hand" This softened Sidonia somewhat, and she asked: "What are the nuns doing there with the fish?" "Dividing the salmon,"

was the answer. Whereupon she jumped out of the cart, and declared that she must get her portion also, for salmon was a right good thing for supper. Whereupon, the sub-prioress, Dorothea von Stettin, cut her off a fine large head-piece, which Sidonia, however, pushed away scornfully, crying: "Fie! what did she mean by that? The devil might eat the head-piece, but give her the tail. She had never in her life eaten anything but the tail-piece; the tail was fatter". So the abbess signed to them to give her the tail-end; after which, she asked to see her cell, and on being shown it, cried out again: "Fie on them! Was that a cell for a lady of her degree? Why, it was a pig-stye. Let the abbess put her young litter of nuns there; they would be better in it than running up and down the convent court with the fish-carls. She must and will have the refectory". And when the abbess answered: "That was the prayer-room, where the sisters met night and morning for vespers and matins;" she heeded not, but said: "Let them pray in the chapel, the chapel is large enough". And so saying, she commanded her maid, who was no other than Wolde Albrechts, though not a soul in the convent knew her, to carry all her luggage straight into the refectory. What could the poor abbess do? She had to submit, and not only give her up the refectory, but finding that she had no bed, order one in for her. Item: Seeing that Sidonia was in rags, she desired black serge for a robe to be brought, and a white veil, such as the sisterhood wore, and bid the nuns stitch them up for her, thinking thus to win her over by kindness. Also she desired tables, stools, &c., to be arranged in the refectory, since she so ardently desired to possess this room. But what fruit all this kindness brought forth we shall see in liber tertius.

SIDONIA THE SORCERESS. BOOK III. FROM THE RECEPTION OF SIDONIA INTO THE CONVENT OF MARIENFLIESS UP TILL HER EXECUTION, AUGUST 19th 1620

CHAPTER I. HOW THE SUB-PRIORESS DOROTHEA STETTIN VISITS SIDONIA AND EXTOLS HER VIRTUE. ITEM: OF SIDONIA'S QUARREL WITH THE DAIRY-WOMAN, AND HOW SHE BEATS THE SHERIFF HIMSELF, EGGERT SPARLING, WITH A BROOM-STICK.

MOST eminent and illustrious Prince! your Serene Highness will surely pardon me if I pass over, in libro tertio, many of the quarrels, bickerings, strifes, and evil deeds, with which Sidonia disturbed the peace of the convent, and brought many a goodly person therein to a cruel end; first, because these things are already much known and talked of; and secondly, because such dire and Satanic wickedness must not be so much as named to gentle ears by me I shall, therefore, only set down a few of the principal events of her convent life, by which your Grace and others may easily conjecture much of what still remains unsaid; for truly wickedness advanced and strengthened in her day by day, as decay in a rotting tree.

THE morning after her arrival in the convent, while it was yet quite early, and Wolde Albrechts her lame maid was sweeping out the refectory, the sub-prioress, Dorothea Stettin, came to pay her a visit. She had a piece of salmon, and a fine haddock's liver on a plate to present to the lady, and was full of joy & gratitude that so pious and chaste a maiden should have entered this convent. "Ah, yes! it was indeed terrible to see how the convent gates lay open, and the men folk walked in and out, as the lady herself had seen yesterday. And would sister Sidonia believe it, sometimes the carls came in bare-legged? Not alone old Matthias Winterfeld, the convent porter, but others, yea, even in their shirt-sleeves sometimes, oh, it was shocking even to think of! She had talked about it long enough, though no one heeded her, though truly, she was

sub-prioress, & ought to have authority. However, if sister Sidonia would make common cause with her from this time forth, modesty & sobriety might yet be brought back to their blessed cloister." Sidonia desired nothing better than to make common cause with the good simple Dorothea, but for her own purposes Therefore she answered: "Ay, truly; this matter of the open gates was a grievous sin and shame. What else were these giddy wantons thinking of but lovers and matrimony? She really blushed to see them yesterday."

Illa: "True, true; that was just it. All about love and marriage was the talk for ever amongst them. It made her heart die within her to think what the young maidens were now-a-days."

Hæc: "Had she any instances to bring forward? what had they done?"

Illa: "Alas! instances enough. Why, not long since, a nun had married with a clerk, & this last chaplain, David Grosskopf, had taken another nun to wife himself."

Hæc: "Oh, she was ready to faint with horror."

Illa (sobbing, weeping, and falling upon Sidonia's neck): "God be praised that she had found one righteous soul in this Sodom and Gomorrah. Now she would swear friendship to her for life & death! And had she a little drop of wine, just to pour on the haddock's liver? it tasted so much better stewed in wine; but she would go for some of her own. The liver must just get one turn on the fire, and then the butter and spices have to be added. She would teach her how to do it if she did not know, only let the old maid make up the fire."

Hæc: "What was she talking about? Cooking was child's play to her; she had other things to cook than haddocks' livers."

Illa (weeping): "Ah! let not her chaste sister be angry; she had meant it all in kindness."

Hæc: "No doubt, but why did she call the convent a Sodom and Gomorrah? Did the nuns ever admit a lover into their cells?"

Illa (screaming with horror): "No, no; fie! how could the chaste sister bring her lips to utter such words?"

Hæc: "What did she mean, then, by the Sodom and Gomorrah?"

Illa: "Alas! the whole world was a Sodom and Gomorrah, why then not the convent, since it lay in the world? for though we do not sin in words or works, yet we may sin in thought, and this was evidently the case with some of these young things, for if the talk, in their hearing, was of marriage, they laughed and tittered, so that it was a scandal and abomination!"

Hæc: "But had she anything else to tell her; what had she come for?"

Illa: "Ah! she had forgotten. The abbess sent to say, that she must begin to knit the gloves directly for the canons of Camyn. Here was the thread."

Hæc: "Thousand devils! what did she mean?"

Illa (crossing herself): "Ah! the pious sister might let the devils alone, though (God be good to us!) the world was indeed full of them!"

Hæc: "What did she mean then by this knitting, to talk to her so, the lady of castles and lands?"

Illa: "Why, the matter was thus. The revered canons of Camyn, who were twelve in number, purchased their beer always from the convent, for such had been the usage from the old Catholic times, and sent a wagon regularly every half year to fetch it home. In return for this goodness, the nuns knit a pair of thread gloves for each canon in spring, and a pair of woollen ones in winter."

Hæc: "Then the devil may knit them if he chooses, but she never will. What! a lady of her rank to knit gloves for these old fat paunches! No, no; the abbess must come to her! Send a message to bid her come" And truly, in a little time, the abbess, Magdalena von Petersdorf, came as she was bid; for she had resolved to try and conquer Sidonia's pride and insolence by softness and humility But what a storm of words fell upon the worthy matron! "Was this treatment, forsooth, for a noble lady? To be told to knit gloves for a set of lazy canons. Marry, she had better send the men at once to her room to have them tried on. No wonder that levity and wantonness should reign throughout the convent!" Here the good mother interposed: "But could not sister Sidonia moderate her language a little? Such violence ill-became a spiritual maiden. If she would not hold by the old usage, let her say so quietly, & then she herself, the abbess, would undertake to knit the gloves, since the work so displeased her" Then she turned to leave the room, but, on opening the door, tumbled right against sister Anna Apenborg, who was stuck up close to it, with her ear against the crevice, listening to what was passing inside. Anna screamed at first, for the good mother's head had given her a stout blow, but recovering quickly, as the two prioresses passed out, curtsied to Sidonia: "Her name was Anna Apenborg. Her father, Elias, dwelt in Nadrensee, near Old Stettin, and her great-great-grandfather Caspar had been with Bogislaff X. in the Holy Land. She had come to pay her respects to the new sister, for she was cooking in the kitchen yesterday when the lady arrived, and never got a sight of her, but she heard that this

dear new sister was a great lady, with castles and lands. Her father's cabin was only a poor thing thatched with straw," &c. All this pleased the proud Sidonia mightily, so she beckoned her into the room, where the aforesaid Anna immediately began to stare about her, and devour everything with her eyes; but seeing such scanty furniture, remarked inquiringly: "The dear sister's goods are, of course, on the road?" This spoiled all Sidonia's good humour in a moment, and she snappishly asked, "What brought her there?" Hereupon the other excused herself: "The maid had told her that the dear sister was going to eat her salmon for her lunch, with bread and butter, but it was much better with kale, and if she had none, her maid might come down now and cut some in the garden. This was what she had to say. She heard indeed that the sub-prioress & Agnes Kleist ate their salmon stewed in butter, but that was too rich; for one should be very particular about salmon, it was so apt to disagree. However, if sister Sidonia would just mind her, she would teach her all the different ways of dressing it, and no one was ever the worse for eating salmon, if they followed her plan" But before Sidonia had time to answer, the chatter-box had run to the door and lifted the latch: "There was a strange woman in the court-yard, with something under her apron. She must go and see what it was, but would be back again instantly with the news" In a short time she returned, bringing along with her Sheriff Sparling's dairy-woman, who carried a large bundle of flax under her apron. This she set down before Sidonia: "And his Worship bid her say that she must spin all this for him without delay, for he wanted a new set of shirts, & the thread must be with the weaver by Christ-mas" When Sidonia heard this, she fell into a right rage in earn-est: "May the devil ring his ears, the peasant carl! To send such a message to a lady of her degree!" Then she pitched the flax out of the door, and wanted to shove the dairy-woman out after it, but she stopped, and said: "His Worship gave all the nuns a bushel of seed for their trouble, and sowed it for them; so she had better do as the others did" Sidonia, however, was not to be appeased: "May the devil take her and her flax, if she did not trot out of that instantly" So she pushed the poor woman out, and then panting and blowing with rage, asked Anna Apenborg to tell her what this boor of a sheriff was like?"

Illa: "He was a strange man. Ate fish every day, and always cooked the one way, namely, in beer. How this was possible she could not understand. To-day she heard he was to have pike for his dinner."

Hæc: "Was she asking the fool what he ate? What did she care about his dinners? But what sort of man was he, and did all the nuns in truth spin for him?"

Illa: "Ay, truly, except Barbara Schetzkow; she was dead now. But once when he went storming to her cell, she just turned him out, and so she had peace ever after. For he roared like a bear, but, in truth, was a cowardly rabbit this same sheriff. And she heard, that one time, when he was challenged by a noble, he shrank away, & never stood up to his quarrel" But just then, in walked the sheriff himself, with a horse-whip in his hand. He was a thick-set, gray-headed fellow, and roared at Sidonia: "What? thou old, lean hag, so thou wilt spin no flax? May the devil take thee, but thou shalt obey my commands!" While he thus scolded, Sidonia quietly caught hold of the broom, and grasping it with both hands, gave such a blow with the handle on the gray pate of the sheriff that he tumbled against the door, while she screamed out: "Ha! thou peasant boor, take that for calling me a hag, the lady of castles and lands!" Then she struck him again and again, till the sheriff at last got the door open and bolted out, running down the stairs as hard as he could, and into the court-yard, where, when he was safely landed, he shook the horse-whip up at Sidonia's windows, crying out: "I will make you pay dear for this. Anna Apenborg was witness of the assault. I will swear information this very day before his Highness, how the hag assaulted me, the sheriff, and superintendent of the convent, in the performance of my duty; and pray him to deliver an honourable cloister from the presence of such a vagabond" Then he went to the abbess, and begged her and the nuns to sustain him in his accusation. Such wickedness and arrogance had never yet been seen under the sun. Let the good abbess only feel his head; there was a lump as big as an egg on it. Truly, he had had a mind to horsewhip her black and blue; but that would have been illegal; so he thanked God that he had restrained himself" Then he made the abbess feel his head again; also, Anna Apenborg, who happened to come in at that moment.

BUT the worthy mother knew not what to do. She told the sheriff of Sidonia's behaviour as she drove into the convent; also, how she had possessed herself of the refectory by force, refused to knit or spin, and had sent for her, the abbess, bidding her come to her, as if she were no better than a serving-wench. At last, the sheriff desired all the nuns to be sent for, and in their pre-

sence drew up a petition to his Highness, praying that the honourable convent might be delivered from the presence of this dragon, for that no peace could be expected within the walls until this vagabond and evil-minded old hag were turned out on the road again, or wherever else his Highness pleased. Every one present signed this, with the exception of Anna Apenborg & the sub-prioress Dorothea Stettin. And many think that in consideration of this gentleness, Sidonia afterwards spared their lives, and did not bring them to a premature grave, like as she did the worthy abbess and others. For, the next time that she caught Anna at her old habit of listening, Sidonia said, while boxing her: "You should get something worse than a box on the ear, only for your refusal to sign that lying petition to his Highness". Summa: After a few days, an answer arrived from his Grace the Duke of Stettin, and the abbess, with the sheriff, proceeded with it to Sidonia's apartment. They found her brewing beer, an art in which she excelled; and the letter which they handed to her ran thus, according to the copy received likewise by the convent:

"We, Bogislaff, by the grace of God, Duke of Stettin, etc.

"Having heard from our sheriff and the pious sisterhood of Marienfliess, of thy unseemly behaviour, in causing uproars and tumults in the convent; further, of thy having struck our worthy sheriff on the head with a broom-stick, We hereby declare, desire, and command, that, unless thou givest due obedience to the authorities, lay and spiritual, doing this well, with humility and meekness, even as the other sisters, the said authorities shall have full power to turn thee out of the convent, by means of their bailiffs or otherwise, as they please, giving thee back again to that perdition from which thou wast rescued. Further, thou art herewith to deliver up the refectory to the abbess, of which We hear thou hast shamefully possessed thyself.

"Old Stettin, 10th November, 1603. "Bogislaff."

Sidonia scarcely looked at the letter, but thrust it under the pot on the fire, where it soon blazed away to help the brewing, and exclaimed: "They had forged it between them; the prince never wrote a line of it. Nor would he have sent it to her by the hands of her enemies. Let it burn there. Little trouble would she take to read their villainy. But never fear, they should have something in return for their pains". Hereupon she blew on them both, and they had scarcely reached the court, after leaving her apartment, when both were seized with excruciating pains in their limbs; both the sheriff

and the abbess were affected in precisely the same way, a violent pain first in the little finger, then on through the hand, up the arm; finally throughout the whole frame, as if the members were tearing asunder, till they both screamed aloud for very agony. Doctor Schwalenberg is sent for from Stargard, but his salve does no good; they grow worse rather, and their cries are dreadful to listen to, for the pain has become intolerable. So my brave sheriff turns from a roaring ox into a poor cowardly hare, and sends off the dairy-woman with a fine haunch of venison and a sweet-bread to Sidonia: "His Worship's compliments to the illustrious lady with these, and begged to know if she could send him anything good for the rheumatism, which had attacked him quite suddenly. The Stargard doctor was not worth the air he breathed, and his salve had only made him worse in place of better. He would send the illustrious lady also some pounds of wax-lights; she might like them through the winter, but they were not made yet". When Sidonia heard this, she laughed loudly, danced about, and repeated the verse which was then heard for the first time from her lips; but afterwards she made use of it, when about any evil deed:

"Also kleien und also kratzen,
Meine Hunde und meine Katzen."

∴ "So claw and so scratch
My dogs and my cats."

The dairy-woman stood by in silent wonder, first looking at Sidonia, then at Wolde, who began to dance likewise, and chanted:

"Also kleien und also kratzen,
Unsre Hunde und unsre Katzen."

∴ "So claw and so scratch
Our dogs and our cats."

At last Sidonia answered: "This time I will help him; but if he ever bring the roaring ox out of the stall again, assuredly he will repent it". Hereon the dairy-mother turned to depart, but suddenly stood quite still, staring at Anne Wolde; at length said: "Did I not see thee years ago spinning flax in my mother's cellar, when the folk wanted to bring thee to an ill end?" But the hag denied it all: "The devil may have been in her mother's cellar, but she had never seen Marienfliess in her life before, till she came hither with this illustrious lady". So the other seemed to believe her, and went out, and by the time she reached her master's door, his pains had all vanished, so that he rode that same day at noon to the hunt.

THE poor abbess heard of all this through Anna Apenborg, and thereupon bethought herself of a little embassy likewise. So she bid Anna take all sorts of good pastry, & a new kettle, and greet Lady Sidonia from her: "Could the dear sister give her anything for the rheumatism? She heard the sheriff was quite

cured, and all the doctor's salves and plasters were only making her worse. She sent the dear sister a few dainties, item, a new kettle, as her own kettle had not yet arrived. Item, she begged her acceptance of all the furniture, &c. which she had lent her for her apartment. At this second message the horrible witch laughed and danced as before, repeating the same couplet; and the old hag, Wolde, danced behind her like her shadow. Now Anna Apenborg's curiosity was excited in the highest degree at all this, and her feet began to beat up and down on the floor as if she were dying to dance likewise; at last she exclaimed: "Ah, dear lady! what is the meaning of that? Could you not teach it to me, if it cures the rheumatism? that is, if there be no devil's work in it (from which God keep us). I have twelve pounds of wool lying by me; will you take it, dear Lady, for teaching me the secret?" But Sidonia answered, "Keep your wool, good Anna, and I will keep my secret, seeing that it is impossible for me to teach it to you; for know, that a woman can only learn it of a man, and a man of a woman; and this we call the doctrine of sympathies. However, go your ways now, and tell the abbess that, if she does my will, I will visit her and see what I can do to help her; but, remember, my will she must do". Hereupon sister Anna was all eagerness to know what her will was, but Sidonia bade her hold her tongue, and then locked up the viands in the press, while Wolde went into the kitchen with the kettle, where Anna Apenborg followed her slowly, to try and pick something out of the old hag, but without any success, as one may easily imagine.

CHAPTER II. HOW SIDONIA VISITS THE ABBESS, MAGDALENA VON PETERSDORF, & EXPLAINS HER WISHES, BUT IS DIVERTED TO OTHER OBJECTS BY A SIGHT OF DAVID LUDECK, THE CHAPLAIN TO THE CONVENT.

HEN Sidonia went to visit the abbess, as she had promised, she found her lying in bed and moaning, so that it might have melted the heart of a stone; but the old witch seemed quite surprised: "What could be the matter with the dear good mother? But by God's help she would try and cure her. Only, concerning this little matter of the refectory, it might as well be settled first, for Anna Apenborg told her the room was to be taken from her, but would not the good mother

permit her to keep it?" And when the tortured matron answered: "Oh, yes; keep it, keep it," Sidonia went on: "There was just another little favour she expected for curing her dear mother (for, by God's help, she expected to cure her). This was, to make her sub-prioress in the place of Dorothea Stettin; for, in the first place, the situation was due to her rank, she being the most illustrious lady in the convent, dowered with castles and lands; secondly, because her illustrious forefathers had helped to found this convent; and thirdly, it was due to her age, for she was the natural mother of all these young doves, and much more fitted to keep them in order and strict behaviour than Dorothea Stettin" Here the abbess answered: "How could she make her sub-prioress while the other lived? This was not to be done? Truly sister Dorothea was somewhat prudish and whining, this she could not deny, for she had suffered many crosses in her path; but, withal, she was an upright, honest creature, with the best and simplest heart in the world; and so little selfishness, that verily she would lay down her life for the sisterhood, if it were necessary."

Illa: "A good heart was all very well, but what could it do without respect? And how could a poor fool be respected who fell into fits if she saw a bride, particularly here, where the young sisters thought of nothing but marriage, from morning till night."

Hæc: "Yet she was held in great respect & honour by all the sisterhood, as she herself could testify."

Illa: "Stuff! she must be sub-prioress, and there was an end of it, or the abbess might lie groaning there till she was as stiff as a pole. "Alas, Sidonia," answered the abbess, "I would rather lie here as stiff as a pole, or, in other words, lie here a corpse, for I understand thy meaning, than do aught that was unjust."

Illa: "What was unjust? The old goose need not be turned out of her office by force, but persuaded out of it; that would be an easy matter, if she were so humble and excellent a creature."

Hæc: "But then deceit must be practised, and that she could never bring herself to."

Illa: "Yet you could all practise deceit against me, and send off that complaint to his Highness the Prince."

Hæc: "There was no falsehood there nor deceit, but the openly expressed wish of the whole convent, and of his Worship the sheriff."

Illa: "Then let the whole convent and his Worship the sheriff make her well again; she would not trouble herself about the matter."

Whereupon she rose to depart, but the suffering abbess stretched

out her hands, and begged for the sake of Jesus, that she would release her from this torture. "Take everything, everything thou wishest, Sidonia, only leave me my good conscience. Thy dying hour must one day come, too; oh, think on that."

Illa: "The dying hour is a long way off yet," and she moved to the door.

Hæc (murmuring):

"Why should health from God estrange thee?
Morning cometh and may change thee;
Life, to-day, its hues may borrow
Where the grave-worm feeds to-morrow."

Illa: "Look to yourself then. Speak! Make me sub-prioress, and be cured on the instant."

Hæc (turning herself back upon the pillow): "No, no, temptress; begone:

"'Softest pillow for the dying,
Is a conscience void of dread.'

Go, leave me; my life is in the hand of God. 'For if we live, we live unto the Lord; and if we die, we die unto the Lord. Living, therefore, or dying, we are the Lord's'" So saying, the pious mother turned her face to the wall, and Sidonia went out of the chamber.

IN a little while, however, she returned: "Would the good mother promise, at least, to offer no opposition, if Dorothea Stettin proposed, of her own free will, to resign the office of sub-prioress? If so, let her reach forth her hand, she would soon find the pains leave her" The poor abbess assented to this, and, oh, wonder! as it came, so it went; first out of the little finger, and then by degrees out of the whole body, so that the old mother wept for joy, and thanked her murderess Just then the door opened, and David Ludeck, the chaplain whom the abbess had sent for, entered in his surplice. He was a fine tall man, of about thirty-five years, with bright red lips and jet-black beard He wondered much on hearing how the abbess had been cured by what Sidonia called "sympathies," and smelled devil's work in it, but said nothing, for he was afraid; spoke kindly to the witch-hag even, and extolled her learning and the nobility of her race; declaring that he knew well that the Von Borks had helped mainly to found this cloister. This mightily pleased the sorceress, and she grew quite friendly, asking him at last: "What news he had of his wife and children?" And when he answered: "He had no wife nor children," her eyes lit up

again like old cinders, and she began to jest with him about his going about so freely in a cloister, as she observed he did. But when she saw that the priest looked grave at the jestings, she changed her tone, and demurely asked him "if he would be ready after sermon on Sunday to assist at her assuming the nun's dress; for though many had given up this old usage, yet she would hold by it, for love of Jesu." This pleased the priest, and he promised to be prepared. Then Sidonia took her leave; but scarcely had she reached her own apartment when she sent for Anna Apenborg. "What sort of man was this chaplain? she saw that he went about the convent at his pleasure. This was strange when he was unmarried."

Illa: "He was a right friendly and well-behaved gentleman. Nothing unseemly in word or deed had ever been heard of him."

Hæc: "Then he must have some private love-affair."

Illa: "Some said he was paying court to Bamberg's sister there in Jacobshagen."

Hæc: "Ha! very probable. But was it true? for otherwise he should not go about amongst the nuns the way he did. It was quite abominable: an unmarried man; Dorothea Stettin was right. But how could they ascertain the fact?"

Illa: "That was easily done. She was going next morning to Jacobshagen, and would make out the whole story for her. Indeed, she herself, too, was curious about it."

Hæc: "All right. This must be done for the honour of the cloister. For according to the rules of 1569, the court chaplain was to be an old man, who should teach the sisters to read and write. Whereas, here was a fine carl with red lips and a black beard; unmarried too. Did he perchance ever teach any of them to read or write?"

Illa: "No; for they all knew how already."

Hæc: "Still there was something wrong in it. No, no, in such matters youth has no truth; Dorothea Stettin was quite right. Ah, what a wonderful creature, that excellent Dorothea! Such modesty and purity she had never met with before. Would that all young maidens were like her, and then this wicked world would be something better."

Illa (sighing): "Ah, yes; but then sister Dorothea went rather far in her notions."

Hæc: "How so? In these matters one could never go too far."

Illa: "Why, when a couple were called in church, or a woman was churched, Dorothea nearly fainted. Then, there was a niche in the chancel for which old Duke Barnim had given them an Adam and

Eve, which he turned and carved himself. But Dorothea was quite shocked at the Adam, and made a little apron to hang before him, though the abbess & the whole convent said that it was not necessary. But she told them, that unless Adam wore his apron, never would she set foot in the chapel. Now truly this was going rather far. Item, she had been heard to wonder how the Lord God could send all the animals naked into the world; as cats, dogs, horses, and the like. Indeed she one day disputed sharply on the matter with the chaplain; but he only laughed at her, whereupon Dorothea went away in a sulk."

HERE Sidonia laughed outright too; but soon said with grave decorum: "Quite right. The excellent Dorothea was a treasure above all treasures for the convent. Ah, such chastity and virtue were rarely to be met with in this wicked world" Now Anna Apenborg had hardly turned her back, to go and chatter all this back again to the sub-prioress, when Sidonia proceeded to tap some of her beer, and called the convent porter to her, Matthias Winterfeld, bidding him carry it with her greetings to the chaplain, David Ludeck. (For her own maid Wolde was lame, ever since the racking she got at Wolgast. So Sidonia was in the habit of sending the porter on all her messages, much to his annoyance.) When he came now he was in his shirt sleeves, at which Sidonia was wroth: "What did he mean by going about the convent in shirt sleeves? Never let him appear before her eyes in such unseemly trim. And was this a time even for shirt sleeves, when they were in the month of November? but winter or summer he must never appear so" Hereupon the fellow excused himself. He was killing geese for some of the nuns, and had just put off his coat, not to have it spoiled by the down; but she is nothing mollified; scolds him still, so the fellow makes off without another word, fearing he might get a touch of the rheumatism, like the abbess and his worship the sheriff, and carries the beer-can to the reverend chaplain, from whom he soon brings back "his grateful acknowledgments to the Lady Sidonia."

TWO days now passed over, but on the third morning Anna Apenborg trotted in to the refectory full of news. She was quite tired from her journey yesterday; for the snow was deep on the roads, but to pleasure sister Sidonia (and besides, as it was a matter that concerned the honour of the convent) she

had set off to Jacobshagen, though indeed the snow lay ankle-deep. However, she was well repaid, and had heard all she wanted; oh, there was great news!"

Illa: "Quick! what? how? why? Remember it is for the honour and reputation of the entire convent."

Hæc: "She had first gone to one person, who pretended not to know anything at all of the matter, but then another person had told her the whole story; under the seal of the strictest secrecy, however."

Illa: "What is it? what is it? How she went on chattering of nothing."

Hæc: "But will the dear sister promise not to breathe it to mortal? She would be ruined with her best friend otherwise."

Illa: "Nonsense, girl; who could I repeat it to? Come, out with it!" So Anna began, in a very long-winded manner, to explain how the burgomaster's wife in Jacobshagen said that her maid said that Provost Bamberg's maid said, that while she was sweeping his study the other morning, she heard the provost's sister say to her brother in the adjoining room, that she could not bear the chaplain David Ludeck, for he had been visiting there off and on for ever so long, and yet never had asked her the question. He was a faint-hearted coward evidently, and she hated faint-hearted men. Sidonia grew as red as a fire-beacon when she heard this, and walked up and down the apartment as if much perturbed, so that Anna asked if the dear sister were ill? "No," was the answer. "She was only thinking how best to get rid of this priest, & prevent him running in and out of the convent whenever he pleased. She must try & have an order issued, that he was only to visit the nuns when they were sick. This very day she would see about it. Could the good Anna tell her what the sheriff had for lunch to-day?"

Illa: "Ay, truly, could she; for the milk-girl who had brought her some fresh milk, told her that he had got plenty of wild fowl, which the keeper had snared in the net; and there was to be a sweet-bread besides. But what was the dear sister herself to eat?"

Hæc: "No matter, but did she not hear a great ringing of bells? What could the ringing be for?"

Illa: "That was a strange thing, truly. And there was no one dead, nor any child to be christened, that she had heard of. She would just run out and see, and bring the dear sister word."

Illa: "Well then, wait till evening, for it is near noon now, and I expect a guest to lunch."

Hæc: "Eh? a guest! and who could it be?"
Illa: "Why the chaplain himself. I want to arrange about his dismissal."

SO, hardly had she got rid of the chatter-box, when Sidonia called the porter Matthias, and bid him greet the reverend chaplain from her, and say, that as she had somewhat to ask him concerning the investiture on Sunday, would he be her guest that day at dinner? She hoped to have some game, with a sweet-bread, and excellent beer to set before him. When the porter returned with the answer from his Reverence, accepting the invitation, she sent him straight to the sheriff with a couple of covered dishes, and a message, begging his Worship to send her half-a-dozen brace or so of game, for she heard that a great many had been taken in his nets; and a sweet-bread, if he had it, for she had a guest to-day at dinner. So the dishes came back full, everything just ready to be served; for the cunning hag knew well that he dare not refuse her, and immediately afterwards the priest arrived to dinner. He was very friendly, but Sidonia caught him looking very suspiciously at a couple of brooms, which she had laid crosswise under the table. So she observed: "I lay these brooms there, to preserve our dear mother & the sheriff from falling again into this sickness. It is part of the doctrine of sympathies, and I learned it out of my Herbal, as I can show you." Upon which she went to her trunk & got the book for the priest, whose fears diminished when he saw that it was printed, but he could not prevail on her to lend it to him. Summa: The priest grew still more friendly over the good eating and drinking; and she, the old hypocrite, discoursed him the while about her heavenly bridegroom, & threw up her eyes and sighed, at the same time pressing his hand fervently. But the priest never minded it, for she was old enough to be his mother, and besides, he remembered the Scripture: "No man can call Jesus lord, except through the Holy Ghost." So as her every third word was "Jesus," he looked upon her as a most discreet and pious Christian, and went away much satisfied by her and the good dinner.

CHAPTER III. SIDONIA TRIES ANOTHER WAY TO CATCH THE PRIEST, BUT FAILS THROUGH A MISTAKE. ITEM; OF HER HORRIBLE SPELL, WHEREBY SHE BEWITCHED THE WHOLE PRINCELY RACE OF POMERANIA, SO THAT TO THE GRIEVOUS SORROW OF THEIR FATHERLAND, THEY REMAIN BARREN EVEN UNTO THIS DAY.·.

·.· Note of Duke Bogislaff XIV. "Ay, and will to the last day, vœh mihi."

S soon as the pious abbess was able to leave her bed, she sent for the priest, for she had strange suspicions about Sidonia, and asked the reverend clerk, if indeed her cure could have been effected by sympathy? and were it not rather some work of the bodily Satan himself? But my priest assured her concerning Sidonia's Christian faith; item, told, to the great wonderment of the abbess, that she no longer cared for the sub-prioret (we know why, she would sooner have the priest than the prioret), but was content to let Dorothea Stettin keep it or resign it, just as she pleased. After this, the investiture of Sidonia took place, and the priest blessed her at the altar, and admonished her to take as her model the wise virgins mentioned Matt. xxv. (but God knows, she had followed the foolish virgins up to that period, and never ceased doing so to the end of her days) Even on that very night, we shall see her conduct; for she bid her maid Wolde run and call up the convent porter, and dispatch him instantly for the priest, saying that she was very ill, and he must come and pray with her. This excited no suspicion, since she herself had forbade the priest entering the convent, unless any of the sisters were sick. But Anna Apenborg slipped out of bed when she heard the noise, and watched from the windows for the porter's return. Then she tossed up the window, though the snow blew in all over her bed, and called out: "Well, what says he? will he come? will he come?" And when the fellow grunted in answer, "Yes, he's coming," she wrapped a garment round her, and set herself to watch, though her teeth were chattering from cold all the time. In due time the priest came, whereupon the curious virgin crept out of her garret, & down the stairs to a little window in the passage which looked in upon the refectory, and through which, in former times, provisions were sometimes handed in. There she could hear every-

thing that passed. When the priest entered, Sidonia stretched out her meagre arms towards him, and thanked him for coming; would he sit down here on the bed, for there was no other seat in the room? she had much to tell him that was truly wonderful. But the priest remained standing: let her speak on.

Illa: "Ah! it concerned himself. She had dreamt a strange dream (God be thanked that it was not a reality), but it left her no peace. Three times she awoke, and three fell asleep and dreamt it again. At last she sent for him, for there might be danger in store for him, and she would turn it away if possible."

Hic: "It was strange, truly. What then had she dreamed?"

Illa: "It seemed to her that murderers had got up into his room through the window, and just as they were on the point of strangling him, she had appeared and put them to flight, whereupon" .... here she paused and sighed.

Hic (in great agitation): "Go on, for God's sake go on, what further?"

Illa: "Whereupon, ah! she must tell him now, since he forced her to do it. Whereupon, out of gratitude, he took her to be his wife, and they were married" (sighing, and holding both hands before her eyes).

Hic (clasping his hands): "Merciful Heaven! how strange! I dreamt all that precisely myself" .. Upon which Sidonia cried out: "How can it be possible? Oh, it is the will of God, David; it is the will of God!" and she seized him by both hands But the priest remained as cold as the snow outside, drew back his head and said: "Ah! no doubt these absurdities about marriage came into my head, because I had been thinking so much over our young Lord Philip of Wolgast, who was wedded to-day at Berlin" Sidonia started up at this, and screamed in rage and anger: "What! Duke Philip married to-day in Berlin? The accursed prioress told me the wedding was not to be for eight days after the next new moon"

∴ The power of producing particular dreams by volition, was recognised by the ancients & philosophers of the middle ages. Ex. Albertus Magnus relates (de mirabilibus mundi 205) that horrible dreams can be produced by placing an ape's skin under the pillow He also gives a receipt for making women tell their secrets in sleep (but this I shall keep to myself); such phenomena are neither physiologically nor psychologically impossible, but our modern physiologists are content to take the mere poor form of nature, dissect it, anatomize it, and then bury it beneath the sand of their hypothesis. Thus, indeed, "the dead bury their dead," while all the strange, mysterious, inner powers of nature which the philosophers of the middle ages, as Psellus, Albertus Magnus, Trithemius, Cardanus, Theophrastus, &c., did so much to elucidate, are at once flippantly and ignorantly placed in the category of "Superstitions," "Absurdities," & "Artful Deceptions."

The priest now was more astonished at her manner than even at the coincidence of the dreams, & he started back from the bed. Whereupon, perceiving the mistake she had made, the horrible witch threw herself down again, and letting her head fall upon the pillow, murmured: "Oh! my head! my head! She must have locked up the moon in the cellar. How will the poor people see now by night? why did the prioress lock up the moon? Oh! my head! my head!" Then she thanked the priest for coming, it was so good of him; but she was worse, much worse. "Ah! her head! her head! Better go now, but let him come again in the morning to see her." So the good priest believed in truth that the detestable hag was very ill, and evidently suffering from fever; so he went his way pitying her much, & without the least suspicion of her wicked purposes.

SCARCELY, however, had he closed the door, when Sidonia sprang like a cat from her bed, & called out, "Wolde, Wolde!" And as the old witch hobbled in with her lame leg, Sidonia raged and stamped, crying out: "The accursed abbess has lied to me. Ernest Ludovicus' brat was married to-day at Berlin. Oh! if I am too late now, as on his father's marriage, I shall hang myself in the laundry. Where is Chim, the good-for-nothing spirit? he should have seen to this." And she dragged him out and beat him, while he quaked like a hare. Whereupon Wolde called out: "Bring the padlock from the trunk." The other answered: "What use now? the bridal pair are long since wedded & asleep." To which the old witch replied: "No; it is twelve o'clock here, but in Berlin it wants a quarter to it yet. There is time. The Berlin brides never retire to their apartment till the clock strikes twelve. There is time still." "Then," exclaimed Sidonia, "since the devil cannot tell me on what day they hold bridal, I will make an end now of the whole accursed griffin brood in all its relationships, branch and root, now and for evermore, in Wolgast as in Stettin; be they destroyed & rooted out for ever and for ever." Then she took the padlock, and murmured some words over it, of which Anna Apenborg could only catch the names, Philip, Francis, George, Ulrich, Bogislaff, who were all sons to Duke Bogislaff XIII., and in truth died each one without leaving an heir. And, during the incantation, the light trembled and burned dim upon the table, and the thing which she had beaten seemed to speak with a human voice, and the bells on the turret swung in the wind with a low sound, so that Anna fell on her knees from horror, and scarcely dared to breathe. Then the

accursed sorceress gave the padlock and key to Wolde, bidding her go forth by night and fling it into the sea, repeating the words:
"Hid deep in the sea
Let my dark spell be,
For ever, for ever!
To rise up never!"
Then Wolde asked: "Had she forgotten Duke Casimir?" Whereat Sidonia laughed and said: "The spell had long been on him." And immediately after, Anna Apenborg beheld three shadows, in place of two, thrown upon the white wall opposite the little window. So she strengthened her heart to look in, & truly there was another form present now ❧ And the three danced together, and chanted strange rhymes, while the shadows on the wall danced up & down likewise. Then a deep bass voice called out: "Ha! there is Christian flesh here! Ha! there is Christian flesh!" Whereupon Anna, though nearly dead with fright, crept up to her garret on her knees, while loud laughter resounded behind her; and it seemed as if old pots were flung up the stairs after her. ∴ For the rest of that night, she could not close her eyes.

NEXT morning, one can easily imagine with what eagerness she hurried to the abbess, to relate the past night's horrible tale. Sidonia likewise is astir early, for by daybreak she despatched her old lame Wolde to the chaplain (the porter was not up yet) with a can of beer for his great trouble the night before, and trusted it would strengthen his heart. In this beer she had poured her detestable love-philtrum, to awaken a passion for herself in the breast of the Reverend David, but it turned out quite otherwise, & ended after the most ludicrous fashion, no doubt all owing to the

∴ Note of Duke Bogislaff XIV. Incredibile sane, et tamen verum. Cur, mi Deus? (It is impossible, and yet how true. Wherefore, my God?)
The spell by knotting the girdle is noticed by Virgil, 8th eclogue:
"Necte tribus nodis ternos Amarylli colores;
Necte Amarylli modo, et Veneris dic vincula necto."
(In three knots Amaryllis weaves three different colours;
Amaryllis knots and says: I knot the girdle of Venus.)
The use of the padlock is not mentioned until the middle ages, when it seems to have been so much employed that severe ordinances were directed against its use.

malice of the spirit Chim, in revenge for the blows she had given him the night previous; for, behold, as soon as the priest had swallowed a right good draught of beer, he began to stare at the old hag and murmur; then he passed his hand over his eyes, and motioned her to remain. Again he looked at her, twice, thrice, put some silver into her hand, and at last spake: "Ah! Wolde, what a beautiful creature you are! Where have my eyes been, that I never discovered this before?" The cunning hag saw now plainly what the drink had done, and which way the wind blew. So she sat herself down simpering, by the stove, and my priest crept up close beside her; he took her hand: "Ah! how fat and plump it was, such a beautiful hand" But the old hag drew it back, saying: "Let me go, Mr. David!" To which he answered: "Yes, go, my treasure. I love to see you walk. What an exquisite limp. How stupid are men nowa-days not to see all the beauty of a limp. Ah! Venus knew it well, and therefore chose Vulcan, for he too limped like my Wolde. Give me a kiss then, loveliest of women. Ah! what enchanting, snow-white hair, like the purest silver, has my treasure on her head."

O wonder the old lame hag was tickled with the commendations, for, in all the sixty years of her life, she never had heard the like before. But she played the prude, and pushed away the priest with her hand, just as, by good fortune, a messenger from the abbess knocked at the door, with a request that the chaplain would come to the good mother without delay. So the old hag went away with the maid of the abbess, and the priest stopped to dress himself more decently. But in some time the abbess, who was on the watch, saw him striding past her door; so she opened her window and called out to know, "Where was he going? Had he forgotten that she lived there?" To which he answered: "He must first visit Sidonia." At this the worthy matron stared at him in horror; but my priest went on; and as he cared more for the maid than the mistress now, ran at once into the kitchen, without waiting to see Sidonia in the refectory; and seizing hold of Wolde, whispered: "That she must give him the kiss now, she need not be such a prude, for he had no wife. And what beautiful hair! Never in his life had he ever seen such beautiful white hair!" But the old hag still resisted; and in the struggle a stool, on which lay a pot, was thrown down Sidonia rushed in at the noise; and behold, there was my priest holding Wolde by the hand. She nearly fainted at the sight. What was he doing with her maid? Then seizing a heavy

log of wood, she began to lay it on Wolde's shoulders, who screamed and roared, while my priest slunk away ashamed, without a word; and as he ran down the steps, heard the blows and the screams still resounding from the kitchen. As he passed the door of the abbess's room, again she called him in; but as he entered she exclaimed in terror: "My God, what ails your Reverence? You look as black & red in the face as if you had had a fit, and had grown ten years older in one night!" "Nothing ails me," he answered; then sighed, & walked up and down the room, murmuring: "What is the world to me? Why should I care what the world thinks?" Then falls flat on the ground as if he were dead, while the good abbess screams and calls for help. In runs Anna Apenborg; item, several other sisters with their maids, and they stretch the priest out upon a bench near the stove, where he soon begins to foam at the mouth, and throw up all the beer, with the love philtrum therein, which he had drunk (Sidonia's power effected this, no doubt, since she saw how matters stood). Then he heaved a deep sigh, opened his eyes, and asked: "Where am I?" Whereupon finding that his reason and clear understanding had been restored to him, he requested the sisterhood to depart (for they had all rushed in to hear what was going on) and leave him alone with the abbess, as he had matter of grave import to discuss with her. Whereupon they all went out, except Anna Apenborg, who said that she too had matter of grave import to relate. So finding she would not stir, the priest took her by the hand, and put her out at the door along with the others.

NOW when they were both left alone, we can easily imagine the subject of their conversation. The poor priest made his confession, concealing nothing, only lamenting bitterly how he had disgraced his holy calling; but he had felt like one in a dream, or under some influence which he could not shake off. In return the abbess told him of the horrible scene witnessed by Anna Apenborg the night before; upon which they both agreed that no more accursed witch and sorceress was in the world than their poor cloister held at that moment. Finally, putting all the circumstances together, the reverend David began to perceive what designs Sidonia had upon him, particularly when he heard of Anna Apenborg's visit to Jacobshagen, & the news which she had brought back from thence. So to destroy all hope at once in the accursed sorceress, and save himself from further importunity and persecution on her part, he resolved to offer his hand the very next day to Barbara

Bamberg, for in truth he had long had an eye of Christian love upon the maiden, who was pious & discreet, & just suited to be a pastor's wife. Then they agreed to send for the sheriff, and impart the whole matter to him, he being cloister superintendent; but his answer was: "Let them go to him, if they wanted to speak to him; for, as to him, he would never enter the convent again, his poor body had suffered too much there the last time." Whereupon they went to him, but he could give no counsel, only to leave the matter in the hands of God the Lord: for if they appealed to the Prince, the sorceress would surely bewitch them again, and they would be screaming day and night, or maybe die at once, and then what help for them," &c.

SIDONIA, meanwhile, was not idle; for she sent messages throughout the convent that she lay in her bed sick unto death, and they must needs come and pray with her, along with the priest, before they assembled in the chapel for service. At this open blasphemy and hypocrisy, a great fear and horror fell upon the abbess, likewise upon the priest, since the witch had specially named him, and desired that he would come before service to pray with her. For a long while he hesitated, at last promised to visit her after service; but again bethought himself that it would be more advisable to visit her before, for he might possibly succeed in unveiling her iniquities, or if not, he could pray afterwards in the church, "that if indeed Sidonia were really sick, and a child of God, the just and merciful Father would raise her up and strengthen her in her weakness; but if she were practising deceit, and were no child of God, but an accursed limb of Satan, then he would give her up into the hands of God for punishment, for had he not said: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord'?" (Romans xii. 19.) This pleased the abbess, and forthwith the reverend David proceeded to the refectory.

NOW Sidonia had not expected him so early, and she was up and dressed, busily brewing another hellish drink to have ready for him by the time he arrived; but when his step sounded in the passage, she whipped into bed and covered herself up with the clothes, not so entirely, however, but that a long tail of her black robe fell outside from under the white sheet; this, unluckily for herself, she knew nothing of. The priest, however, saw it plainly, and had moreover heard the jump she gave into bed just as he opened the

door; but he made no remark, only greeted her as usual, and asked what she wanted with him.

Illa: "Ah! she was sick, sick unto death, would he not pray for her? for the night before she was too ill to pray, and no doubt the Lord was angry with her, by reason of the omission. This morning, indeed, she had crept out of bed, just to scold her awkward maid for breaking all the pots and pans, as he himself saw, but had to go to bed again, and was growing weaker and weaker every quarter of an hour. But the good priest must taste her beer; let him drink a can of it first to strengthen his heart. It was the best beer she had made yet, and her maid had just tapped a fresh barrel." Here the reverend David made answer: "He thanked her for her beer, but would drink none. He could not believe, either, that she was as ill as she said, and had been lying in bed all the morning". But she persisted so vehemently in her falsehoods that the very boards under her must have felt ashamed, if they had possessed any consciousness. Whereupon the priest shuddered in horror and disgust, bent down silently, and lifted up the piece of her robe which lay outside. "What did this mean; did she wear her nun's dress in bed? or was she not rather making a mock of him, and the whole convent, by her pretended sickness?" Here Sidonia grew red with shame and wrath; but, ere she could utter a word, the priest continued with a holy and righteous anger: "Woe to thee, Sidonia! for thou art a by-word amongst the people. Woe to thee, Sidonia! for thou hast passed thy youth in wantonness and thy old age in sin. Woe to thee, Sidonia! for thy hellish arts brought thy mother the abbess, and thy father the superintendent, nearly to their graves. Woe to thee, Sidonia! for this past night thou hast taken a horrible revenge upon the whole princely race, and cursed them by the power which the devil gives thee. Woe to thee, Sidonia! for by thy hellish drink thou didst seek to destroy me, the servant of the living God, to thy horrible maid still more horribly attracting me. Woe to thee, Sidonia! accursed witch and sorceress, blasphemer of God and man! Behold thy God liveth and thy Prince liveth, and they will rain fire and brimstone upon thy infamous head. Woe to thee! woe to thee! woe to thee! thou false serpent, thou accursed above all the generations of vipers, how wilt thou escape eternal damnation?" When the righteous priest of God had ended his fearful malediction, he started at himself, for he knew not how the words had come into his mouth; then turned from the bed and went out, while a peal of laughter followed him from the room. But no evil happened to him at that time, as he

had fully expected, from Sidonia (probably she feared to exasperate the convent and the Prince against her too much); but she treasured up her vengeance to another opportunity, as we shall hear further on.

CHAPTER IV. HOW DOROTHEA STETTIN IS TALKED OUT OF THE SUB-PRIORET BY SIDONIA, & THE PRIEST IS PROHIBITED FROM VISITING THE CONVENT.

IF Sidonia could not be the pastor's wife, she was determined at least to be sub-prioress, and commenced her preparations for this object by knitting a little pair of red hose for her cat. Then she sent for Dorothea Stettin, saying that she was weak and ill, and no one took pity on her. When the good Dorothea came as she was asked, there lay my serpent on the bed in her nun's robes, groaning & moaning as if her last hour had come; and scarcely had the sub-prioress taken a seat near her, when my cat crept forth from under the bed, in his little red hose, mewing and rubbing himself up against the robe of the sub-prioress, as if praying her to remove this unwonted constraint from him, of the little red hose. After Dorothea had inquired about her sickness, she looked at the cat, and asked wonderingly, what was the meaning of such a strange dress.

Illa: "Ah, dear friend, it was dreadful to my feelings to see the little animal going about naked, therefore I knit little hose for him, as you see; indeed, I am often tempted to wonder how the Lord God could permit the poor animals to appear naked before us."

Hæc: (extending her arms for joy, so that she almost tumbled back off the stool): "Oh, God be praised and thanked, at last I have found one chaste soul in this wicked world!" (sobs, throws up her eyes, falls upon Sidonia's neck, kisses her, and weeps over her). "Ah, yes, one chaste soul at last, like herself!"

Illa: "True, Dorothea, there is no virtue so rare in this evil world as chastity. Ah, why has the Lord God placed such things before our eyes? I never can comprehend it, and never will. What a sight for a chaste virgin, these naked animals! What did the dear sister think on the matter?"

Hæc: "Ah, she knew not what to think; had asked the priest about it."

Illa: "And what did he say?"

Hæc: "He laughed at her."
Illa: "Just like him, the lewd hypocritical pharisee."
Hæc: "Eh? she was too hard on the good priest. He was a pure and upright servant of God."
Illa: "Ay, as Judas was. Had not sister Dorothea heard?"
Hæc: "No, for God's sake what? the dear sister frightened her already."
Illa: "First, you confess that the priest laughed when you talked about chastity?"
Hæc: "Yes, true; ah, indeed true."
Illa: "Then you remember that he preached a sermon lately upon adul... upon adul.. No, she never could utter the word, the horrible word. Upon the seventh commandment, to the great scandal of the entire convent?"
Hæc: "Ah yes, ah yes, she was there, and had to stop one ear with her finger, the other with her kerchief, not to hear all the strange and dreadful things he was saying."
Illa: "And yet this was the man that ran in and out of the cloister daily at his pleasure, sent for or not. A young unmarried man, though the convent rulers especially declared an old man; ah, if she were sub-prioress this scandal should never be permitted."
Hæc: "What could be done? it was a blessed thing to live in peace. Besides, the priest was such a pious man."
Illa: "Pious? Heaven defend us from such piety! Why, had she not heard? the whole convent talked about it."
Hæc: "No, no; for God's sake, what had happened? tell her; she had been making sausages all the morning, and had heard nothing."
Illa: "Then know (ah God, how it pained her to talk of it) she had heard a great noise in the kitchen in the morning, as if all the pots and pans were tumbled about, and when she ran in to see, there was the priest (oh, her chaste eyes never had seen such a sight), the pious priest making love to her old maid Wolde."
Hæc: "Impossible, impossible! to her old maid Wolde?"
Illa: "Yea, and he was praying her for kisses, and praising her fat hand, and extolling her white hair. But as to what more she had seen..."
Hæc: "For God's sake, sister, what more?"
Illa (sighing, and covering her face with both hands): "No, no, that she could never bring her chaste lips to utter. Oh, that such wickedness should be in the world (weeping bitterly). But she would never enter the chapel again, and that priest there; nor receive the

rites from him. But this was not all, the dear sister must hear how he revenged himself upon her, because she interrupted his toying with the old hag. It was truth, all truth! she (Sidonia) grew so ill with fright and horror that she was unable to disrobe, and threw herself on the bed just as she was, but growing weaker and weaker hour by hour sent for the priest at last, to pray with her, and afterwards to offer up general supplication for her restoration, in the chapel with all the sisterhood; but only think, the shameless hypocrite refused to pray with her, because he spied an end of her black robe out of the bed, declaring she was not ill at all, that she was a base liar, all because she had lain down in her convent dress, and finally went his way cursing and swearing, without even saying one prayer, or uttering one word of comfort, as was his duty. And now, alas! she must die without priest or sacrament! To what a Sodom and Gomorrah she had come! But if an old hag like her maid was not safe from the shameless parson, how could she or any of them be safe? What was to be done unless the dear sister, as sub-prioress, took the matter in her own hands, & brought him to task about it?"

AT this proposal the other trembled like an aspen leaf, and seemed more dead than alive. She wept, wrung her hands: for God's sake what could she do? how could she talk on such a matter? Let the abbess see to it, if she chose.

Illa: "Stuff, the old pussy, the less said of her the better. Why, she was worse than the old maid Wolde herself."

Hæc: "The abbess? why, the whole convent, and the whole world too, talked of her piety and virtue."

Illa: "Very virtuous, truly, to have the priest locked up with her, and when some of the sisters wished to remain, suspecting that all was not right, the priest pushed them out at the door with his own hands, and bolted it after them, as many could testify to her had been done this very day. Oh, what a Sodom & Gomorrah she had been betrayed into! (weeping, sobbing, & falling upon Dorothea's neck) I pray you, sister, for the sake of our heavenly bridegroom, bring this evil to an end, otherwise fire and brimstone will assuredly and justly be rained down upon our poor cloister". Still the other maintained that the dear sister must err as regarded the abbess. It might be her chaste zeal that blinded her. True enough, probably, what she said of the priest; but the worthy abbess: no, never could she believe that."

Illa: "Let her have proof then. It was not her custom to weaken

innocence; call her maid Wolde." Then as Wolde entered, Sidonia made a sign, and bid her tell the sub-prioress all that the shameless priest had done.

Ancilla: "He had asked her for little kisses, praised her hands and hair, and her beautiful limp, & had sat up close to her on the bench, then run after her into the kitchen, gave her money (shows the money), asked again for kisses, then..." Sidonia screams: "Hold your tongue; no more, no more; enough, enough!" At this story, Dorothea Stettin nearly went into convulsions, she wrung her hands, crying: "How is it possible? Oh, heaven, how is it possible?"

Illa: "There is something more quite possible also; the hag shall tell you what she saw at the room door of the abbess."

Ancilla: "When the scandalous priest left her, he went straight to the abbess, and there was taken with cramps, as she heard, upon which all the convent ran thither, & she with the rest. And he was lying stretched out on a bench, like one dead, no doubt from shame; but the shame soon went off, and then he got up, and bade them all leave the room. However, good Anna Apenborg did not choose to go, for she suspected evil. Whereupon he seized her by the hand, and put her out along with the others. She saw all this herself, for she was standing in the passage, waiting to speak to sister Anna. When, behold, she was pushed out to her great surprise in this way by the priest, and they heard the door bolted inside immediately after" At this Dorothea Stettin fell upon Sidonia's bed, weeping, sobbing, and ready to die with grief; but Sidonia bade her not take on so; for perhaps, after all, the old hag had not told the truth, at least concerning the dear worthy abbess; but two witnesses would be sufficient testimony. Whereupon she bid Wolde watch for Anna Apenborg from the window, and beckon to her to come in if she saw her going by. And scarcely had Wolde stepped to the window, when she laughed and said: "Truly, there stands Anna chatting with Agnes Kleist's maid at the well. Shall I run and call her?" "Yes," said Sidonia. In a little while Wolde returned with sister Anna. The girl looked wildly round at first, stared at the broomsticks which lay crosswise under the table, and then asked, with a trembling voice, what the good sister wanted with her, while she took a seat on a trunk near the bed. "My old maid," said Sidonia, "tells me that the reverend chaplain took you by the hand, and put you out of the abbess's room, after which he bolted the door. Is this true or not? Speak the whole truth" So Anna related the whole story as Wolde had done; but, while talking, the curious damsel

lifted up a corner of the quilt to peep under the bed, upon which my cat in his little red hose crept forth again, mewing and rubbing himself against Anna, at which she gave a shriek of horror and sprang out of the room, down the steps & into the courtyard, without ever once venturing to look behind her. And many think that this cat was Sidonia's evil spirit Chim. But Anna Apenborg saw afterwards a pair of terrible fiery eyes glaring at her from Sidonia's window; so others said, that must have been Chim. But we shall hear more of this same cat presently ❧ Summa: Sidonia knew well enough what made the girl scream, but she turned to Dorothea and said: "Ah, see how this wickedness has shocked the poor young nun! Therefore, dear sister, you must, as sub-prioress, make an end of the scandal, and prohibit this false priest from visiting the convent; for, indeed, they who permitted him such freedom amongst the nuns were more to blame for his sins than he himself" ❧ Poor Dorothea groaned forth in answer: "Alas, alas! why did I ever accept the sub-prioret? For the couple of sacks of flour, and the bit of corn which she got more than the others, it was not worth while to be plagued to death. It was all true about the priest. He must be dismissed. But then she loved peace. How could she right such matters? Oh, that some one would relieve her of this sub-prioret!"

Illa: "That can be easily done if you will. Suppose you ask Anna Appenborg to take it?"

Hæc: "No, no; Anna had not sense enough for that; but if the dear sister herself would take it, how happy she would feel."

Illa: "She was too sick, probably going to die; who could tell?"

Hæc: "No, no; she would pray for her. The dear sister could not be spared yet. Let her say yes (falling on her neck and weeping), only let her say yes."

Illa: "Well, out of love to her she would say yes; and if the Lord raised her up from this sick bed, order and decorum should reign again in the convent."

Hæc (again embracing her with gratitude): "No doubt they would. She knew well that no such pure-minded nun was in the convent as her dear sister Sidonia."

Illa: "But, good Dorothea, in order to get rid of the priest as soon as possible, we had better send the porter immediately to summon the abbess and the entire sisterhood here, for you to tender your resignation in their presence."

Hæc: "But sister Sidonia must promise not to complain of the priest or the abbess to the Prince."

Illa: "No, no; I can settle the matter quietly without laying a complaint before the prince."
Hæc: "All right, then. Everything, if possible, in peace."

EREUPON Sidonia despatched the porter to the abbess, with a request that she and the whole convent would assemble in half an hour at the refectory, as she had somewhat to communicate. Meanwhile she instructed Dorothea in what she was to say, so as not to disgrace the poor abbess before the whole convent. At the end of the half hour, the abbess and the entire sisterhood appeared, but all with anger and mistrust depicted on their countenances. Sidonia then spake: "Since ye and your priest refused to pray for me, I have prayed for myself, and the Lord hath heard me in my weakness, and made me strong enough to listen to the request of this good sister, Dorothea, and promise to fulfil it. Speak, sister Dorothea: what was your prayer?" So Dorothea advanced, weeping and wringing her hands: "Ah, God! she could no longer be sub-prioress. She loved peace too much. But there were bad doings in the convent; she would say no more, only they must end. Therefore she had earnestly prayed her dear sister Sidonia to relieve her from the duties of office, and become sub-prioress in her stead" Here she loosed the veil, which differed from the others by having a key embroidered in gold thereon (the abbess had two keys on her veil), & bound it on Sidonia, who had by this time risen from bed, taking Sidonia's veil for herself. Then leading the fatal sorceress forward, she said: "Good mother and dear sisters, behold your sub-prioress!" Thereupon the abbess and the whole convent remained quite mute, so great was their horror. Then Sidonia asked: "Have they aught to say against it? If so, let them speak." But they all remained silent and trembling, till at last the abbess murmured: "Is this done with your own free-will, Dorothea?" "Ah, yes, yes, truly," she answered. "I told you before with what earnest prayers I besought the dear sister to release me. God be thanked she has consented at last. Who can keep order & decorum so well throughout the convent?" Then the abbess spoke again: "Sister Sidonia, I have no opposition to make, as you know full well. So, if the Prince, and the sheriff, our worthy superintendent, consent, you shall be sub-prioress. Yet first you must render an account of your strange doings this past night, for things were seen & heard in your chamber, which could not have been accomplished without the help of the great enemy himself" Hereat Sidonia

laughed as if she would die. She would tell them the whole trick. They all knew what a trouble to the convent was this Anna Apenborg from her curiosity, not once or twice, but ten times a day running in and out with her chat and gossip. She had tried all means to prevent her but in vain. Even in the middle of her prayers, the said Anna would come in to tell her what one sister was cooking, and another getting, or some follies even quite unfit for chaste ears. And that last night being very sick, she sent for the priest, upon which she heard Anna calling out from the window to the porter: "Will he come? Will he come?" Item: she had then crept down to listen at the door. So after the priest went, notwithstanding all her weakness, she (Sidonia) determined to give her a good fright, and thus prevent her from spying and listening any more. Then she called Wolde, and bid her dance, while she muttered some words out of the cookery-book." But here Anna called out: "It is not true; there were three danced. Where is the carl with the deep bass voice? Who could this be at that midnight hour, but the devil bodily himself?" At this Sidonia laughed louder than before. It was her cat, her own cat, who was springing about the room, because for divers reasons she had put little red hose on him. On this she stoops under the bed, seizes my cat by the leg, who howls (that was the deep bass voice) and flings him into the middle of the room, where all the nuns, when they beheld his strange jumps and springs in the little hose burst out into loud laughter, in which the abbess herself could not refrain from joining. So as there was no evidence against Sidonia, and Anna Apenborg was truly held of all as a most troublesome chatter-box and spy, the inquiry ended. And with somewhat more friendliness, putting the best face on a bad matter, they accepted Sidonia for their sub-prioress.

CHAPTER V. HOW SIDONIA WOUNDS AMBROSIA VON GUNTERSBERG WITH AN AXE, BECAUSE SHE PURPOSED TO MARRY, AND PRAYS THE CONVENT PORTER, MATTHIAS WINTERFELD, TO DEATH. FOR THESE, AND OTHER CAUSES, THE REVEREND CHAPLAIN REFUSES TO SHRIVE THE SORCERESS, AND DENOUNCES HER PUBLICLY FROM THE ALTAR.

SIDONIA'S first act, as may easily be imagined, was to dismiss the priest; and for this purpose she wrote him a letter, saying that he must never more presume to set foot within the cloister, for if old ice-grey mothers were not safe from him, how could she & the other maidens hope to escape? If he disobeyed her orders she would summon him before the princely consistorium, where strange things might be told of him. So the Reverend David consented right willingly, & never saw the nuns except on Sundays in the chapel, but Sidonia herself never appeared in the nuns' choir. She gave Dorothea many excellent and convincing reasons for her absence. (But in my opinion, it was caused by hate and abhorrence of the sacrament, & the holy word of God; for such are a torment and a torture to the children of the devil, even as the works of the devil are an abomination to the children of God.)

WHEN, however, the report came, that the Reverend David was indeed betrothed to Barabara Bamberg, Sidonia presented herself once in the choir, kneeled down, & was heard to murmur: "Wed if thou wilt, that I cannot hinder; but a child thou shalt never hold at the font!" And truly was the evil curse fulfilled. Meanwhile the fear and the dread of her increased daily in the convent, for besides old Wolde, two other horrible hags were observed frequently going in and out of her apartments, true children of Satan, as one might see by their red glowing eyes. With these she practised many horrible sorceries, sometimes quarrelled with them, however, and beat them out with the broom-stick, but they always came back again, and were as well received as ever.

THEN she had strifes and disputes with every one who approached her, and was notorious through all the courts of justice for her wrangling & fighting, in particular with her brother's son, Otto of Stramehl, for she sued him for an alimentum pension, and also demanded that the rents of her two farm-houses in Zachow should be paid for, according to the sum to which they must have accumulated during the last fifty years. But he answered, she should have no money, why did she not live at her farm-houses? He knew nothing of the rents, the whole matter was past and forgotten, and she had no claim now on him, and so every month she wrangled in the courts about this business. Item: she fought with Preslar of Buslar, because being a feudal vassal of the Borks, she required him to kiss her hand, which he refused; then her dog having strayed into his house, she accused him of having stolen it. Item: she fought with the maid who acted as cook in the convent kitchen, and said she never got a morsel fit to eat. And the said maid (I forget her name now) having salted the fish too much one day, she ran after her with a broom-stick, once, indeed, beat her so severely that she was lame her life long after. But worse than the fish-salting, was the white kerchief which the maid wore. For people, she said, might take her at a distance to be one of the honourable convent ladies, therefore she must wear a coloured one. This the maid would not do, so she was soon brought to an untimely end also, along with all others who displeased her. These things, and many more, came out upon her trial, but for divers reasons I must pass them over. All her notes, messages, and letters she intrusted to the porter Matthias Winterfeld, who was often sent, maybe five times a week, by her to Stargard. But he dared not remonstrate or she would have struck him with the broom-stick.

HOWEVER, all this is nothing in comparison with the way she treated the unfortunate nuns. The younger and prettier they were, so much the more she boxed, beat, and martyred them, even striking them with the broom-stick. And if they ever smiled or seemed happy talking to one another, she abused and reviled them, calling them idle wantons, who thought of nothing but matrimony. None were permitted outside the convent gates, not even to visit their parents: they should not be flying back with their crumbs of gossip about brides & weddings forsooth, and such like improper thoughts. Neither should they go to the annual

fair. She would go herself & buy everything for them she thought needful, only let them give her the gold. And out of deadly fear the poor maidens bore this tyranny a long while silently; even the abbess feared to complain, so that Sidonia soon usurped the entire government of the convent.

BUT the powder-mill broke out at last into vivid flames, as I shall narrate here. It was on this wise: Amongst the novices was one beautiful young maiden, Ambrosia von Guntersberg by name. She was fifth daughter of old Ambrosius of Falkenwald, a little town near Jacobshagen. One day a young nobleman called Ewald von Mellinthin beheld her in her cloister habit. Think you he forgot her? No, he can never forget the maiden! One, two weeks pass over, but she has sunk deeper and deeper into his heart; at last he rose up and went to Falkenwald to her father, Ambrosius, asking her hand in honourable marriage. Now the old man was well pleased, for he was poor, and had five daughters; so he bid the young noble write a letter to his daughter Ambrosia, which he would inclose in one from himself to her. But no answer arrived from the maiden (we may guess why, for Sidonia opened and read all the letters that came to the convent, before they were handed to their owners. Those that displeased her she burned; no doubt, therefore, the love letter was the first in the flames.) But the young noble grew impatient for an answer, and resolved to ride to Marienfliess. So he ties his good horse to a cross in the churchyard, walks straight up to the convent, and rings the bell. Immediately the old porter, Matthias, opened to him, with his hands covered with blood (for he was killing a fat ox for the nuns, close by); whereupon the noble lord prayed to speak a few words to the young novice, Ambrosia von Guntersberg, at the grating; and in a little time the beautiful maiden appeared, tripping along the convent court (but Sidonia is before her). Ambrosia advanced modestly to the grating; and asked the handsome knight, "What was his pleasure?" who answered, "Since I beheld you in Guntersberg, dearest lady, my heart has been wholly yours; & when I saw how diligently and cheerfully you ruled your father's house during his sickness, I resolved to take you for my wife, if such were possible; for I need a good and prudent spouse at my castle of Lienke, and methinks no better or more beautiful could be found than yourself. Therefore I obtained your father's permission to open the matter to you in writing, and he enclosed my letter in one of his own, but

you have neither answered one nor the other. Whereupon, in my impatience I saddled my good horse, and rode over here to have an answer at once from your own beautiful lips" When Sidonia heard this, she grew black in the face with rage: "What! in her presence, before her very face, to dare to hold such language to a young maiden, a mere child, who knew nothing at all of what marriage meant? He must pack off this instant, or the devil himself should turn him out of the cloister." Meanwhile the young maiden took heart (for the handsome knight pleased her) and said: "Gracious Lady Prioress" (Sidonia made them all call her Gracious Lady, as if she were a born princess,) "I am no more a child, as you say, and I know very well what marriage means" This boldness made the other so wroth that she screamed, "Wait! I will teach you what marriage is"; and she sprang on her to box her. But Ambrosia rushed through the side door out into the court, Sidonia following; however, not being able to reach her, she seized up the axe with which the porter had been killing the ox, and flung it after her, wounding the poor maiden so in the foot that the red blood poured down over her white stockings, while the young lover, who could not break the grating, screamed and stamped for rage and despair. By the good mercy of God the wound was only slight, still the fair novice fell to the ground; but seeing Sidonia rushing at her again with the large butcher's knife, which the porter had been using, she sprang up & ran to the grating, crying out to the noble, "Save me! save me!" And at her screams all the nuns threw up their windows, right and left, over the court-yard; but finding the young knight could not help her, she ran to the old porter, still screaming, "Save me! save me! she is going to murder me."

NOW the fellow was glad enough to be revenged on Sidonia, for she had sent him running to Stargard for her late the night before, and the moment the ox was to be quartered he was to be off there again at her command; so he rushed at the vile witch, and seizing her up like a bundle of old rags, pitched her against the wall with all his force, adding a right hearty curse; and there she lay quaking like an old cat, while the handsome young noble laughed loud from the grating. But she was up again soon, shook her dry withered fist at the porter, and cried: "Ha! thou insolent churl, I will pray thee to death for this!"

THEREUPON she went off to her room, & locked herself up there, while the fair Ambrosia ran to the grating, and stretching out her little hands through the bars, exclaimed, "I am yours, dear knight; oh, take me away from this horrible hell!" This rejoiced my young noble heartily, and he kissed the little hands and lamented over her foot: "And was it much hurt? She must lift it up, and show him if the wound was deep." So she raised up the dainty foot a little bit, and then saw that her whole shoe was full of blood; but the old porter, who came by just then, comforted the handsome youth, and told him he would stop the blood directly, for the wound was but a trifle. Whereupon he laid a couple of straws over it, murmured some words, & behold, in a moment, the blood is staunched! Then the fair novice thanked him courteously, and prayed him to unlock the wicket, for she would go and stay a couple of hours with the miller's wife, while this young noble, to whom she had plighted love and troth, returned to her father's for a carriage to bring her home. After what had passed, now, never more would she enter the cloister.

BUT what happened? Scarcely had the good old porter unfastened the grating, and the young knight taken the fair girl in his arms, kissing her and pressing her to his heart (well Sidonia did not see him), when Matthias screamed out, "My God, what ails me?" and fell flat on the ground. At this the young knight left his bride, and flew to raise him up. "What could ail him?" But the poor old man can hardly speak, his eyes are turned in his head, and he gasped, "It was as if a man were sitting inside his breast, and crushing him to death. Oh, he could not breathe, his ribs were breaking" The alarmed young noble then helped the poor creature to reach his room, which lay close by the wicket; and having laid him on the bed in care of his wife, and recommended him to the mercy of God, he returned to his own fair bride, to carry her off from this murder-hole, and place her in safety with the miller's wife. I may as well mention here that he and the beautiful Ambrosia were wedded in due time, & lived long in peace and happiness, blessed with many lovely children, for all the evil which Sidonia tried to bring upon them, as we shall hear, came to nought, through the mercy of the great God. But to return to the porter. On the third day he died; and during that time, day and night, Sidonia prayed, and was never seen but once. This was at the dividing of the salmon, when she

threw up her window, and shaking her withered clenched hand at them, and her long white locks, threatened the nuns on their peril to touch the tail-piece, the tail-piece was hers.

A GENERAL horror pervaded the convent now, in truth, when the death of the porter was known. Anna Apenborg shut herself up, trembling, in her cell, and even good Dorothea began somewhat to doubt the virtues of the vile sorceress; for the corpse had a strange and unnatural appearance, so that it was horrible to look upon, by which signs it was easy to perceive that he had been prayed to death, as the fearful night-hag had threatened ❧ I must notify these symptoms, for the corpses of many of Sidonia's victims presented the same appearances as the corpse of the Reverend David; item, Joachim Wedeln of Cremzow; item, Doctor Schwalenberg of Stargard, & Duke Philip II., & lastly the abbess, Magdelena von Petersdorf. Whether her brother's son, Otto of Stramehl, whom she was suspected also of having prayed to death, presented the like, I cannot say with certainty. At this same time, also, his Princely Grace, Duke Bogislaff XIII. expired, many say bewitched to death; but of this I have no proof, as the body had quite a natural aspect after death. Still, he had just arranged to journey to Marienfliess himself, and turn out Sidonia, in consequence of the accusations of sheriff Sparling and the convent chaplain, so that his sudden death looks suspicious; however, as the medicus, Dr. Nicolaus Schulz, pronounced: "Quod ex ramis venæ portæ Epatis et lienis exporrectis, iste adustus sanguis eo prosiliiset" (for he died by throwing up a black matter like his brothers); and further, as the manikin on the three-legged hare did not appear this time at the castle, I shall not lay the murder on Sidonia, to increase her terrible burden at the last day, though I have my own thoughts upon the matter. ❧ Summa: My gracious Prince died suddenly. Alas, woe! exactly like all his brothers; he was just sixty-one years old, seven months and fifteen days, and a more god-fearing prince never sat on a throne. But my grief over the fate of this great Pomeranian house has carried me away from the corpse of the old porter. The appearances were these: 1. The face brown, green, and yellow; particularly about the musculi frontales et temporales. 2. The musculi pectorales so swelled, and the cartilago ensiformis so singularly raised, that the chest of the corpse touched the mouth. 3. From the patella of the left leg to the malleolus externus of the foot, all brown, green, & yellow, blended together ❧ And on examination of the said corpse, Dr.

Kukuck of Stargard affirmed and was ready to swear, that no one tittle of the signature of Satan was wanting thereupon. Summa: The poor carl was buried with great mourning on the following Friday; & the Reverend David preached a sermon thereupon, in which he plainly spoke of his strange and unnatural death, so that every one knew well whom he suspected. My hag heard of this instantly, and therefore determined to attend the sacrament on the following Sunday; for this end she despatched Wolde to the priest, bidding her to tell him she had a great desire to attend the holy rite, and would go to confession that day after noon. At this horrid blasphemy a cold shudder fell upon the priest (and I trust every Christian man will feel the like as he reads this), for he now saw through her motive clearly, how she wanted to blind the eyes of the people as to the death of the porter, by the mockery of the holiest rites of religion. Besides, amongst the horrible abominations practised by witches, it is well known that having received the sacred bread, they privately take the same again from their mouth and feed their familiar therewith. And one day when the convent was quite still, Anna Apenborg having crept down to peep through the key-hole of the refectory door, saw enough to confirm this general belief. No wonder then if the good priest stood long silent from horror; then he spake: "Tell the prioress it is well"; but when Wolde was gone he threw himself upon his knees in his closet before God, and wrestled long in prayer, with tears and wringing of hands, that he would open to him what was his path of duty.

ABOUT noon he became more composed, through the great mercy of the Lord; & bid his wife Barbara come to him, with whom he had lived now a year & a half in perfect joy, though without children. To her he disclosed the proposition of the horrible sorceress, and afterwards spake thus: "And because, dear Barbara, after earnest prayer to God, I have come to the resolution neither to shrive, nor to give the Lord's body to this daughter accursed of hell, do not be surprised if a like death awaits me as happened to the porter Matthias. When I die, therefore, dear wife, take thee another spouse and bear children. 'For the woman,' says the Scripture, 'shall be blessed through child-bearing, so as she continues in faith, and love, and in holiness with sobriety,' (1 Timothy ii). Thus thou wilt soon forget me." But the poor wife wept, and besought him to turn from his resolve, & not incur the vengeance of Sidonia. So he answered, "Weep not, or our parting will be more bitter; this

poor flesh and blood is weak enough, still never will I blaspheme the holy rite of our church, & cast pearls before swine,' (Matt. vii). And wherefore weep? At the last day they would meet again, to smile for ever in an eternity of joy. But could he hope for this if he were an unfaithful steward of the mysteries of God? No; but it was written: 'Death is swallowed up in victory; death, where is thy sting? Hell, where is thy victory? God be thanked who giveth us the victory through Christ our Lord,' (1 Cor. xv). In God therefore he trusted, and in his strength would go now to the confessional She must let him go; the sexton would soon ring the bell, & he wished to pray some time alone in the church. Her tears had again disturbed his spirit, and made him weak. But he would use the holy keys of his office, which his Saviour had entrusted to him, to his glory alone, even if this accursed sorceress were to bring him to the grave for it. If the Lord will, he could protect him, but he would still do his duty. Will she not let him go now, that he may pray?" And when she unwound her arms, he took her again in his, kissed her, sobbed, and wept; then tearing himself away, went out into the church by the garden entrance. Then the poor wife flung herself on a seat, weeping and praying, but in a little while in came Dorothea Stettin, saying: "That she was going to confession, & had no small silver for the offertory. Could she give her change of a dollar?" Then she asked about the other's grief; & having heard the cause, promised to go to the priest herself, and beseech him not to break the staff "Woe" over Sidonia. She went therefore instantly to the church, and found him on his knees praying behind the altar. Whereupon she entreated him, after her fashion, not to break the blessed peace: peace above all things.

MEANWHILE, the sexton rang the bell, & Sidonia entered, sweeping the nave of the church to the altar, followed by seven or eight nuns. But when she beheld Dorothea come out at one side, and the priest at the other, and that not another soul had been in the church, she laughed aloud mockingly, and clapped her hands: "Ha! the pious priest, would he tell them now what he and Dorothea were doing behind the altar? The sisters were all witnesses how this shameless parson conducted himself." Though she spoke this quite loud for every one to hear, yet not one of the nuns made answer, but stood trembling like doves who see the falcon ready to pounce upon them. Yea, even as Dorothea came down the altar steps to take her place in the choir, my hag laughed loud again

like Satan, & cried: "Ah! the chaste virgin! who meetest the priest behind the altar! Thou shameless wanton, the prioress shall teach thee fitter behaviour soon!" Poor Dorothea turned quite pale with fright, and began: "Ah! dear sister, only listen!" But the dragon snapped at her, with "Dear sister, forsooth! What! was she to bear this insolence? Let her know that the gracious Lady Prioress was not to be talked to as 'dear sister!'" Here the organ struck up the confession hymn; and the whole congregation being assembled in the church, Sidonia and the seven nuns ascended the steps of the altar, bowed to the priest, and then took their seats, whereupon the organ ceased playing. After a brief silence, the poor minister sighed heavily, & then spake: "Sidonia, after all that has been stated concerning you, particularly with regard to the death of the convent porter within these last few days, I cannot, as a faithful servant of God, give you either absolution or the holy rite of the Lord's supper, until you clear yourself from such imputations before a princely consistorium". At this my hag laughed loud from the altar, crying, "Ah! that was a strange story. What had she done to the convent porter?"

Ille: "Prayed him to death, as every one believed, and his appearance proved."

Hæc (still laughing): "He must have lost his senses. Let him go home and bind asses' milk upon his temples; he would soon be better."

Ille: "She should remember where she was and what she spoke. Had she not herself said she would pray the porter to death?"

Hæc (laughing yet louder): "Oh! in truth his little bit of mother wit was quite gone. When and where had it been ever heard that one person could pray another to death? Then they might pray them to life again. Shall she try it with the porter?"

Ille: "Why then had she threatened it?"

Hæc (still laughing): "Ah! poor man! she saw now he was quite foolish. Why had she threatened? Why, in anger of course, because the vile churl had flung her against the wall. Had he never heard the poor people say to each other, 'May the devil take you'; but if one happened to die soon after, did people really think the devil had taken him? Why, he was as superstitious as an old spinning-wife."

Ille: "She had heard his resolve. This was no place to argue with her; therefore she might go her ways, for he would verily not give her absolution."

SO Sidonia rose up raging from the confessional, clenched her hand, and screamed out in the still church, so that all the people shuddered with horror: "Ye are all my witnesses that this worthless priest has denied me absolution, because, forsooth, he says I killed the convent porter. Ha! ha! ha! Where is it said in your Scriptures that one man can pray another to death? But the licentiousness of the vile priest has turned his brain, and he wallows in all most senseless superstitions. Did he not run after my old hag of a servant, as I myself saw? and this was not enough, but he must take Dorothea Stettin (the hypocritical wanton) behind the altar alone; and because I & these seven maidens discovered his iniquity, he refuses me the rites, and must have me before a princely consistorium to revenge himself. But wait, priest, I will drag the sheep's clothing from thee. Wait, thou shalt yet repent this bitterly!" After the horrible sorceress had so blasphemed, she departed as quickly as possible from the church, muttering to herself. The congregation remained silent from fear and terror; and the poor priest, who seemed more dead than alive, prayed the sexton to fetch him a cup of water, which he drank; and then being in some degree recovered, he stepped forth, and addressed the congregation thus: "Dear brethren and friends, after what ye have just heard, ye will not wonder if I am unable to receive confessions this day, or to administer the holy communion. Ye all know Dorothea Stettin, neither is my character unknown to you; therefore remember the words of St. Peter: 'The devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' But we will resist him, steadfast in the faith. Meet me, then, to-morrow here at the altar, and ye shall hear my justification. After which, I will shrive those who desire to be partakers of the holy sacrament." And on the following morning, the holy minister of God preached from Matthew v. 11: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil falsely against you, for my sake; be glad and comforted, for ye shall be well recompensed in heaven." And in this powerful sermon he drew a picture of Sidonia from her youth up; so that many trembled for him when they remembered her power, though they glorified God for the mighty zeal and courage that burned in his words. But when Sidonia heard of this sermon she became almost frantic from rage.

CHAPTER VI. DOROTHEA STETTIN FALLS SICK, AND HOW THE DOCTOR MANAGES TO BLEED HER. ITEM: HOW SIDONIA CHASES THE PRINCELY COMMISSIONERS INTO THE OAK-FOREST.

SUCH a public humiliation the good virgin Dorothea Stettin found it impossible to bear. She fell sick, & repented with bitter tears of the trust and confidence she had reposed in Sidonia; finally the abbess sent off a message to Stargard for the medicus Dr. Schwalenburg. This doctor was an excellent little man, rather past middle age, though still unmarried, upright & honest, but rough as bean-straw. When he stood by Dorothea's bed and had heard all particulars of her illness, he bid her put out her hand, that he might feel her pulse. "No, no"; she answered, "that could she never do; never in her life had a male creature felt her pulse." At this my doctor laughed right merrily, and all the nuns who stood round, and Sidonia's old maid Wolde laughed likewise, but at last he persuaded Dorothea to stretch out her hand. "I must bleed her," said the doctor. "This is febris putrida; therefore was her thirst so great: she must strip her arm till he bleed her." But no one can persuade her to this. Strip her arm! no, never could she do it, she would die first: if the doctor could do nothing else, he could go his ways. Now the doctor grew angry. Such a cursed fool of a woman he had never come across in his life; if she did not strip her arm instantly, he would do it by force. But Dorothea is inflexible; say what he would, she would strip her arm for no man! Even the abbess and the sisterhood tried to persuade her: "Would she not do it for her health's sake; or at least for the sake of peace?" They were all here standing round her, but all in vain. At last the doctor, half-laughing, half-cursing, said: "He would bleed her in the foot. Would that do?" "Yes, she would consent to that; but the doctor must leave the room while she was getting ready."

SO my doctor went out, but on entering again found her sitting on the bed, dressed in her full convent robes, her head upon Anna Apenborg's shoulder, and her foot upon a stool. As the foot, however, was covered with a stocking, the doctor began to scold: "What was the stocking for? Let him take off the stocking.

Was she making a fool of him? He advised her not to try it" "No," Dorothea answered, "never would she strip her foot for him. Die she would if die she must, but that she could never do! If he could not bleed her through the stocking, he may go his ways" Summa: As neither prayers nor threatening were of any avail, the doctor, in truth, had to bleed her through the stocking; and scarcely had he finished, when Sidonia sent, saying: "That she, too, was ill, and wished to be bled." And there lay my hag alone, in bed, as the doctor entered. She was right friendly "And was it indeed true that absurd fool, Dorothea, did not choose to be bled? Now he saw himself what a set of simpletons she had to deal with in the convent. No wonder that they all blackened her and belied her. She was sick from very disgust at such malice and absurdity. Ah, she regretted now not having married, when she had the opportunity; it would have been better, & she had many offers. But she always feared she was too poor. However, her fortune was now excellent, for her sister had died without children, and left her everything, a very large inheritance, as she heard. But the dear doctor must taste her beer; she had tapped some of the best, and there was a fresh can of it on the table." But my doctor was too cunning not to see what she was driving at; besides, he had heard of her beer-brewing, so he answered: "He never drank beer; but what ailed her?" "Ah, she didn't know herself, but she had a trembling in all her limbs. Would he not take a glass of mead, or even water? Her old servant should bring it to him" "No. Let her just put out her hand, for him to feel her pulse" Instantly she stretched forth, not her hand alone, but her whole naked, dry, and yellow arm from the bed. Whereupon the doctor spoke: "Eh? What should I bleed you for? The pulse is all right. In fact, old people never should be bled without serious cause; for at seventy or so, mind ye, every drop is worth a groschen" "What!" exclaimed Sidonia, starting up; "what the devil! do ye think I am seventy? Why, I am hardly fifty yet" "Seventy or fifty," answered the doctor, "it is all much the same with you women-folk" "To the devil with you, rude churl!" screamed Sidonia. "If you will not bleed me I'll find another who will. Seventy, indeed! So rude a knave is not in the land!"

BUT my doctor goes away laughing; & as the Ducal Commissioners had arrived to try Sidonia's case with the convent chaplain, he went down to meet them at Sheriff Sparling's, and these were the commissioners: 1. Christian Ludeck, state prosecutor; a brother of the priest's. 2. Johann Wedel of Crem-

zow. 3. Eggert Sparling, sheriff of Marienfliess. 4. Jobst Bork, governor of Saatzig. This Jobst was son to that upright Marcus, whose wife, Clara von Dewitz, Sidonia had so miserably destroyed. For his good father's sake, long since dead, their Graces of Stettin had continued him in the government of Stettin, for he walked in his father's steps, only he was slow of speech; but he had a lovely daughter, yet more praiseworthy than her grandmother, Clara of blessed memory, of whom we shall hear more anon. Summa: The doctor found all the commissioners assembled in the sheriff's parlour. Item: Anna Apenborg and the abbess as witnesses, who deposed to all the circumstances which I have heretofore related; also the abbess set forth the prayer of the sick Dorothea Stettin, that she might be restored to the subprioret out of which the false Sidonia had wickedly talked her, and now for thanks gave her insolent contempt and mocking sneers. Anna Apenborg further deposed, that, looking through the keyhole of the refectory door one day, she spied the wicked witch boring a hole in the wall; in this she placed a tun-dish, and immediately after, a rich stream of cow's milk flowed down into a basin which Sidonia held beneath, and that same day, the best cow in the convent stopped giving milk, and had never given one drop since. And because the dairy-maid, Trina Pantels, said openly this was witchcraft, and accused Sidonia and the old hag Wolde of being evil witches, (for she was not a girl to hold her tongue, not she), her knee swelled up to the size of a man's head, and day and night she screamed for agony, until another old witch that visited Sidonia, Lena of Uchtenhagen, for six pounds of wool, gave her a plaster of honey and meal to put on the knee, and what should be drawn out of the swelling, but quantities of pins and needles, and how could this have been, but by Sidonia's witchcraft?" ∴ Many witnesses could prove this fact, for Tewes Barth, Dinnies Koch, and old Fritz were by, when the plaster was taken off. Then Sheriff Sparling deposed, that having smothered his bees lately, he sent a pot of pure honey to each of the nuns, as was his custom; but Sidonia scolded, and said her pot was not large enough, and abused him in a cruel manner about his stinginess in not sending her more. So some days after, as he was quietly riding home to his house, across the convent court, suddenly the whole ground before him became covered with the shadows of beehives, and little shadows like bees went in and out, and wheeled about just as real bees do. Whereupon he looked in every direction for the hives, for no shadows can be without a body, but not a hive

∴ However improbable such accusations may seem, numbers of the like, some even still more extraordinary, may be found in the witch trials of that age, by any one who takes the trouble of referring to them.

nor a bee was in the whole place round; but he heard a peal of mocking laughter, and, on looking up, there was the wicked witch looking out at him from a window, and she called out: "Ho! Sir Sheriff, when you smother bees again, send me more honey. A couple of pounds of the best, good weight!" And this he did to have peace for the future.

NOW the commissioners noted all this down diligently, but the state prosecutor shook his head, and asked the abbess: "Wherefore she had not long ago brought this vile witch before the princely court?" To which she answered, sighing: "What would that help? She had already tasted the vengeance of the wicked sorceress, and feared to taste it again. Well, night & day she cried to God to free the convent from this she-devil, and often resolved to unfold the whole Satan's work to his Highness, though her own life would be perilled surely by so doing. But she was ready, as a faithful mother of the convent, to lay it down for her children, if indeed that could save them. But how would her death help these poor young virgins? For, assuredly, the moment Sidonia had brought her to a cruel end, she would make herself abbess by force, and this was such a dread to the sorrowing virgins, that they themselves entreated her to keep silence and be patient, waiting for the mercy of God to help them. For truly the power of this accursed sorceress was as great as her wickedness." Here answered Dr. Schwalenberg: "This power can soon be broken; he knew many receipts out of Albertus Magnus, Raimundus Lallus, Theophrastus Paracelsus, &c. against sorcery and evil witches" This was a glad hearing to the state prosecutor, and he answered with a joyful mien and voice: "Marry, doctor, if you know how to get hold of this evil hag, do it at once; we shall then bind her arms, so that she can make no signs to hurt us, and clap a pitch-plaster on her mouth, to stop the said mouth from calling the devil to her help; after which I can easily bring her with me to Stettin, and answer for all proceedings to his Grace. Probably she is abed still; go back, and pretend that, upon reflection, you think it will be better to bleed her. Then, when you have hold of her arm, call in the fellows, whom the sheriff will, I am sure, allow to accompany you" "Yes, yes," cried the sheriff, "take twenty of my men with you, my good doctor, if you will" "Well, then," resumed the state prosecutor, "let them rush in, bind the dragon, clap the pitch-plaster on her mouth, and she is ours in spite of all the devils" "Right, all right," cried the doctor; "never

fear but I'll pay her for her matrimonial designs upon me." And he began to prepare the plaster with some pitch he got from a cobbler, when, suddenly, the state prosecutor screamed out: "Merciful God! see there! Look at the shadow of a toad creeping over my paper, whereon I move my hand!" He springs up, wipes, wipes, wipes, but in vain; the unclean shadow is there still, and crawls over the paper, though never a toad is to be seen.

WHAT a commotion of horror this Satan's work caused amongst the bystanders, can be easily imagined. All stood up and looked at the toad-shadow, when the abbess screamed out: "Merciful God! look there! look there! The whole floor is covered with toad-shadows! Hereupon, all the women-folk ran screaming from the room, but screamed yet louder when they reached the door, and met there Sidonia and her cat face to face. Round they all wheeled again, rushed to the back-door, out into the yard, over the pond, and into the oak-wood, without daring once to look behind them. But the men remained, for the doctor said bravely: "Wait now, good friends; patience, she can do us no harm;" and he murmured some words. But just as they all made the sign of the cross, and silently put up a prayer to God, and gathered up their legs on the benches, so that the unclean shadows might not crawl upon their boots, the horrible hag appeared at the window, and her cat in his little red hose clambered up on the sill, mewing and crying (and I think myself that this cat was her spirit Chim, whom she had sent first to the sheriff's house to hear what was going on; for how could she have known it?). Summa: She laid one hand upon the window, the better to look in, and clenching the other, shook it at them, crying out: "Wait, ye accursed peasant boors, I too will judge ye for your sins!" But seeing her cousin, Jobst Bork, present, she screamed yet louder: "Eh! thou thick plough-man, hath the devil brought thee here too? Art thou not ashamed to accuse thy own kinswoman? Wait, I will give thee something to make thee remember our relationship!" And as she began to murmur some words, and spat out before them all, the state prosecutor jumped up and rushed out after the women, and Sheriff Sparling rushed out after him, and they never stopped or stayed till both reached the oak-wood. But Jobst said calmly, "Cousin, be reasonable; it is my duty!" My doctor, however, wanted to pay her off for the marriage business, so he seized a whip with which Sheriff Sparling had been thrashing a boor, and hurrying out, cried: "I will make her reasonable! Thou old

hag of hell! here is the fit marriage for thee!" and so whack, whack, upon her thin withered shoulders. Truly the witch cried out now in earnest, but began to spit at the same time, so that the doctor had given but four strokes when the whip fell from his hand, and he tottered hither and thither, crying, "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" At this the sorceress laughed scornfully, and mocking his movements, cried out likewise, "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" and when the poor doctor fell down flat upon the earth like the old porter and others, she began to dance, chanting her infernal psalm:

"Also kleien und also kratzen
Meine Hunde und meine Katzen."

And the cat in his little red hose danced beside her. After which, she returned laughing to the convent to pray him to death, while the poor fellow lay groaning and gasping upon the pavement. None were there to help him, for the state prosecutor and Wedeln had made off to Stargard as quick as they could go, and Sheriff Sparling was still hiding in the bush. However, Jobst and the old dairy-woman helped him up as best they could, and asked what ailed him? to which he groaned in answer, "There seemed to be some one sitting inside his breast: and breaking the cartilago ensiformis horribly asunder. Ah, God! ah, God! he was weak indeed! his hour was come; let them lay him in a coach, & carry him directly to Stargard." This was done as soon as the sheriff could be found, but my doctor's screams never ceased for three days, after which he gave up the ghost, and the corpse had the same appearance as that of the convent porter, which I have already noticed. Thus it happened with the wise!

BUT Johann Wedeln fared little better, as we shall see; for after the doctor's strange death, he said openly everywhere, he would never rest till the accursed witch was burned. Anna Apenborg repeated this in the convent, & to Sidonia's maid, upon which the witch sent for Anna, and asked was the report true? And when the other did not deny it, she exclaimed: "Now for this shall the knave be contracted all his life long, and twist his mouth thus." Whereupon she mimicked how his shoulders would be drawn up to his ears, and twisted her mouth in horrible contortions, so that it was a shame and sin to look at her. And truly, this misfortune fell upon him from that hour. And afterwards when he heard of her wickedness, from Anna Apenborg and others, and brought her to an account for her sorcery in Stettin, she made him bite the dust and lie in his coffin ere long, out of malice & terrible revenge, as we shall hear further on.

CHAPTER VII. HOW THE ASSEMBLED POMERANIAN PRINCES HOLD A COUNCIL OVER SIDONIA, ∴ AND AT LENGTH CITE HER TO APPEAR AT THE DUCAL COURT.

WHEN the state prosecutor, Christian Ludeck, reached Stettin with his appalling news, the Duke was seriously troubled in mind as to how he could best save the holy sisterhood, & indeed the whole land, from the terrible Satanic power and murderous malice of this cruel sorceress. So he summoned all the princes of his family to a convocation on a certain day, at old Stettin; but, when they arrived, his Grace was absent, for he had gone to Coblentz on some business, & here was the matter. His steward, Jeremias Schroter, was an unworthy agent, as his Grace heard; and when the time came for the poor people to get their oats or corn, he sent round and made them all give their receipts first, saying "they should have their corn after;" but when they went to bring it home he beat them, & asked what they meant: he had their receipts; they were cheats, and should get no more corn from him.

NOW a poor parson's widow came up all the way to Stettin, to complain of the steward to his Highness, who was shocked at such knavery, & determined to go down himself to Coblentz & make inquiries; for the steward swore that the people were liars, & had defamed him. The Duke, therefore, bid the chancellor, Martin Chemnitz, entertain his princely brothers until his return, which would not be before evening, and to show them his painting and sculpture galleries, & whatever else in the castle might please them. And now to show the good heart of his Grace, I must mention that, seeing the poor widow was tired with her six miles' walk, he bid her get up beside the coachman on the box of his carriage, and he would drive her himself to her own place.

MEANWHILE the young princes arrived, and the court marshal, the chancellor, the aforesaid state prosecutor, and other high officials, received them on behalf of his Highness. Doctor Cramer, vice-superintendens, my esteemed father-in-law, was also present; item, Doctor Constantius Oesler. They were

∴ Note by Bogislaff XIV. "I was not present at this council, for I was holding my espousals at the time." (The Duke married the Princess Elizabeth von Schleswig-Holstein in 1615, but left no heirs.)

first led into the picture gallery by the chancellor (although Duke George cared little about such matters), where there was a costly collection of paintings by Perugino, Raphael, Titian, Bellini, &c. Item, statues, vases, coins, and medals, all of which his Grace had brought lately from Italy. Here, also, there was a large book, covered with crimson velvet, lying open, in which his Grace the Duke had written down many extracts from the sermons of Doctor Cramer and Mag. Reutzio, with marginal Latin notes of his own; for the Duke had a table in his oratory or closet in St. Mary's church, that he might write down what pleased him, & a Greek and Latin Bible laid thereon. This book was, therefore, a right pleasing sight to Doctor Cramer, who stood and read his own sermons over again with great relish, while the others examined the paintings. When they grew weary, the chancellor conducted them to the library, which contained ten thousand books. But Duke Ulrich said, "Marry, dear brothers, what the devil is there to see here? Let us rather go down to the stables, and examine my new Danish horses; then come up to my quarters (for his grace lived with his brother, Duke Philip) and have a good Pomeranian carouse to pass away the time, for as to these fooleries, which have cost our good brother such a mint of money, I would not give a dollar for them all". So they ran down the steps leading to the stables; but first he brought them into the hunting hall, belonging to his quarter, which was decorated and covered all along the walls with hunting-horns, rifles, cross-bows, and hunting knives & pouches, with the horns of all sorts of animals killed in the chase. Whereupon Duke George said: "He was content to remain here, the horses he could see on the morrow." So he sat down by the wine-flask which lay there already upon the table; and while Duke Ulrich was trying to persuade him to come to the stables, saying he could have the wine-flask after, the door opened and his Highness Duke Philip unexpectedly entered the apartment. He embraced all his dear brothers, and then, turning to Duke Francis, the bishop said: "Tell me, dear Fra," (so he always called him, for his Grace spoke Italian and Latin like German), "is there any hope of a christening at thy castle? oh, say yes, and I will give thee a duchy for my godchild". But Bishop Francis answered mournfully, "No!" Then Duke Philip turned to another: "How say you, brother, mayhap there is hope of an heir to Wolgast?" "None, alas!" was the answer. "No, no!" exclaimed the Duke, "and there is no hope for me either, none!" Then he walked up and down the hall in great agitation; at last stopped, and lifting

up his hands to heaven, cried: "Merciful God, a child, a child! Is my whole ancient race to perish? Wilt thou slay us, as thou didst the first-born of Egypt? Oh! a child, a child!"

HERE Doctor Cramerus advanced humbly, and said: "Your Highness should have faith. Remember what St. Paul says (Rom. iv.) concerning the faith of Abraham and Sarah; and Abraham was a hundred years old, whereas your Highness is scarce forty, therefore why despair of the mercy of God? Besides, many of his brothers were still unwed." Hereat his Grace stood silent; and looked round at his dear brothers, but Duke George exclaimed: "You need not look at me, dear brother, for I mean never to marry" (which, indeed, was the truth, for he died some short time after at Buckow, whether through Sidonia's witchcraft I know not, at the age of thirty-five years, and unmarried. One thing, however, is certain, that his death was as strange as the others; for in seven days he was well, sick, dead, buried.). Summa: His Highness first excused himself to his illustrious brothers for his absence, and related the cause, how his knave of a steward had been oppressing the poor, whereupon he determined to go himself and avenge their injuries; for a prince should be the father of his people, & it was a blessed work, the scripture said, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction (James i. 27). So he hid himself in a little closet, where he could hear everything in the widow's house, and then bid her send for the steward; and when he came, the widow asked for her corn, as usual, but he said, "She must give him the receipt first, and then she might have it"; upon which she gave him the receipt, and he went away Then the Duke bid the widow send a peasant and his cart for the corn; however, the old answer came back, "She was a cheat: what did she mean? He had her receipt in his hand" Upon this the Duke drove himself to the knave, & made him, in his presence, pay down all the arrears of corn to the widow; then he beat him black and blue, for a little parting remembrance, and dismissed him ignominiously from his service. After this he had thoughts of driving round to visit Prechln of Buslar, for the rumour was afloat that Sidonia had bewitched his little son Bartel, scarcely yet a year old, & made him grow a beard on his chin like an old carl's, that reached down to his little stomach. But as his dear brothers were waiting for him, his Grace had given up this journey, particularly as he wished to hear their opinions without delay, as to what could be done to free the land from this evil sorceress Sidonia. Hereupon he

∴ There was formerly a Cistercian monastery at Buckow, in the chapel of which still hangs a picture of this prince. Like most of his race, the face is in the highest degree unmeaning; indeed nothing more can be said of him than that he was born and died.

bade Christian Ludeck, the state prosecutor, to read the proceedings at Marienfliess from his notes.

AS he proceeded to read the Acta, the listeners crossed and blessed themselves; at last Duke Francis the bishop spake: "Did I not say well, when years ago in Oderkrug, I prayed our father of blessed memory to burn this vile limb of Satan, for a terrible example? But my good brother Philip sided against me with my father, and he was deemed the wiser. Who is the wiser now, I wonder, eh?" Then Duke Philip asked Dr. Cramer: "What he thought of the matter as theologus?" who answered: "Your Grace must spare me; I will accuse no one, not even Sidonia, for though such things appear verily to be done by the help of the devil, yet had they no proof, seeing that no medicus had hitherto dissected any one of the cadavera which it was avowed Sidonia had bewitched to death" Hereupon Dr. Constantius spake that he had already, by legal permission, dissected the body of his colleague, Dr. Schwalenberg, and delivered over the visum repertum to his Grace's chancellor. Then he described the appearances, which were truly singular, particularly that of the cartilago ensiformis. Item, concerning the valvulæ tricuspidales, through which the blood falls into the heart. They were so powerfully contracted that the blood was forced to take another course, for which reason, probably, the corpse seemed so dreadfully discoloured. Item; the vena pulmonalis had burst, from which cause the doctor had spit blood to the last. And lastly, the glandulæ sublingules were so swollen that the tongue could not remain in the mouth. Such a death was not natural; that he averred. But whether Sidonia's sorcery had caused it, or it were sent as a peculiar punishment by God, that he would not say; he agreed with the excellent Dr. Cramer, and thought it better to accuse no one. "Now by the cross!" cried Duke Francis, "what else is it but devil's work? But the lords were very lukewarm, and resolved not to peril themselves, that he saw. However, if his brother, Duke Philip, permitted the whole princely race to be thus bewitched to death, he would have to answer for it at the day of judgment. He prayed him, therefore, for the love of God, to send for the hag instantly, and drag her to the scaffold" Hereat Duke Philip sank his head upon his arm, & was silent a long space. But the state-prosecutor gave answer: "Marry! will your Episcopal Highness then take the trouble to tell us, who is to seize the hag? I will do it not, and who else will? for methinks whoever touches her, must needs be sore tired of life". "If no one

else will," returned the bishop, "my Camyn executioner, Master Radeck, will surely do it, for he never feared a witch; besides, he knows all their arcana."

MEANWHILE, as Duke Philip still sat in deep thought, and played with a quill, the door opened, and a lacquey entered with a message from the noble Prechln of Buslar, requesting an audienza of his Grace. He had an infant in his arms which a wicked witch had prayed to death, and the child had a beard on it like an old man, so that all in the castle were terrified at the sight. His Grace, Duke Philip, instantly started up: "Merciful God! is it true?" waved his hand to the lacquey, who withdrew, and then walked up and down, exclaiming still: "Merciful God! what can be done?" "Torture! burn! kill!" cried Duke Francis, the bishop, "and to-morrow, if it be possible. I shall send this night for my executioner! trust to him. He will soon screw the soul out of the vile hag; take my word for it" "Ay! torture, burn, kill," cried also the state-prosecutor, "& the sooner the better, gracious master. For God's sake, no mercy more!"

HERE the door opened, & Prechln of Buslar entered, pale as the infant corpse that lay upon his arms. This corpse was dressed in white with black ribbons, and a wreath of rosemary encircled the little head; but, what was strange and horrible, a long, black beard depended from the infant's chin, which the wind, as the door opened, blew backward & forward in the sorrowing father's face. After him came his wife, wringing her hands wildly from grief, and an old serving-maid. Truly the whole convocation shuddered at the sight, but Bishop Francis was the first to speak: "And this is is no devil's work!" he exclaimed. "Now, by my faith, ye and your wise doctors are fools if ye deny this evidence. Come nearer, poor fellow; set the corpse of your child down, and tell us how it came to pass. We had heard of your strange affliction, and just spoke thereon as you entered. Ha! the sorceress cannot escape us now, methinks" Now, when the mourning father began to tell the story, his wife set up such a weeping and lamentation, and the old nurse followed her example after such a lugubrious fashion, that their lordships could not hear a word. Whereupon his Grace, Duke Philip, was obliged earnestly to request that the women should keep silence, whilst Prechln of Buslar spoke.

I HAVE already mentioned what grudge Sidonia had against him, because he refused to acknowledge himself her feudal vassal, by kissing her hand; also, how she accused him afterward of stealing her dog. This the poor knight related now at length, and with many tears, and continued: "During the strife between them, she one day spat upon both his little sons, & the eldest, Dinnies, a fine fellow of seven years old, who was playing with a slipper at the time under the table, died first. But the accursed witch had stepped over to the cradle where his little Bartholomew lay sleeping, while this old nurse, Barbara Kadows, rocked him, and murmuring some words, spat upon him, and then went away, cursing, from the house. So the spell was put upon both children that same day, and Dinnies took sick directly, and in three days was a corpse; but on his little Memi first grew this great black beard, which their Lordships all saw, & then he likewise died, after crying three days and three nights in horrible torture" The old nurse confirmed all this, & said: "That when the horrible hag knelt down by the cradle to blow upon the child, she turned up her eyes, so that nothing but the whites could be seen. Ah! what a wicked old hag that could not spare a child like that, & could put such an old man's beard on its little face" Then Duke Philip asked the knight if he had accused Sidonia of the witchcraft, and what had she answered. "Ah, yes, he had done so, but by letter, for he feared to go to Marienfliess, lest it might happen to him as to others who met her face to face, and his messenger brought back a letter in answer, by which their Lordships could see how her arrogance equalled her wickedness," and he drew forth her letter from his bosom, and handed the same to his Highness Now Bishop Francis would have prevented his brother touching the letter, but Duke Philip had a brave heart, and taking it boldly, read aloud as follows:

"Sidonia, by the Grace of God, prioress of the noble convent of Marienfliess, lady and heiress of the lands and castle of Stramehl, Labes, Regenwald, Wangerin, and others, greeting.

"Good friend and vassal,

"Touching your foul accusation respecting your two brats, and my bewitching them to death, I shall only say you must be mad. I have long thought that pride would turn your brain: now I see it has been done. If Bartel has got a beard, send for soap and shave him. As to yourself, I counsel you to come to Marienfliess to old Kathe, she knows how to turn the brain right again with a wooden bowl. Pour

hot water therein, three times boiled, set the bowl on your head, and over the bowl an inverted pot; then, as the water is drawn up into the empty pot, so will the madness be drawn up out of your brain into the wooden bowl, and all will be right again. It is a good receipt; I counsel you to try it. She only desires you to kiss her hand in return. Such is the advice of your feudal lady and seigneuress,

"Sidonia Bork."

His Highness had hardly finished reading the letter, when Bishop Francis cried out: "What the devil, brother, hast thou made the murderous dragon a prioress?" But his Highness knew nothing of it, and wondered much likewise. Whereupon the state prosecutor told them how it came about, and that poor Dorothea Stettin had been talked out of her situation by the dragon, as was all here to be seen set down in full in the indictment; but, as the case was not now under discussion he would pass it over, although great quarrels and scandal prevailed in the convent in consequence, and poor Dorothea lay sick, earnestly desiring to be restored to her prioret. Bishop Francis now grew yet more angry: "Give the witch a prioret in hell," he cried. "What would his dear brother do, now that the proofs were in his hands?" To which Duke Philip answered mildly: "Dear Fra, think on my symbol, C. & R." (that is, Christo et Reipublicæ, for Christ and the State.) "Let us not be over-hasty. Suppose that Dr. Constantinus should first dissect this poor infant, and see what really caused its death" Thereat the doctor plunged his hand in his pocket, to draw forth his case of instruments, but the mother screamed out, and ran to tear the child from him: "No, no; they should never cut up her little Memi!" Item, the maid screamed out: "No, no; she would lose her life first!" Item; the father stood still and trembled, but said never a word. What was to be done now? His Grace repented of his hastiness, and at last said: "Well, then, friends, let the doctor examine the infant externally, look into its mouth, &c."

AND when the parents consented to this, his Grace prayed them gently to withdraw with him into another apartment while the examination was made, as such a sight might give them pain. To this they also consented, and his Grace led the way to another hall (giving a sign privately to the doctor to do his business properly), where a splendid collation was served. After which, just to detain them longer, his Grace brought them to visit the picture-gallery. Summa: When they returned, the dissection

had been accomplished, at which sight the parents and the maid screamed; but his Grace confuted them, saying: "That the ends of justice required it. He would now take the case into his own hands, and they might return quietly to their own castle and bury their infant, who would sleep as well dissected as entire" ❧ Having, at last, calmed them somewhat, they kissed his hand and took their leave.

MEANWHILE, the two young Dukes, Ulrich and George, finding the time hang heavy, had slipped away from the council-board, and gone down to the ducal stables ❧ When his Highness noticed their absence, he sent a page bidding them return & give their opinion in council, as to what should be done next ❧ But they sent back an answer: "Let the lords do what they pleased; as for them they were off to the chase, seeing it was pleasanter to hunt a hare than a witch" ❧ Now Bishop Francis stormed in earnest ❧ "Marry, some folk would not believe in witchcraft, till they stood with their heels turned toward heaven; and here three idle younkers must needs ride off to the chase, when the life & death of our race hangs in the balance. I say again, brother, torture, burn, kill, and as soon as may be" ❧ But Duke Philip still answered mildly: "Dear Fra, the medicus hath just pronounced that the corpse of the poor child presents no unnatural appearances; and as to the beard, this may just as well be a miraculum Dei as a miraculum dæmonis, therefore I esteem it better to cite Sidonia to our court, and admonish her strenuously to all good."

THIS course had little favour from Bishop Francis, but when the state prosecutor agreed with his Highness, and Dr. Cramerus praised so Christian and merciful a resolve, he was at last content, particularly as some one said (I forget who, but I rather think it was the chancellor Martinus Chemnitz), that Mag. Joel of Grypswald gave it as his opinion that it would be a matter of trouble and danger to seize the witch, seeing that her familiar, the spirit Chim, was a mighty and strong spirit, and capable of taking great revenge on any who laid hand upon her; but that he, Mag. Joel, would do for him easily if he came in his way ❧ This intelligence gave the bishop great comfort, and he instantly despatched a letter to Mag. Joel, bidding him come forthwith to Stettin, whilst the chancellor prepared a Citationem realem sive personalem for Sidonia, which contained the following:

"We, Philip, by the grace of God, &c.,
"Command thee, Sidonia von Bork, conventual and not prioress of the noble convent of Marienfliess, to appear before us, at our court of Stettin, on the 15th day of July, at three of the clock to answer for the evil deeds whereof thou art accused, under punishment of banishment, forfeiture, and great danger to thy body and life. Against such, therefore, take thou heed.
"Signatum, Old Stettin, 10th July, 1616.

"Philippus, manu sua."

CHAPTER VIII. OF SIDONIA'S DEFENCE. ITEM, HOW SHE HAS A QUARREL WITH JOACHIM WEDEL, AND BEWITCHES HIM TO DEATH.

T three of the clock on the appointed day, the grand Rittersaal (knights' hall) of the stately castle of Old Stettin was crowded with ministers, councillors, and officials, who had met there by command of their illustrious mightinesses, Duke Philip, Prince and Lord of Stettin, and Francis, Bishop of Camyn. Amongst the nobles assembled were Albert, Count of Eberstein, Lord of Neugarten and Massow; Eustache Flemming, hereditary grand-marshal; Christoph von Mildenitz, privy councillor and dean of the honourable chapter of Camyn; Caspar von Stogentin, captain at Friedrichswald; Christoph von Plate, master of the ceremonies; Martin Chemnitz, chancellor of Pomerania; Dr. Cramer, my worthy lord father-in-law, vice-superintendens; Dr. Constantius Oesler, medicus; Christian Ludek, attorney-general; Mag. Joel of Grypswald, & many others. These all stood in long rows, waiting for their princely Graces. For it was rumoured that Sidonia had already arrived with the fish-sellers from Grabow, which, indeed, was the case; & she had moreover, packed seven hogsheads of her best beer on the wagon along with her, purposing to sell it to profit in the town, but the devil truly got his profit out of the said beer, for by it not only our good town of Stettin, but likewise the whole land, was nearly brought to ruin and utter destruction, as we shall hear further on. Summa: When all the afore-named were ranged in rank and order, the great doors of the hall were flung wide open, and Duke Philip entered first. Every one knows that he was small, delicate, almost thin in person, pale of face, with a moustache on his upper lip, and his hair combed

∴ Divided in the centre, and falling down straight at each side, as in the pictures of our Saviour.

a la Nazarena. ∴ He wore a yellow doublet with silver-coloured satin sleeves, scarlet hose trimmed with gold lace, white silk stockings, & white boots, with gold spurs; round his neck was a Spanish ruff of white point lace, and by his side a jewel-hilted sword; his breast and girdle were also profusely decorated with diamonds. So his highness advanced up the hall, wearing his grey beaver hat, from which drooped a stately plume of black herons' feathers, fastened with an aigrette of diamonds. This he did not remove, as was customary, until all present had made their obeisance & deferentially kissed his hand. Duke Francis followed in his episcopal robes, with a mitre upon his head & a bishop's crook of ivory in his hand. The other young dukes, Ulrich, George, and Bogislaus remained cautiously away. ∴ And the blood-standard waved from the towers, and the princely Soldateska, with all the officers, lined the castle court, so that nothing was left undone that could impress this terrible sorceress with due fear and respect for their illustrious Graces.

∴ Note of Bogislaff XIV. Yes; but not out of fear. I was celebrating my espousals, as I have said.

GND when the order was given for Sidonia to be admitted, the two princes leaned proudly on a table at the upper end of the hall, while the assembled nobles formed two long lines at each side. Three rolls of the drum announced the approach of the prisoner. But when she entered, accompanied by the Lord Provost, in her nun's robes & white veil, on which the key of her office was embroidered in gold, a visible shudder passed over her frame; collecting herself, however, quickly, she advanced to kiss their Graces' hands, but Bishop Frances, after he had drawn his symbolum with chalk before him on the table, namely, H. H. H.; that is, "Help, helper, help," cried out: "Back, Satan! stir not from thy place; and know that if thou shouldst attempt any of thy diabolical sorceries upon my dear lord & brother here (as for me, this honourable, consecrated, and priestly robe saves me from thy power) thou shalt be torn limb from limb, and thy members flung to feed the dogs, while thou art yet living to behold it, accursed, thrice accursed witch!" And his Grace, in his great rage against her, struck the table with his ivory crook, so that he broke a bottle filled with red ink which stood thereon, & the said ink (alas! what an evil omen!) poured down upon Duke Philip's white silk stockings, and stained them red like blood.

MEANWHILE Sidonia exclaimed: "What! is there no leech here, to feel the pulse of his Serene Highness? Surely the dog-days, that we are in the middle of, have turned his brain completely. Any little bit of mother-wit he might have had is clean gone. What! she had scarcely entered! Knew not yet of what she was accused, and she was 'Satan!' 'a thrice accursed witch!' who was to be cut up into little bits to feed dogs! Had any man ever heard the like? Would the nobles of Pomerania, whom she saw around her, suffer one of their own rank, a lady of castles and lands, to be thus handled? She called upon them all as witnesses, and after the audienza a notary should be summoned to note all down, for she would assuredly appeal to the States of the kingdom, and bring her cause before the emperor" Hereupon Duke Philip interposed: "Lady, our dear brother is of a hasty temperament; yet you can scarce wonder at his speech, or take it ill, when you consider the terrible evils which you have brought upon our ancient and illustrious race. However, as an upright & good prince must judge the cause of his subjects before his own, I shall first inquire what caused the sudden illness of the sheriff, Eggert Sparling, and of the abbess, Magdalena, that time they brought my father's letter to you: that letter which you said was a forgery, and flung into the fire."

Illa: "What caused it? How could she remember? It was a long time ago; but, so far as she recollected, they came in when she was brewing beer or cooking sausages, and she opened the window to admit fresh air; before this window they both sat and talked, to be out of the smell of the cooking; could they not have got rheumatism by such means? Let his Grace ask the doctors, did it require witchcraft to give a man the rheumatism, who sat in a draught of air?"

The Duke: "But both were cured again as quickly as they had taken it."

Illa: "Ah, yes! She would have done her best to cure even her greatest enemy, for the Holy Saviour had said: 'Bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that persecute you.' To such commands of her Lord she had ever been a faithful servant, and therefore searched out of her cookery-book for a sympatheticum, but for thanks, lo now what she gets! Such was the way of this wicked world. Perhaps my gracious Lord would like to know of the sympatheticum; she would say it for him, if he wished"

"Keep it to yourself, woman," roared Duke Francis, "and tell us why you burned my father's letter?"

Illa: "Because, in truth, she deemed it a forgery. How could she believe a knave who had already deceived his own gracious Prince? For did not this base sheriff appropriate to his own use eleven mares, one hundred sheep, sixteen head of cattle, and forty-two boars, all the property of his Highness, to the great detriment of the Princely revenue? Item: At the last cattle sale, he had put three hundred florins into his own bag, and many more evil deceits had this wicked cheat practised." "Keep to the question," cried Duke Philip, "& answer only what you are asked: What was the matter concerning the priest, which caused you to complain of him to our Princely consistorium?"

Illa: "Ay! and no notice taken, though it was a scandal that cried to heaven, how this licentious young carl was admitted into the convent as chaplain, when the regulations especially declared that an honourable old man should hold the office. She prayed, therefore, that another priest might be appointed" Hereat my worthy father-in-law, Dr. Cramer, said: "Good lady, be not so hasty; from all we have heard, this priest is a right worthy and discreet young man."

Illa: "Right worthy and discreet truly! as her old maid could testify; or the abbess, with whom he locked himself up; or Dorothea Stettin, with whom he was discovered behind the holy altar. Fie! The scandal that such a fellow should be convent chaplain! and that a Christian government should suffer it!" (Spitting three times on the ground.)

The Duke: "The inquiry concerning him was pending. For what cause had she forced herself into the sub-prioret?"

Illa: "She! Forced herself! Forced herself into the sub-prioret! What devil had invented this story? Why, the abbess and the whole convent were witness that she was forced into it; for as Dorothea Stettin was ashamed, after that business behind the altar, when she was discovered with the priest, besides, was a weak silly thing at all times, she had consented to relieve her from the sub-prioret at her (Dorothea's) earnest supplication and prayer."

The Duke: Wherefore had she treated the novices with such cruelty, and run at them with axes and knives, to do them grievous bodily harm?"

Illa: "They were a set of young wantons, always gossiping about marriage and loons, therefore she had held a strict hand over them, which she would not deny; particularly as if any of the nuns fell into sin, the law decreed that she was to be beheaded. Was she therefore

wrong or right? Truly the abbess said nothing, for she was as bad as any of them, and had locked herself up with the priest."

The Duke: "What caused the sudden death of the convent porter?"

Illa: "What! was this, too, laid on her as a crime?" "Why, at last, if any one died in Wolgast, or another in Marienfliess, during her absence, she would have to answer for it."

The Duke: "But Dr. Schwalenberg had died in the self-same way, and as suddenly, tumbling down dead upon the pavement."

Illa: "The knave was so drunk, when he ran after her with a horse-whip to beat her, that he tumbled down on the stones; and mayhap the shock killed him, as it did that other knave who flung her against the wall; or that he got a fit; for such would have been a just judgment of God on him, as it is written (Malachi iii. 5), 'I will be a swift witness for the widow & the orphan.' Ah! truly she was a poor orphan, and the just God had been her swift witness; for which all praise & glory be to his name for ever." (Weeping.) Here Christoph Mildenitz, canon of Camyn, exclaimed, "Marry, thou wicked viper, I have seen the corpse of this same Schwalenberg myself, and every one, even the physicians, said that he had died no natural death."

Illa: "Must the fat canon put in his word now? Ha! this was her thanks for the gloves she had knit him, and which he wore at this present moment, for she knew them, even at that distance, by the black seams round the thumbs. But so it was ever: she had no greater enemies than those whom she had done kindness to."

The Duke: "Prechln von Buslar also accused her of having brought his two sons to death, and making a long man's beard grow upon the little Bartel."

Illa (laughing): "Ah! it is easy to see by your Grace that we are in the dog-days. Your Highness must pardon my mirth; but who could help it? Merciful God! are thy wonders, sent to fright the world, & turn men from sin, to be called devil's sorceries! To what a pass is the world come! Has your Highness forgotten all history? Know you not that God gives many signs to his people, and speaks in wonders? Yet, when did men, till now, say that these signs were of the devil alone, and persecute and destroy helpless women by reason of them? Speak, gracious Duke, speak, ye noble lords, have ye not tortured and burned, and put to death, weak and innocent women without number for these things, and must ye needs now seek my life? and when was it ever known, till now, that nobles sat in judgment upon one of their own rank, a lady of as high blood & proud descent as any of ye here, for old wives' tales like these, and children's

∴ It was a fact that the persecution of witches had risen at this period almost to a mania.

fooleries? Speak! Whoso saith I lie, let him step forward and convict me." ∴ There was a dead silence in the hall when she had ended, and even Duke Philip looked down ashamed, for he could not but acknowledge that she spoke the truth, however unwillingly he believed aught the vile sorceress uttered. At last Bishop Francis spake: "Why then didst thou blow upon the children of Prechln of Buslar, if it were not to bewitch them to death?"

THEREUPON the witch answered scornfully: "If that could kill, then were we all dead long since, for the wind blows on us every minute, & we blow upon our hot broth to cool it, yet who dies thereof? How could a bishop be so sunk in superstition? As to Prechln of Buslar, no wonder if God had smitten him for his pride & arrogance, as it is said, (Luke i. 51), 'He scatters such as are proud of heart,' for though her feudal vassal, he had refused to do her homage, therefore here was no witch-work but only God's work, testifying against sinful haughtiness and pride." ∴ Morever, it was false that she had blown upon the children; the silly fool Prechln had imagined it all, nothing was too absurd for stupidity like his to believe; and what then? Can't people die but by witchcraft? Did St. Peter bewitch that covetous knave Ananias (Acts v). when he fell down dead at his feet for having lied to the Holy Ghost? Let the honourable convocation answer her truly." Summa; the end of all was, (as we may imagine) that the cunning Satan was allowed to depart in peace, only receiving a wholesome admonition from his Highness, Duke Philip, & another from my worthy father-in-law, Dr. Cramer.

BUT what happened, as she returned to her lodgment in the Rudenberg street? Behold Joachim Wedel of Cremzow, whom she had made contracted, sat at his window to enjoy the air, but the evil hag no sooner looked up and saw him than she began to mock him, twisting her mouth awry, even as he twisted his mouth. When he observed her, his face grew red with anger, and he cried out of the window: "Ha, thou accursed witch, I am not so help.. help..help..helpless as thou thinkest; so do not twi..twi..twi.. twist thy mouth at me that way." To which Sidonia only answered with the one word "Wait!" and passed on, but returned soon again with a notary and two witnesses (one was the landlord of the inn where she had left her beer), stepped up to the chamber where Joachim sat, and bid them take down that he had called her an accursed

witch, while she was quietly going along the street to her lodgment. Poor Wedel vainly tried to speak in his defence; the hag maintained her assertion, and prayed that the just God who brought all liars to destruction would avenge her cause, if it were his gracious will, for the scripture said, (Psalm v. 7), "I will destroy them that speak leasing." Therefore, she left him and all her other enemies in the hand of God. He would take vengeance!

AND oh, horror! scarcely had she returned to her lodgment when the poor man began to scream; "There is some one sitting within my breast, and lifting up the breast-bone!" Thus he screamed and screamed three days and three nights long; no physician, not even Dr. Constantinus, could help him, and finally when he died his body presented the same appearances precisely as those of Dr. Schwalenberg and the convent porter, as the doctors who dissected him affirmed upon oath. He was a clever man, learned and well read, and left Annales behind him, a work which this cruel witch caused to remain unfinished. And further, it was a strange thing whether of witchcraft (or of God I cannot say) that except my gracious Duke Philip, almost every one present at this remarkable colloquium died within the year; for example, Count Albert, Eustache Flemming, Caspar von Stogentin, Christoph von Mildenitz, all lay in their graves before the year was out.∴

∴Some place the death of Joachim Wedel so early as 1606. The whole matter is taken, almost word for word, from the criminal records in the Berlin Library; &, according to Dahnert, the first question on the book concerned the death of this man. His Annales include the years from 1501 to 1606; they contain the whole history of that period, but the work has never been printed. Dahnert, however, vol. ii. Pomeranian Library, gives some extracts therefrom; also, in Franz Kock's Recollections of Dr. John Bugenhagen, Stettin, 1817, we find this chronicle quoted.

CHAPTER IX. HOW A STRANGE WOMAN (WHO MUST ASSUREDLY HAVE BEEN SIDONIA) INCITES THE LIEGES OF HIS GRACE TO GREAT UPROAR AND TUMULT IN STETTIN, BY REASON OF THE NEW TAX UPON BEER.

MY gracious Prince will perhaps say: "But, Theodore, how comes it that this hag, who in her youth could not be brought to learn the catechism, quoted scripture in her old days like a priest?" I answer: Serene Prince & Lord, that seems in my opinion because the evil witch found that Scripture, when not taught of God, can be made to serve the devil's purposes, for this reason she studied therein; not to make honey but to extract poison, as your Grace may have perceived in her strifes with individuals, and even with the constituted authorities. Further, methinks she must also have studied in history books, for

how else could she have discoursed upon political matters so as to raise the whole population of Stettin into open revolt, as we shall soon see? However, I leave these questions undecided, & shall only state facts, leaving the rest for your Highness's judgment.

THE day following that on which Sidonia had been tried before the noble convocation (and she must have still been in the town, I think, for it was late in the previous evening when she bewitched Joachim Wedel), the priest of St. Nicholas read out after the sermon, before the whole congregation, the ducal order declaring that, from that date forward, the quart of beer, hitherto sold for a Stralsund shilling, should not be sold under sixteen Pomeranian pence. This caused great murmurs and discontent among the people; and when they came out of church they rushed to the inn, where Sidonia had been staying, to discuss the matter freely, and screamed and roared, and gesticulated amongst themselves, saying: "The council had no right to raise the price of beer; they were a set of rogues that ought to be hung," &c. and they struck fiercely on the table, so that the glasses rang. Just then an old hag came to the door, but not in a cloister habit. She had a black plaster upon her nose, and complained how she had hurt herself by falling on the sharp stones, which had put her nose out of joint. "People talked of this new decree, was it true that the poor folk were to pay sixteen Pomeranian pence for a quart of beer? Oh, God! what the cruelty and avarice of princes could do. But she scarcely believed the report, for she brewed beer herself better than any brewer in the land. and yet could sell the quart for eight-pence, and have profit besides. Oh, that princes and ministers could rob the poor man so! ay, they would take the very shirt off his back to glut their own greed and covetousness. And what did they give their hard-earned gold for? to build fine houses for the Prince, forsooth, and fill them with fine pictures from Italy, and statues, as if he were a brat of a school-girl, and must have his dolls to play with". "What sort is your beer, old dame?" asked a fellow; "marry, it must be strange trash, I warrant."

Illa: "No, no; if they would not believe her word, let them taste the beer. She wanted nothing further but to prove how the wicked government oppressed the poor folk; for she was a God-fearing woman, and her heart was filled with grief to see how the princes lately, in this poor Pomerania, squeezed the very life-blood out of the people," &c. Then she lifted up a barrel of beer upon the table

(I have already said that Sidonia had brought some with her to sell), and invited the discontented people to taste it, which they were nothing loth to do, and soon broached the said barrel. Then, having tasted, they extolled her beer to the skies: "No better had ever been brewed". Now other troops of the discontented came pouring in from Lastadie, Wiek, &c., cursing, & swearing, and shouting: "The beer must not be raised; they would force the government to take off the tax. Would not their comrades join?"

THIS was fine fun to the old hag, and she produced another barrel of beer, which the mob emptied speedily, and then began talking, shouting, screaming, roaring like flocks of wild geese; and when the old hag saw that they had got enough under their caps to make them quite desperate, she began: "Was not her beer as good as any beer in the duchy?" "Ay, ay, better!" shouted the mob; "where dost thou live, mother?" To this she gave no answer, but continued: "Yet this beer cost but eight-pence a quart, by which they could see how the wicked and cruel government oppressed them; oh; oh, it was a sin that cried to heaven, to see how princes and nobles scourged and skinned the poor folk. They swilled wine of the best, and plenty, in their own gorgeous castles, but grudged poor bitter poverty its can of beer! Shame on such a government!" "True, true!" shouted the mob; "she is right; we are scourged and skinned by these worthless nobles. Come, brothers, let us off to the council-hall, and if they will not take off the tax, we'll murder every soul of them."

Illa: "And be asses for their pains. Was that all they could do, pray the mighty council, forsooth, to lower the tax? Oh, brave fellows! What! had they not the power in their own hands, if they would only be united? Had they never heard how the people of Anklam had, in former times, killed their rulers and governors, and then did justice to themselves? What right had prince, minister, or council to skin a people? They had all stout arms and brave hearts here, as she saw; could they not right themselves! must they needs crouch for their own to prince or minister? Did she lie, or did she speak the truth?"

HERE the mob cheered and shouted, "True! true!" and they struck the table till the glasses broke, roaring: "She is right, brothers. Are we not strong? Can we not right ourselves? Why should we go begging to a council? May the devil take all the covetous rich knaves, who drink the people's blood!"

Illa: "But maybe they wanted a prince, eh? The prince was the shepherd, the council only the dog who bit the sheep, as his master commanded. Eh, children? is not a prince a fine thing to squeeze the sweat and life-blood out of ye, and turn it into gold for himself? For what are his riches but your sweat and blood, if ye reflect on it; and is it a sin to take your own? Methinks if all princes were killed or banished, and their goods divided amongst the people, ye would all have enough. Have ye not heard of that brotherhood, who set all princes and governments at defiance for two hundred years, and lived like brothers amongst themselves, dividing all goods alike, so that they were called Like-dealers; and no beggar was found amongst them, for they had all things in common? ∴ Wherefore can ye not be Like-dealers also? Are there not rich enough for ye to kill? And if ye are united, who can withstand you? Look at the dog and the cattle, how the poor stupid beasts let themselves be driven, and bit, and beaten, just because they are used to it; but, lo! if the cattle should all turn their horns against the dog and the shepherd, what becomes of my fine pair? So it is with the prince and his council. Oh, if ye were only united! Fling off the parsons too, for they are prime movers of all your misery. Do they not teach you, & teach you from your youth up, that ye must have princes and priests? Eh, brothers, where is that written in the scriptures?" Doth not St. Peter say (1st Epistle, chap. ii.), 'Ye are a royal priesthood?' What, then, if ye are kings, princes, and priests yourselves, must ye needs pay for other kings, princes, and priests? Can ye not govern yourselves? can ye not pray for yourselves? In my opinion, yes! Doth not the same St. Peter likewise call ye 'a chosen people,' 'a people of inheritance?'

∴ These Like-dealers were the communists of the northern middle ages, & were for a number of years the plague of the northern seas; until at the beginning of the fifteenth century they were subdued, and many of them captured by the Dutch, who nailed them up in barrels, leaving an aperture for the head at top, & then decapitated them. The best account of them is found Raumer's Historical Note-book, vol. ii., p. 19.

And if any one wishes to see the result of communist teaching, they have only to study here the horrible excesses to which it leads. The communism of the apostolic age might have been suited to a period in which it would be difficult to say whether faith or love predominated most; but even then it by no means prevented the existence of extreme poverty, for we read frequently in the Acts and Epistles of the collections made for the Christian churches. But in our faithless, loveless, selfish, sin-drowned century, such an attempt at community of goods would not only annihilate all morality completely, but absolutely degrade us back from civilisation and modern Catholicism into the rudest and most meagre barbarism. The apostles of such doctrines now must speak, though perhaps unconsciously, from the sole inspiration of Satan, like Sidonia. The progress of humanity is not to be furthered by such means. Let our merchants no longer degrade human beings into machines for their factories, nor our princes degrade them into automaton puppets for their armies, but of men make living men. And the strong energy, the stern will, the vital spiritual power that will thus be awakened, will and must produce the regeneration of humanity.

but, I pray you, where is your inheritance, poor beggars as ye are, to whom neither priest nor prince will give one can of beer? Ha! go, I tell you, take back your kingship, your priesthood, your inheritance. Become Like-dealers, brothers, even as the early Christians, who had all things in common, before the greed of priest or prince had robbed them of all. Like-dealers! Like-dealers! run, run; kill, slay, strike all dead, and never rest until ye drown the last priest in the blood of the last prince!" As the hag thus spoke, through the horrible inspiration of Satan, the passions of the mob rose to frenzy, and they rushed out and joined the bands in the streets, and the crowds that poured from every door; and as they repeated her words from one to the other the frenzy spread (for they were like oil to fire). But the hag with the black plaster on her nose, when she saw herself left alone in the chamber, looked out after them, and laughed, and danced, and clapped her hands.

NOW the prince and count had withdrawn to Colbatz for safety, and a council was summoned in all haste and anxiety. The water-gate was barred likewise, to prevent a junction with the people of Lastakie and Wiek, but the townspeople, who had gathered in immense crowds, broke it in, and joining with the others, proceeded to storm the council-hall, where the honourable council were then sitting They shouted, roared, menaced, & seizing the clerk, Claude Lorenz, in the chamber, murdered him before the very eyes of the burgomasters, and flung the body out of the window; then rushing down the steps again, proceeded along the corn-market, & by the high-street into the horse-market, where they sacked three breweries from the roof to the cellar; and dragging out the barrels, staved in the bottoms, and drank out of their hats and caps, shouting, roaring, singing, and dancing while they swilled the good beer; so that the sight was a scandal to God and man. And the uproar waxed stronger and stronger throughout that whole night. Not a word of remonstrance or expostulation will the people listen to; they threaten to hang up the messengers of the honourable council, and show no respect even to a mandate from his Highness, under his own seal and hand, which a horseman brings them. They laugh, mock, fling it into the gutter, sack more breweries, and by ten of the clock, just as the citizens are going to church, they number ten bands strong So my worthy father-in-law, Dr. Cramer, with the dean and archdeacon of St. Mary's, stood upon the steps at the church-door as the bells rung,

& the mob rushed by to sack more breweries. And he spoke friendly to the rioters: "They should stop and hear what the word of God said about the uproar at Ephesus," (Acts 19). And some would, and some would not. What did they want with parsons? Strike all the parsons dead. They could play the priest for themselves, and forgive their own sins; yet many went in, for it was the custom to attend the weekly preaching, & my worthy father-in-law, turning round, addressed them from the nave of the church: methinks they needed it! One very beautiful comparison that he employed made a great impression, and brought many to reason. For he spoke of the bees, how, when they wander too far from the hive, they can be brought back by soft sweet melody, and so might this wild and wandering swarm be brought back to the true hive, by the soft and thrilling melody of God's holy word. Then for conclusion he read the Princely mandate from the altar; but at this the uproar recommenced, and they ran shouting and screaming out of the church, to their wild work again, staving in the barrels and drinking the beer; and they insulted a magistrate that spoke mildly to them, and said if they would be quiet, he would try and have the tax removed. So they raged like the bands of Korah and Abiram; wanted to kill every one, all the rich, and divide their goods; for their riches were their blood and sweat. They would drag the four guilds to the council-hall, and the chief burgomasters, and hang them all up, and afterwards the honourable council, & all the priests, &c. So passed the first and second day.

ON the third morning by six of the clock, his Highness, Duke Philip, with all his suite, drove in six coaches from Colbatz up to the Oderstrasse, galloping into the middle of the crowd of noisy, drunken rioters, who thronged the grass-market as thick as bees in a swarm. He wished to pass on quickly to the castle, but could not, so he had to see and hear for himself how the insurrection raged; and the mob surrounded the coach of his Highness with loud cries, in which nothing could be heard distinctly, but on one side: "Kill him!" and on the other: "Let him go!" This made Bishop Francis wild with anger, and he wanted to jump out of the coach and beat back the people, but Duke Philip gently restrained him. "See you not," he said, "the people are sick? Hot words will increase their sickness." Then he motioned to Mag. Reutzio, the court chaplain, who sat in the coach, to admonish the crowd. But the moment the Reverend M. Reutzio put his head out of the win-

dow to address them, the people shouted: "Down with the parson! What is he babbling for? Dr. Cramer told us all that yesterday. We want no parsons. Kill them! Kill them! Down with the priests! Down with the princes!" And they sprang upon the horses to cut the traces, but the coachman and outriders slashed away right and left with their horsewhips, so that the mob recoiled; and then with loud shouts of "Make way! Make way!" the coachman lashed his horses forward into a gallop. But behold as they crossed the Shoe-strasse, a coarse, thick-set woman knelt by the kennel with her daughter, a half-grown girl, and they were drinking beer from a barrel like calves. This same woman was knocked down by the foremost horse, so that she fell into the gutter. Hereat she roared and cursed his princely Grace, and flung the beer-can at him, but it fell upon the horse, who grew wild and dashed off in a mad gallop across the Shoe-strasse into the Pelzer-strasse, and up to the castle without pausing, where a large crowd had already collected.

IF the sovereign people had been wild before, they were ten times more wild now, and ran to try and get into the castle after his Highness; but the Duke ordered the gates to be closed. He finding that the courts & corridors were already filled with the members of the venerable council, and three hundred of the militia, bade the men stand to their arms, load the heavy artillery, and erect the blood-standard on the tower, while he and the Princes, with the honourable members, considered what could best be done in this grave and dangerous crisis. Whereupon he bade the council attend him in the state banqueting-hall. Now the honourable council declared they were ready to part life & limb for their liege lord, and the illustrious house of Pomerania, according to the terms of their oath; but the burghers would not. For when Duke Phillip asked would not the burghers go forth, & help to disperse this armed and unruly mob, the militia made sundry objections, and set forth numerous difficulties. Whereupon Bishop Francis started up, and exclaimed: "Brother, I pray thee, do not stoop to conciliate the people! If ye know not how to die I can go forth and die for all, since it has come to this." And he rose to depart. But his Highness seized him by the hand, and entreated patience yet for one hour more. Then he turned to the militia, and again admonished them of their duty, and bid them remember the oath, but they answered sharply: "Why the devil should we go forth and shoot our brothers, neighbours, & friends? They are more to us than all." Item: They

recapitulated their objections and difficulties ❧ Hereupon his Highness exclaimed: "Alas! how comes it that my good people of Stettin are so unruly? If the Stralsunders, indeed had risen, I would say nothing, but my dear Stettiners, who have ever been so true and loyal, holding to their province through all adversities, and now: ah! that I should live to see this day!" ❧ Then Bishop Francis spake: "Truly our good Stettiners are to be known no longer. Were it possible to bewitch a whole people, I would say this witch-devil of Marienfliess had done it, For in all Pomeranian land was it ever heard that the people refused obedience to their Prince, as the burgher militia here have dared to refuse this day?"

UST then the evil tidings arrived, that the mob were sacking the house of one of the chiefs of the council, whereupon his Highness, Duke Philip, called out again: "Will ye stand by me or not? Here is no time for hesitation, but action. Will ye follow me? Speak, lieges!" ❧ Hereat a couple of hundred voices responded: "Yes, yes;" but the "yes" fell as dull and cold upon the ear as the clang of a leaden bell ❧ However, Bishop Francis instantly exclaimed: "Good! Go then, all of ye, to the armoury, and arm yourselves with speed. Meanwhile I shall see to the loading of the cannon in the castle-court. Then whosoever among you is for God and the Prince, follow me to victory or death" ❧ But Duke Philip interposed. "Not so, dear brother; not so, my good lieges; let us try first what reconciliation will do, for they are my erring children" ❧ And though Duke Francis was sore displeased and impatient, yet my gracious Prince dispatched his chief equerry, Andreas Ehlers, as herald to the people, dressed in complete armour, and with a drawn sword in his hand, accompanied by three trumpeters, to read a new princely proclamation to the people.

O the herald rode first to the grass-market, and when the trumpet sounded, the people stood still & listened, whereupon he read the following proclamation, in a loud voice: "The Serene and Illustrious Prince and Lord, Lord Philip, Duke of Stettin, Pomerania, Cassuben, and Wenden, Prince of Rugen, Count of Gutzkow, and Lord of the lands of Lauenburg and Butow, our Gracious Prince, Seigneur, and Lord, hereby commandeth all present, from Lastadie, Wiek, Dragern, and other places assembled, to lay down their arms, and retire each man to his home in peace and quietness, without offering further molestation to his loyal Lieges, Burgh-

ers, and Citizens, on pain of severe punishment in person and life, and deprivation of all wonted privileges. Further, if they have aught of complaint against the Honourable Council or Burghesses, let them bring the same before his Highness himself. Meanwhile, the quart of beer, until further orders, shall be reduced to its original price, as agreed on yesterday in Council, and be sold henceforth for one Stralsund shilling.

"Signatum, Old Stettin, the 18th July, 1616.

"Philippus, manu sua."

When the herald had finished reading, and shown the princely signature and seal to the ringleaders, a great murmur arose among the crowd, of which, however, the herald took no heed, but rode on to the horse-market, where he likewise read the proclamation, and so on through the principal thoroughfares. Then he returned to the grass-market, but lo! not a soul was to be seen; the crowds had all dispersed, and quietness reigned everywhere, whereupon the herald rode joyfully to the horse-market, to see if the like had happened there. And truly, peace had returned here too. And all along the principal streets where the proclamation had been read, the people were thoroughly subdued by this princely clemency and authority.

So when the herald returned to the castle, and related the success of his mission, the tears filled the eyes of his Grace, Duke Philip, and taking his lord brother by the hand, he exclaimed: "See, dear Francis, how true are the words of Cicero: 'Nihil tam populare quam bonitas.'" ∴ Then they both went forth and walked arm-in-arm throughout the town, and wherever his Grace saw any group still gathered round the beer-cans, he told them to be content, for the beer should be sold to them at the Stralsund shilling. And thus the riot was quelled, and the town returned to its accustomed quietness and order. Now truly, the same Cicero says: "In imperita multitudine est varietas et inconstantia et crebra tanquam tempestatum, sic sententiarum commutatio." ∴

∴ (Nothing so popular as kindness.)

∴∴ (The senseless multitude as changeful & inconstant as the weather, and their opinions suffer as many mutations.)

CHAPTER X. OF THE FEARFUL EVENTS THAT TAKE PLACE AT MARIENFLIESS. ITEM; HOW DOROTHEA STETTIN BECOMES POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL.

EANWHILE Satan hath not been less busy at Marienfliess, in Sidonia's absence, than at Old Stettin in her presence. But he cunningly changed his mode of action, not to be recognised, and truly, Dorothea Stettin was the first he practised on. For having recovered from her sickness, she one day presented herself at church in the nun's choir as usual; but while joining in the closing hymn, she suddenly changed colour, began to sob and tremble in every limb, then continued the chant in a strange uncertain voice, sometimes treble, sometimes bass, like that of a lad whose beard is just beginning to grow. At this, the abbess and the sisterhood listened and stared in wonder, then asked if the dear sister had fallen ill again? "No," she answered gruffly, "she only wanted to be married. She was tired of playing the virgin. Did the abbess know, perchance, of any one who would suit her as bridegroom? For she must, and would be married!" Think now of the horror of the nuns. Still they thanked God that such a scandalum had happened during the singing, and not at the blessed sermon. Then they seized her by the arms, & drew her away to her cell. But woe, alas! scarcely had she reached it, when she threw herself upon her bed in strong convulsions. Her eyes turned so that only the whites were to be seen, and her face grew so drawn and strange that it was a grief to look upon it, and still she kept on screaming in the deep gruff man's voice: "For a bridegroom! a bridegroom!" she that was so modest, & had such a delicate gentle voice. Whereupon all the sisters rushed in to hear her, the moment the sermon was over; item, the priest in his surplice. But the unfortunate maiden no sooner beheld him, than she cried out in the deep bass voice: "David, I must marry; wilt thou be my bridegroom?" And when he answered: "Alas, poor girl! when was such speech ever heard from you before? Satan himself must have possessed you!" she cried out again, "Hold your chatter! Will you, or will you not?" "How can I take you?" replied the priest; "you know well that I have a wife already." Whereupon the gruff bass voice answered, with mocking laughter: "Ha! ha! ha! what matter for that? Take more wives!"

HERE some of the young novices laughed, but others who had never wept bis dato, now broke out in violent weeping, and the abbess exclaimed: "Oh, merciful God! who hath ever heard the like from this our chaste sister, whom we have known from her youth up! Oh! deliver her from this wicked devil, who reigns in her soul & members!" But at the mention of the Holy name, the evil one raged more furiously than ever within her. He tore her, so that she foamed at the mouth, and, ah! woe is me that I must speak it, uttered coarse & shameful words, such as the most shameless groom or jack-boy would scarce pronounce. These sent all the novices flying & screaming away, but the abbess remained with some of the nuns, also the priest, who prepared now to exorcise the devil with the most powerful conjurations; yet ere he began a strange thing happened; for the possessed maiden became suddenly quite still, all her members relaxed, and her eyes closed heavily as if in sleep. But it was not so, for she then began, in her own soft natural voice, to chant a hymn in Dutch, although they all knew she never had learned one word of that language. The words were these:

"Oh, chaste Jesu! all whose being
Was so lovely to our seeing,
Thoughts and speech, and soul and senses,
Filled with noblest evidences.

"Oh! the God that dwelt in thee,
In his sinless purity!
Oh, Christ Immanuel,
Save me from the sinner's hell!

"Make my soul with power divine,
Chaste and holy, ev'n as Thine!"

Then she added in her own tongue: "Ah, ye must pray much, before this devil is cast out of me. But still pray, pray diligently, & it will be done.

"Guard, Lord Christ, our deepest slumber,
Evil thoughts may come in dreams;
And the senses list the murmur,
Though the frail form sleeping seems.

"Oh, if thy hand do not keep us
Even in sleep, from passion's flame,
Though our eyes close on temptation,
We may fall to sin and shame! Amen.

"Yes, yes, oh, pray for me (be not weary, her judgment is pronounced." What mean you?" spake the abbess, "whose judgment hath been pronounced)"

Illa: "Know you not, then? Sidonia's."

Hæc: "How could she have bewitched you? She is far from here."

Illa: "Spirits know no distance."

Hæc: "How then hath she done this?"

Illa: "Her spirit Chim summoned another spirit last evening, who entered into me as I gasped for air, after that strife between you and your maid, for I was shocked to hear this faithful creature called a thief?"

Hæc: "And is she not a thief?"

Illa: "In no wise. She is as innocent as a new-born child."

Hæc: "But there was no one else in the chamber when I laid down my purse, and when she went away it was gone."

Illa: "Ah! your dog Watcher was there, and the purse was made of calf's-skin, greased with hands; for you had been rolling butter, so the dog swallowed it, having got no dinner. Kill the dog, therefore, and you will find your purse."

Hæc: "For the love of Heaven! how know you aught of my rolling butter?"

Illa: "A beautiful form like an angel sits at my head, and whispers all to me."

Hæc: "That must be the devil, who has gone out of thee, for fear of the priest."

Illa: "Oh, no! he sits under my liver. See, there is the angel again! Ha! how terribly his eyes are flashing!"

Hæc: "Canst thou see, then? Thine eyes are close shut" (opening Dorothea's eyes by force, but the pupil is not to be seen, only the white.)

Illa: "I see, but not through the eyes, through the stomach."

Hæc: "What? Thou canst see through the stomach?"

Illa: "Ay, truly! I can see everything: there is Anna Apenborg peeping under the bed; now she lets the quilt drop in fright. Is it not so?"

THE abbess clasps her hands together, looks at the priest in astonishment, & cries: "For the love of God, tell me what does all this betoken?" To which the priest answers: "My reason is overwhelmed here, & I might almost believe what the ancients pretended, and Cornelius Agrippa also maintained, that two Dæmones or spirits attend each man from infancy to the grave; &

∴ Cornelius Agrippa, of the noble race of Nettersheim, natural philosopher, jurist, physician, soldier, necromancer, and professor of the black art . . in fine, learned in all natural & supernatural wisdom . . closed his restless life at Grenoble, 1535. His principal work, from which the above is quoted (cap. xx), is entitled De Occulta Philosophia. That Socrates had an attendant spirit or demon from his youth up, whose suggestions he followed as an oracle, is known to us from the Theages of Plato. But of the nature of this genius, spirit, or voice, we have no certain indications from the ancients, though the subject has been much investigated in numerous writings, beginning with the monographs of Apulejus and Plutarch. The first, Apulejus, De Deo Socratis, makes the strange assertion, that it was a common thing with the Pythagoreans to have such a spirit; so much so, that if any among them declared he had not one, it was deemed strange and singular. ∴ That poor Dorothea was in the somnambulistic state (according to our phraseology) is evident. A similar instance in which the demoniac passed over into the magnetic state is given by Kerner, History of Possession, p. 73. I must just remark here that Kieser (System of Tellurism) is probably in error, when he asserts, from the attitudes discovered amongst some of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, that the ancients were acquainted with the mode of producing the magnetic state by manipulation or passes, for Jamblichus enumerates all the modes known to the ancients of producing the divining crisis, in his book De Mysteriis Ægyptorium, in the chapter, Insperatus vacat ab actione propria, p. 58, and never mentions manipulation amongst them, of which mode, indeed, Mesmer seems to have been the original discoverer. The ancients, too, were aware, as we are, that the magnetic and divining state can be produced only in young & somewhat simple (simpliciores) persons. Porphyry confirms this in his remarkable letter to the Egyptian priest of Anubis (to which I earnestly direct the attention of our physiologists) in which he asks, "Wherefore it happens that only simple (ἁπλουτέρους καὶ νέους) and young persons were fitted for divination?" Yet there were many even then, as we learn from Jamblich, and the later Psellus, who maintained the modern rationalistic view, that all these phenomena were produced only by a certain condition of our own spiritual and bodily nature; although all somnambulists affirm the contrary, and declare they are the result of external spiritual influences working upon them.

that each spirit strives to blend himself with the mortal, and make the human being like unto himself, whether it be for good or evil. ∴ However, I esteem this apparition to be truly Satan, who has changed himself into an angel of light to deceive more easily, as is his wont; therefore, as this our poor sister hath also a prophesying spirit, like that maiden mentioned (Acts xvi. 16), let us do even as St. Paul, and conjure it to leave her. But first, it would be advisable to see if she hath spoken truth respecting the dog."

SO my dog was killed, and there in truth was the purse of gold found in his stomach, to the wonderment of all, and the great joy of the poor damsel who had been accused of stealing it. Immediately after, the poor posessed one turned herself on the couch, sighed, opened her eyes, and asked: "Where am I?" for she knew nothing at all of what she had uttered during her sleep, and only complained of a weakness through her entire frame. ∴ After this, the evil spirit left her in peace for two days, and every one hoped that he had gone out of her, but on the third day he began to rage within the unfortunate maiden

worse than ever, so that they had to send quickly for the priest to exorcise him. But behold, as he entered in his surplice, and uttered the salutation, "The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be upon this maid," the evil spirit with the man's coarse voice, cried out of poor Dorothea's mouth: "Come here, parson, I'll soon settle for you". Then it cursed, swore, and blasphemed God, and raged within the poor maiden, so that the foam gathered on her pale lips. But the Reverend David is not to be frightened from his duty by the foul fiend. He kneeled down first, with all present, and prayed earnestly to God; then endeavoured to make the possessed maiden repeat the Lord's Prayer & the Creed after him, but the devil would not let her. He raged, roared, laughed scornfully, and abused the priest with such unseemly words, that it was a grief and horror to hear them. "Wait, parson," it screamed, "in three days thou shalt be as I am." (Namely, a spirit; though no one knew then what the devil meant). "I will make thee pay for this, because thou tormentest me". But neither menaces nor blasphemies could deter the good priest. He lifted his eyes to heaven, and prayed that beautiful prayer from the Pomeranian liturgy, page 244, which he had by heart: "Oh, Lord Jesu Christ, thou Son of the living God, at whose name every knee must bend, in heaven, upon the earth, & under the earth: God and man; our Saviour, our brother, our Redeemer: who hast conquered sin, and death, and hell, trod on the devil's head and destroyed his works: thou hast promised, thou Holy Saviour, 'that whatever we ask the Father in thy name, thou wilt grant unto us.' Therefore, by that holy promise, we pray thee, Lord Christ, to look with pity upon this our sister, who hath been baptised in thy Holy Name, redeemed by thy precious blood, washed from all sin, anointed by thy Holy Spirit, and made one with thee, a member of the living temple of thy body. Relieve her from the tyranny and power of the devil; graciously cast out this unclean spirit, that so thy holy name may be praised and glorified, for ever and ever. Amen."

THEN he laid his hand upon the sick maiden's head, while the hellish fiend raged & roared more furiously than ever, so that all present were seized with trembling, and exclaimed: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the power of the Lord Jesus Christ, I bid, desire, and command thee, thou unclean spirit, to come forth and give place to the Holy Spirit of God! Amen". Whereupon the convulsions ceased in the sick maiden's limbs, & she sank down gently

on her bed, as a sail falls when the cords are loosed & the wind ceases; and thus she lay for a long time quite still. After which, she said in her own natural voice: "Now I see him no more!" "Who is it that you see no more?" asked the abbess.

Illa: "The evil spirit, my angel says. He has gone forth from me. Woe, woe, alas!"

Hæc: "Why dost thou cry, alas, when he has in truth gone out from thee?"

Illa: "My angel says, he will first strangle the priest who has cast him forth, then will he return, as it is written in the Scripture, Matthew xi. 24, 'After three days I will return to my house from which I had gone forth.' Ah, look! the good priest is growing pale. But let him be comforted, for he shall have his reward in heaven, as the Lord saith, Matthew v."

Hæc: "But why does the great God permit such power to the devil, if what thou sayest be true?"

Illa is silent.

Hæc: "Thou art silent; what says thy angel?"

Illa: "He is silent also: now he speaks again."

Hæc: "What says he, then?"

Illa: "The wisdom of God is silent" The abbess repeats the words, while the priest falls back against the wall, as white as chalk, and exclaims: "Your angel is right. I feel as if a mouse were running up and down through my body. Alas! now the bones of my chest are breaking. Farewell, dear sisters; in heaven we shall meet again. Farewell; pray for me. I go to lay my head upon my death-pillow" And he was scarcely gone out at the door, when a great cry and weeping arose amongst the sisters present, and the abbess asked, weeping, likewise: "Is this, too, Sidonia's work?"

Illa: "Whose else? She hath never forgiven him because he rejected her love, and hath only delayed his death to a fitting opportunity."

Hæc: "Merciful God! and will this murderous nun be brought to judgment?"

Illa: "Yes, when her hour comes, she will be burned and beheaded, not many years after this."

Hæc: "And what will become of you? Will you die, if Satan often takes up his dwelling-place in your heart?"

Illa: "If you do not prevent him, I shall die; if he leave me I shall grow well."

Hæc: "What can we, miserable mortals, do to prevnt him?"

Illa: "Jobst Bork of Saatzig has three rings, which the spirits made

and gave to his grandmother in Pansin. Item, he has also a beautiful daughter called Diliana, and as no second on earth bears her name, ∴ so is there no other who equals her in goodness, piety, humility, chastity, and courage. If this Diliana lays one of the rings on my stomach, in the name of God, the devil can no more enter in me, & I shall be healed. But what do I see? there she comes herself."

Hæc: "Who comes?"

Illa: "Diliana. She has run away from her father, and will offer herself as servant to Sidonia, because old Wolde is sick."

Hæc: "She must be foolish then, if this be true."

Illa: "Ay, she is foolish, but it is from pure love, which indeed is a godlike folly; for Sidonia had bewitched her poor father, and he grows worse and worse, and her prayers to the sorceress are of no avail to help him, so she hath privately left her father's castle to offer herself as servant to Sidonia; for no wench, far or near, will be found who will take old Wolde's place, and she hopes in return for this that the sorceress will give her something from her herbal to cure her old father. Ha! what do I see? How her beautiful hair streams behind her upon the wind! How she runs like a deer over the heather, and looks back often, for her heart is trembling lest her father might send after her. Now she enters the wood; see, she kneels down and prays for her father and for herself, that God will keep her steps. Let us pray also, dear sisters, for her, for the poor priest, and for the unfortunate maiden."

HEREUPON they all fell upon their knees, and the possessed virgin offered up so beautiful a prayer that none had ever heard the like before, and every face was bedewed with tears. After which she awoke, and, as the first time, remembered nothing whatever of what had passed, or of what she had uttered.

∴ In fact, I have nowhere else met with the name "Diliana," whereas that of "Sidonia" is by no means uncommon. Virgil calls Dido "Sidonia" (Æn. 1, v. 446), with somewhat of poetic license, for she was not born in Sidon but in Tyre. About the time of the reformation this name became very common in the regal houses. For example, King George of Bohemia, Duke Henry of Saxony, Duke Franz of Westphalia, and others, had daughters called "Sidonia." For this reason therefore, the proud knight of Stramehl probably gave the same name to his daughter. In the middle ages I find only one Sidonia or Sittavia, the spouse of Count Manfred of Xingelheim, who built the town of Zittau, and died in the year 1021.

CHAPTER XI. OF THE ARRIVAL OF DILIANA & THE DEATH OF THE CONVENT PRIEST; ITEM: HOW THE UNFORTUNATE CORPSE IS TORN BY A WOLF.

SCARCELY had the abbess returned to her apartment when Diliana sprang in, with flowing hair, & her beautiful blooming face looking like a rose sprinkled with morning dew. So the worthy matron screamed first with wonder that all should be true, then taking the lovely young maiden in her arms, pressed her to her heart, and asked: "Wherefore comest thou here, my beloved Diliana?"

Illa: "I have run away from my father, good mother, and will serve my cousin, Sidonia von Bork, as her waiting-maid, hoping that, in return, she will give him something out of her herbal to heal his poor frame, which is distracted day & night with pain, even as she healed you and Sheriff Sparling; and she will do this, I am sure, because I hear that her maid Anna Wolde is sick, and no one in all the country round will take service with her, they say."

Hæc: "Poor child, thou knowest not what thou dost. She will slay thee, or ill-treat thee in her wickedness, or may be bring some worse evil than either on thee."

Illa: "And I will do as the Lord commanded, if she strike me on one cheek I will turn to her the other also, whereby she will be softened, and consent to help my poor father."

Hæc: "She will help him in nothing, and then how wilt thou bear the disgrace of servitude?"

Illa: "Disgrace? If the soul suffer not disgrace, the body, methinks, can suffer it never."

Hæc: "But how canst thou do the duties of a serving-wench? Thou, brought up the lady of a castle!"

Illa: "I have learned everything privately from Lisette; trust me, I can feed the pigs and sheep, milk the cow, and wash the dishes, &c."

Hæc: "But what put it into thy head, child, to serve her as a maid?"

Illa: "When I last entreated my cousin Sidonia to help my poor father, she said: 'Get me a good maid who will do my business well, and then I shall see what can be done to help him.' Now, as no one will take service with her, what else can I do, but play the trencher-woman myself, and thus save my poor father's life?"

Hæc: "Thou hast saved it once before, as I have heard."
Illa is silent.
Hæc: "How was it? Tell me, that I may see if they told me the story truly."
Illa: "Ah, good mother, speak no more of it. It was as you have heard, no doubt."
Hæc: "People say that a horse threw your father, dragged him along, and attempted to kick him, upon which all the men-folk stood and gaped, you flew like the wind, seized the bridle of the animal, and held him fast till your father was up again."
Illa: "Well, mother, there was nothing very wonderful in that."
Hæc: "Also, they tell that one day at the hunt, you came upon a part of the wood where two robbers were beating a noble almost to death, after having plundered him. You sprang forward, menaced them, and finally made them take to their heels, after which you helped the poor wounded man up on your own palfry, like a good Samaritan indeed, and without thought of the danger or fatigue, walked beside him, leading the horse by the bridle until clear out of the wood, and thus..."
Illa: "Ah, good mother, do not make me more red than I am; for know, the poor wounded noble thought so much of what I had done, that he must needs ask me for his bride, though truly I would have done the like for a beggar."
Hæc: "Then it was George Putkammer, and thou wilt not have him?"
Illa: "I may say with Sara, Tobias iii., 'Thou knowest, Lord, that I have desired no man, and have kept my soul pure from all evil lusts'; but indeed to save my father's life is more to me than a bride-groom. A bridegroom may be offered many times in life to a young thing like me, but a father never comes again."
Hæc: "God grant that thou mayest save him, but never tell thy cousin Sidonia of George Putkammer's love, else, methinks, it will all be over with thee."
Illa: "But if she ask me, I cannot lie unto her."

JUST then the cry was heard: "The priest is dying;" whereupon the abbess, Diliana, indeed the whole convent, rushed out to visit him at the glebe-house. The priest, however, was dead when they arrived, and his corpse had the same signature of Satan as the others who died before him, save only that his right hand was uplifted, and had stiffened into the same position in

which he held it when he exorcised the evil spirit out of Dorothea. So they all stood around pale and trembling, while they listened to his poor widow telling how his breast-bone rose up higher and higher, until at length he died in horrible agony. But, behold, the door flies open, and Sidonia, who had just returned from her long journey, enters with her long black habit trailing after her through the chamber. Whereupon they all become dumb with horror and disgust, and stand there like so many marble or enchanted figures.

AH! What is this I hear," exclaimed the accursed sorceress, "just on my return home? Is the worthy and upright man really dead? Woe! alas, that I could have saved him from this! How did it happen! Thank God that I was not here at the time, or the wicked world, which lays all manner of crimes upon me falsely, might have accused me of this likewise. Yes, I thank God a thousand times that I was absent! Speak! poor Barbara! How did it happen that your dear spouse fell so suddenly ill?" But the poor wife only trembled, and sank powerless against the bed where the corpse of her husband lay stretched; for when Sidonia advanced close to it, the red blood oozed from the mouth of the dead man, as if to accuse his murderess before God and man. And no one could speak a word, not even a sob was heard in answer to her questions; whereupon the sorceress spake again: "Alas, what is all this which has happened in my absence? Good Dorothea, they tell me, is possessed by a devil; but, at least, people can see now that I am as innocent as a new-born infant; though, assuredly, some terrible sinner must be lurking amongst us, though we know it not, or all this judgment would not come upon the convent. I would not willingly condemn any Christian soul, but, if I err not, the old dairy-woman is the person!" This she said from revenge, because the woman had refused to give her seven cheeses for a florin, when she was on her way to Stettin. Of the misfortunes which grew out of these same cheeses for the poor dairy-woman, we shall hear more in due time. At this horrible hypocrisy and falsehood the abbess could no longer hold her peace, and cried: "In my opinion, sister, you err much; the old dairy-mother is a pious and honest woman, as all the convent can testify, and attended diligently on our dead pastor here to be catechised."

Illa: "Who, then, else? It was incomprehensible. A thousand times thank God that she had been away during it all. Now they must hold their tongues, they who had blackened her to the Prince; but

his Grace had done her justice, and dismissed her honourably from the trial at Stettin."

Hæc: "I have a different version of the story; for his Highness has commanded you to resign the sub-prioret to Dorothea Stettin forthwith. Item: You are to be kept close within the convent walls, for which purpose I shall order the great padlock to be placed again upon the gates. Thus his Grace commands; and as we have a chapter assembled here already, I may announce the resolve with all due form."

Illa: "What? You tell me this, in the presence of the priest's wife and your serving-wenches? Do they belong to the chapter of noble virgins? I shall forward a protocollum to his Highness, setting forth all that has happened in my absence, and get all the sisterhood to sign it, that the Duke may know what kind of folk the abbess summons to her chapter; but as touching the sub-prioret, it is well known to you all how it was forced upon me by Dorothea, as I fully explained to the princes in council; however, speak, sisters, if ye indeed wish this light silly creature, this devil-possessed Dorothea Stettin, for your sub-prioress again, take her, and welcome, I will not prevent you. She can teach you all the shameful words which, as I hear, flow so liberally from her lips; eh, sisters, will you have this wanton or not?"

AND when the nuns all cried: "No, no!" the accursed witch went on: "Well, then, I bid you all assemble instantly in my apartment, to testify the same to his Highness; also to bear witness of the evil deeds done in my absence, for that the poor priest has died no natural death, is evident; therefore his Grace, I trust, will probe the business to the uttermost, and find out who is the evil Satan amongst us, ay, and tear off the deceitful mask, that my good name thereby may be justified before the Prince & the whole world"

Diliana now stepped forward from amidst a crowd of serving-women, among whom she had concealed herself, and bowed low in salutation to Sidonia; but the witch laughed scornfully, and cried: "What! has your worthy father sent you to me?"

Illa: "Ah, no; she came, out of her own free will, to serve her good cousin Sidonia, for she heard that no maid could be found to hire with her, therefore she would play the serving-wench herself, and ask no other wages but a cure from her receipt-book for her dear father, who was daily growing worse and worse."

Hæc: "She required much from her maid; and on her way home

she had bought six little pigs. Item: She had a cow, cocks and hens, geese, and seven sheep. All these the maid must feed and look after, besides doing all the indoor work."

Illa: "She could do all that easily, for old Lisa had instructed her in everything."

Hæc: "But how was it that she was not ashamed to play the serving-wench: she a castle- and land-dowered maiden, with that illustrious name she bore?"

Illa: "There was but one thing of which men need be ashamed, and that was sin; but this was not sin."

Hæc: "She was very sharp with her answers. Why did she not talk to her father, who had made her brother's son, Otto of Stramehl, give up to him her two farm-houses in Zachow, with all the rents appertaining; but Otto had been justly punished by the good God, for she had just got tidings of his death."

Illa: "But my father will restore you all, good cousin, as he wrote to you himself."

Hæc: "Ay, the old houses, maybe, he'll give back, but will he restore the rents that have been gathering for fifty years? No, no; he refuses the money, even as my nephew Otto refused it (but God has struck him dead for it, as I said before ∴). Oh, truly these proud knights of my own kin and name stood bravely for me against the world! Ay, I owe them many thanks for turning me out, a poor young maiden, unfriended and alone, till I became a world's wonder, and the scorn of every base and lying tongue; but persecution was ever the lot of the children of God."

∴ He died suddenly just at this time; & Sidonia confessed at the eleventh torture question, that she had caused his death. (Dahnert, p. 430.)

Illa: "Her poor father had not the gold; for five rix-dollars a-year would amount in fifty years to five hundred rix-dollars, and such a sum her father could not command."

Hæc: "Yet he had enough to spend on horses, falcons, hunting, & the like; only for her he had nought."

Illa (kissing her hand): "Ah, good cousin, leave him in peace, and help him if you can; I will serve thee as well as I am able, my life long, if you ask it of me."

Hæc: "Away! thou silly, childish thing; how should the meek Sidonia ever bear to be served by a noble lady, as thou art? If the world had not blackened me before, it might begin now in earnest, and justly."

Illa: "Ah, good, kind cousin, will you then heal my father for nothing?"

Hæc: "Well, I shall see about it, if, perchance, it be God's will."

(Illa kissing her hand again): "Dear cousin, how good you are! Now, see all of ye, what a kind cousin I have in Sidonia, who has promised to cure my loved father." (Dancing for joy like a child).
Hæc: "Come, then, all present, to my apartment; thou, Diliana, mayest draw up the protocollum, and better, perhaps, than a bad notary. Come!" So they all proceeded to the refectory, and the protocollum was drawn up and signed, and Sidonia compelled the new convent-porter to carry it off, that very night, to his Highness at Stettin.

MEANWHILE, the poor widow, along with some other women, including the old dairy-mother, prepared the poor priest's corpse for burial, and they put on him his black Geneva gown; item, black plush breeches, which his brother-in-law in Jacobshagen had made him a present of. I note the plush breeches especially, for what reason my readers will soon see; and because the parsonage swarmed with rats, they had the corpse carried before nightfall into the church, and set down close beside the altar; and by command of the sheriff, the windows were thrown open to admit fresh air, on account of the dead body lying there.

AN hour after, the poor widow went into the church, to see if the blood yet flowed from the mouth of her dear murdered husband. But what sees she? the corpse is lying on its face in the coffin in place of on its back, she calls the dairy-mother in, trembling with horror, and they turn him between them. Then they go forth, but return in a little while again, and see, the corpse is again turned upon its face. And no one is able to comprehend how the corpse can turn of itself, or be turned by any one, for the widow has one key of the church & the abbess has the other, therefore the poor wife, simple as she is, resolves to hide herself in the church for the night, & light the altar candles, that she might see how it happened that the corpse turned in the coffin. And the dairy-mother agreed to watch with her; item, Anna Apenborg, who heard the story from them; item, Diliana, for as Sidonia had no bed to give her, the young maiden had gone to sleep with Anna, & there the priest's maid told them of the horrible way her poor master's corpse had turned in the coffin. So the weeping widow let them all watch with her gladly, for she feared to be alone, but warned them to speak no word, lest the evil-doer, whoever it might be, should perceive them, and keep, away. There was no man within call, either, to help them, for the

porter had gone away to Stettin; so they four, after commending themselves to God, went secretly into the church at ten of the clock, laid the corpse right upon its back, and lit candles round it, as the custom is. Item; they lit the candles on the altar, and then hid themselves in the dark confession-box, which lay close by the altar, and from which they could see the coffin perfectly.

AFTER waiting for an hour or more, sighing & weeping, & when the hour-glass which they had brought with them, showed it was the twelfth hour, hark! there was a noise in the coffin that made them all start to their feet, and at the same instant the private door of the nuns' choir opened gently, & something came down the steps of the gallery, step by step, on to the coffin, and the blood now froze in their veins, for they perceived that it was a wolf; and he laid his paws upon the corpse, and began to tear it. At this sight the poor widow screamed aloud, whereupon the wolf sprang back and attempted to make off, but Diliana bounded on its track, crying, "A wolf! a wolf!" and seeing upon the altar an old tin crucifix, which some of the workmen who had been opening the vault had brought up from below, she seized it & pursued the wolf out of the great gate into the church-yard, while the rest followed screaming. And as the wolf ran fast, and made for the graves, as if to hide itself, the daring virgin not being able to get near enough to strike it, flung the crucifix at the unclean beast, when lo! the wolf suddenly disappeared, and nothing was to be seen but Sidonia in the clear moonlight, standing trembling beside a grave. "Good Cousin!" exclaimed Diliana in horror, "where has the wolf gone? we were pursuing a wolf." Upon which the horrible and accursed night-raven recovered herself quickly, & pointing with her finger to the crucifix which lay upon the ground, said with a tone of mingled scorn and anger: "There, thou stupid fool! he sank beneath that cross!" The poor innocent child believed her, and ran forward to pick up the crucifix, looking in every direction around for the wolf; but the others, who were wiser, saw full well that the wolf had been none other than Sidonia herself, for her lips were bloody, and round them like a beard, were sticking small black threads, which were indeed from the black silk hose of the poor corpse. And when they looked at her horrible mouth they trembled, but were silent from fear; all except the inquisitive Anna Apenborg, who asked; "Dear sister, what makes you here at midnight in the churchyard?" Here the horrible witch-demon mastered her anger, & answered in a melan-

choly plaintive tone, "Ah, good sister Anna! I had a miserable tooth-ache, so that I could not sleep, & I just crept down here into the fresh air, thinking it might do me good. But what are you all doing here by night in the churchyard?" ❧ No one replied; indeed, she seemed not to care for an answer, but put up her kerchief to her horrible & traitorous mouth, and turned away whimpering. The others, however, went back to the church, where the corpse truly lay upon its back as they had left it, but the hose were rent at the knee, and the flesh torn and bloody ❧ How can I tell now of the poor widow's screams and tears?

SUMMA: The corpse was buried the next day, and as no man had been a witness of the night-scene, only the weeping women, no one would believe their strange story, neither on the last trial would the judges even credit so wild a tale as that Sidonia could change herself into a wolf, and pronounced as their opinion, that fear must have made the women blind, or distracted their heads, and that no doubt a real wolf had attacked the corpse, which was by no means a strange or unusual occurrence. (But I have my own opinion on the subject, and many who read this will think differently from the judges, I warrant.)

FOR no more horrible vengeance could have been devised by Beelzebub himself, the chief of the devils, than this of the she-wolf Sidonia Bork (for Bork means wolf in the Gothic tongue), to revenge herself on the priest because he disdained her love. But why and wherefore the unfortunate corpse was found so often turned upon its face, that I cannot explain, and it must ever remain a mystery, I think. However, I shall pass on now to other matters, for truly we have had enough of these disgusting horrors. ∴

∴ One of the most inveterately rooted of our superstitions is this belief in the existence of man-wolves. Ovid mentions it in his Lycaon, and even Heredotus. Many modern examples are given in Dr. Weggand's natural history, which book I recommend to all lovers of the marvellous, for they will find much in it which far surpasses what we have related above concerning Sidonia ❧ The belief in a vampire, which Lord Byron has clothed with his genius, belongs to the same order of superstitions. And Horst, in his magic library, furnishes some very curious remarks concerning it ❧ Even Luther himself believed in the possibility of such existences.

CHAPTER XII. HOW JOBST BORK HAS HIMSELF CARRIED TO MARIENFLIESS IN HIS BED, TO RECLAIM HIS FAIR YOUNG DAUGHTER DILIANA; ITEM, HOW GEORGE PUTKAMMER THREATENS SIDONIA WITH A DRAWN SWORD

NOW Jobst Bork of Saatzig had but this one daughter, the fair Diliana, whom he loved ten times more than his life; and no sooner had he heard of her flight than he guessed readily whither, & for what cause, she had flown; for, that day and night her thoughts were bent on how to help him, he knew well; also, the teachings of old Lisa were not unknown to him. So he resolved to go and seek her, and sent for twelve peasants to carry him, as he was, in his bed, to Marienfliess, for his limbs were so contracted from gout, that he could neither ride, walk, nor stand.

ACCORDINGLY, next morning early, the twelve peasants bearing the couch on which lay the poor knight, entered the great gate of the convent, and they set down the bed, by command of the knight, just beneath Sidonia's window. Whereupon the miserable father stretched forth his right hand, and cried out, as loud as he was able, "Sidonia Bork, I conjure you by the Living God, give me my child again!" Three times he repeated this adjuration. So we may imagine how the whole convent ran together to see who was there. Anna Apenborg and Diliana were, however, not amongst them, for they had been up late watching by the corpse, and were still fast asleep; item, Sidonia, I think, was snoring likewise, for she never appeared, until at last she threw up the window, half-dressed, and screamed out: "What wants the cursed knave? Hath the devil possessed you, Jobst, in earnest? Good people, take the fellow to Dorothea's cell, they are fit company for one another!" But the knight again stretched forth his trembling arm from the bed, and repeated his adjuration solemnly, using the same words. At this, Sidonia's face glowed with anger; and seizing her broomstick, she rushed out of the room, down the steps, and into the courtyard, while her long, thin, white hair flew wildly about her face and shoulders, and her red eyes glared like two red coals in her head. (I have omitted to notice, that this horrible Satan's hag had long since

got his signature in her red eyes; for as the slaves of vice are known by their ash-pale colour, and the black circle round their eyes, so the slaves of Satan are known by the red circle.) But when the evil witch reached the spot where the sick knight lay on his bed, and saw the crowd standing round him, she changed her demeanour, & leaning on the broom-stick, exclaimed: "Methinks, Jobst, you are mad; and you and your daughter ought to be put at once into a mad-house; for, judge all of ye who stand here round us, how unjustly I am accused. Yesterday, this man's daughter comes to me, and says she will play my serving-wench, if I promise to cure her father; just as if I were the Lord God, and could heal sickness as I willed; but I refused to take her, as was meet; and the whole convent can testify this of me; when, see now, here comes this fool of a father, and, taking the Lord's name in vain, demands his daughter of me, though I never had her, nor detained her; & she can go this moment whither she likes, as ye all know" Hereupon the abbess herself advanced to the bed, and spake: "In truth you err, Sir Knight. Sidonia hath refused to accept your daughter's service! But here comes the fair maiden herself, ask her if it is not so" And Diliana, who had thrown on her clothes in haste, and ran with Anna out of her cell, sprang forward, and fell sobbing upon her father's bosom, who sobbed likewise, and cries, in an agitated voice: "God be thanked, I have thee again; now I shall die happy! Ah! silly child, how couldst thou run away from me! Dearest! my heart's dearest! my own joy-giving Diliana! ah, leave me not again before I die; it will not be long, perhaps" Here the weeping of the peasants interrupted him, for they loved the good knight dearly, and the rude boors sobbed, and blew their noses, in great affliction, like so many children. But the knight was too proud to beg a cure from Sidonia; he would rather die, better death than humiliation. So he spake: "Children, lift me up again, in the name of God, and bear me home; and thou, my Diliana, walk thou by my side, sweet girl, that my eyes may not lose thee for an instant" So the peasants lifted up the bed again on their shoulders; but Diliana exclaimed: "Wait, ah, my heart's dearest father, you do our good cousin Sidonia sore injustice. Only think, she has promised to cure you, without any recompense at all! Is it not true, dear cousin? Set the bed down again, good vassals! Is it not true, dear cousin?" As she thus spoke, and kissed the claws of the horrible hell-wolf with her beautiful bright lips, such an expression of rage and unutterable hatred passed over Sidonia's face, that all, even the peasants, shuddered with horror, and nearly let the

bed fall from their trembling hands; but the fair young girl was unaware of it, for she was bending down upon the hand of the evil sorceress.

HOWEVER, my hag soon composed herself; and no doubt, fearing the vengeance of Duke Francis, or hoping perhaps to cover her evil deeds by this one public act of charity, & so gain a good name before the world, and the fair opinion of their Highnesses, to whom she had written the day previous, she rested her arm once more upon the broom-stick, and turning to the crowd, thus spake: "Ye shall see now that Sidonia hath a truly Christian heart in her bosom; for, by the help of God, I will try and heap coals of fire upon mine enemy's head. Yes, he is mine enemy. None have persecuted me more than he and his race, though, God be good to me, it is my own race likewise. His false father was the first to malign me, and yet more guilty was his still falser mother; but God punished her hypocrisy with a just judgment, for she died in child-birth of him, so true is it what the Scripture says, 'The Lord abhors both the bloodthirsty and deceitful man.' Ah, she was deceitful beyond all I have met with upon earth; also, this her son, the false Clara's son, hath made my nephew, Otto of Stramehl, in a traitorous and unknightly manner, give him up my two farm-houses at Zachow, and he now refuses to restore me either my farms or the rents thereto belonging" Here Jobst cried out, "'Tis false, Sidonia! I shall say nothing of thy statements respecting my parents, for all who knew them testify that they were righteous and honourable their life long, therefore let them rest in their graves; but as touching thy farm-houses, thou shalt have them back, as I have already written to thee. The accumulated rents, however, thou canst not have, for it were a strange and unjust thing, truly, to demand fifty years' rent from me, who have only been in possession of the farms for half a year" "What! thou unjust knave," screamed Sidonia, furiously; but then suddenly strangled the wrath in her throat with a convulsion, as if a wolf were gulping a bone, & continued: "It may be a hard struggle to help one of thy name, but I remember the words of my heavenly bridegroom" (oh, that the horrible blasphemy did not choke her), "'I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you;' and so, Jobst Bork, I will do good to thee out of my herbal, if the merciful God will assist my efforts, as I hope" Then she turned her hypocritical satanic eyes up to heaven, sighed, and stepping to the bed, murmured some words; then asked,

"How is it with thee now, Jobst? is there ease already?" "Oh, yes, good cousin," he answered, "I am better, much better, thanks, good cousin! Lift me up again, children, and bear me homeward, I thank thee cousin;" and with these words he was borne out of the convent gates, the fair young Díliana following him closely; and scarcely had they left the town & reached the moor, when the knight called out from the bed, "Oh, it is true, my own dear daughter, praise be to God, I am indeed better; but I am so weary!" And he sank back almost immediately into a deep sleep, which continued till they reached the castle of Saatzig, and the bearers laid the bed down again in its old place in the knight's chamber; still he woke not. Then Díliana kneeled down beside him, and thanked the Lord with burning tears; sprang up again quickly, and bade them saddle her palfrey, for she must ride away, but would return again before a couple of hours. If her father woke up in the meantime, let them say he must not be uneasy, for that she would return soon and tell him herself whither, and on what errand, she had been.

EREUPON she went to a large cabinet that stood in her father's chamber, took out a little casket containing three golden rings, mounted her palfrey, and rode back with all speed on the road to Marienfliess. But I must here relate how these magic golden rings came into possession of the family; the tradition runs as follows: A long while ago the castle of Pansin, which had originally belonged to the Knights Templars, became a fief of the Bork family, and the count, who was then in possession, went to the wars in the Holy Land, leaving his fair young wife alone in her sorrow; and, lo! one night, as she was weeping bitterly, a spirit appeared in her chamber, and motioned her to rise from bed and follow him to the castle garden. But she was horror-struck, and crept trembling under the quilt. Next night the ghost again stood by her bed, made the same gestures even menacingly, but she was frightened, and hid her head beneath the clothes. The third night brought the ghost likewise; but this time the fair lady took courage, rose from bed, & followed him in silence down the steps into the castle garden, on to a small island, where the two streams, the Ihna & the Krampehl, meet. Here there was a large fire, and around it many spirits were seated. Hereupon her ghost spake: "Fear nothing, but fill thy apron with coals from the fire, and return to the castle; but, I warn thee, do not look back" The fair chatelain did as she was desired, filled her apron, and returned to the castle; but all the way, close behind her, there was a

terrible uproar, and the rushing & roaring as of many people. However, she never looked back, only on reaching the castle gates she thought she might take one peep round just as she was closing them; but, lo! instantly her apron was rent, and the coals fell hither and thither on the ground, and out of all she could only save three pieces, with which she rushed on to her own apartment, never again looking behind her, though the uproar continued close to her very heels all the way up to her chamber door; & trembling with dread and commending herself to all the saints, she at last threw herself on her bed once more in safety. But next morning, on looking for the coals, she found three golden rings in their stead bearing strange inscriptions, which no man hath been able to decipher until this day. As to those she had dropped at the castle gate, they were nowhere to be seen; and on the fourth night the ghost comes again, and scolds her for disobeying his orders, but admonishes her to preserve the three rings safely, for if she lost one, a great misfortune would fall upon the village, and the castle be rent violently; item, but two of her race would ever be alive at the same time. If the second were lost, her race would be reduced to direct poverty; and if the third ring were lost, the race would disappear entirely from the earth.

AFTER this, when her knightly spouse returned from Jerusalem, & she told him the wonderful story of the three rings, he had a costly casket made for them, in which they were safely locked, with a rose of Jericho placed above them, which he had himself brought from the Holy Land; and this wonderful treasure has been preserved by the count's descendants, with jealous care, even until this day. I have said that no man could read the inscriptions on the rings: they were all the same, the three as like as the leaves of a trefoil. They were all large enough for the largest man's thumb, and made of the purest crown gold: the shield was of a circular form, bearing in the centre the figure of a Knight Templar in full armour with spur and shield, keeping watch before the temple at Jerusalem; but what the characters around the figure signified I leave unsaid, and many, I am thinking, will leave unsaid likewise. ∴

∴ It is a fact, that no one up to the present time has been able to decipher this very remarkable inscription, not even Silvertre de Sacy himself, to whom it was sent some years ago. Dredger's reading, given in Dahnert's Pomeranian Library, iv., p. 295, is manifestly wrong, Ordo Hierosolymitanus. But two of the rings are forthcoming now; &, in fulfilment of the tradition, a tremendous rent really followed the loss of the first in the old castle of Pansin, which may yet be seen in this fine ruin, whose like is not to be found in all Pomerania, nor, indeed, in the north of Germany. The two remaining rings, with the rose of Jericho, are still to be seen in the original casket, which is of curious and costly workmanship, and this casket is again enclosed in another of iron, with strong hoops and clasps. Should any of my readers desire to discover the meaning of the inscription, he will do me the highest favour by communicating the same to me.

IN summa: When Diliana arrived with these rings, the poor Dorothea lay again in the devil's fetters. She roared, and screamed, and raged horribly, and tore her bed-clothes, and foamed at the mouth, and even abused and reviled the beautiful young virgin, who took, however, no heed thereof, but with permission of the abbess laid the three rings upon the stomach of the sick nun, who immediately became quite still, and so lay for a little while, after which, with a loud roar, Satan went out of her, while the windows clattered and the glasses rang upon the table. Then she fell into a deep sleep, and on awakening remembered nothing of what had happened, but seeing Diliana prepared to set out on her homeward ride, asked with wonder, who is this strange young maiden, and what does she here? After this, as I may as well briefly notice here, Dorothea became quite well, and, by the mercy of God, remained for ever after untouched by the demon claws of the great enemy of mankind.

MEANWHILE, the good Diliana felt it to be her duty to descend to the refectory, and thank the hell-dragon for the refreshing sleep which her father Jobst had obtained by her means. But, ah! how does she find my dragon? Her eyes shoot fire and flame, and in an instant she flew at poor Diliana, on the subject of marriage: "What! She wanted to marry too! She was scarcely out of school, and yet already was thinking about marriage!" "Good cousin," answered the other, "I have indeed no thoughts of marriage, & no desire, for it has never entered my heart." "What!" screamed my dragon; "you lie to me, child! The whole convent talks of it; and Anna Apenborg herself told me that you are betrothed to that beardless boy, George Putkammer. Fie! A fellow without a beard" Hereupon she began to spit out. But George Putkammer that instant clattered up the steps; for the news had come to Pansin, of which castle Jobst Bork had made him castellan, seeing that he set much store by the brave young knight, and would willingly have had him for his son-in-law, if his fair little daughter Diliana had not resisted his entreaties, bis dato; the news came, I say, how that Diliana had run away from her father, and gone to play the serving-wench to Sidonia. So the knight seized his good sword, and went forth, like another Perseus, to save his Andromeda, and deliver her from the dragon, even if his own life were to pay the cost. He knew not that the damning dragon despised the

service of the mild innocent girl, nor that Jobst Bork had gone to offer himself as a sacrifice in her place. So he clattered up the steps, dashed open the door, and finding Sidonia in the very act of spitting out, he drew his sword and roared: "Dare to touch even a finger of that angel beside thee, and thy black toad's blood shall rust upon this sword" And when Sidonia started back alarmed, he continued: "Oh, Diliana, much loved and beautiful maiden, what does my queen here? Where have you heard that the angels of God seek help and shelter from the devil, as you have done here? Return with me to Saatzig, and, by my faith, some other means shall make this vile wretch help your poor father." Sidonia now screamed with rage: "What wants this silly varlet here, this beardless young profligate? Ha, youngster, thou shalt pay for thy bold, saucy tongue!"

Ille: "Hold thy accursed mouth, or I will give thee such a blow, that thou shalt never need it again, but to groan. Listen, cursed beast of hell, and mark my words. Since our gracious Lord of Stettin handles thee so gently, and lets thee heap evil upon evil at thine own vile will, I and another noble have sworn solemnly to rid the land from such a curse. Let it cost our lives or not, we shall avenge our country in thy blood, unless thou ceasest to work all thy diabolical wickedness. Now, therefore, hear me. Delay one instant to heal the upright Jobst and to remove thy accursed witch-spell from off him, and this sword shall take a bloody revenge; or if but a finger ache of this beautiful maiden here, thy death is certain. Think not to escape. Thou may'st lame me, like Jobst or Wedel, or murder me as others, it will not help thee; for my friend hath sworn, if such happen, that he will ride straight to Marienfliess, and run his sword through thy body without a word. Two horses stand, day and night, ready saddled in my stall, and in a quarter of an hour we are here, he or I, it matters not, whichever is left alive, or both together, and we shall hew thee from head to foot, even as I hew this jar in two, that stands upon the table, so that human hand shall never lift it more."

SO saying he struck the jar with his sword, when it flew into a thousand pieces, and the beer dashed over the hag's clothes, so that she raised a cry of terror, for such speech no man had ever yet dared to hold to her. But the brave Diliana seized hold of the young knight's sword, crying: "For God's sake, Sir Knight, what mean you? You do my cousin sore injustice, I have never seen you thus before. Sidonia hath declined to take me for her maid, and has helped my poor father of her own free will, for he was here yes-

terday, and now rests safe in Saatzig in a deep and healthful sleep; for which cause I came hither to thank my good cousin for her kindness. Where is your justice, Sir Knight, your honour? Bethink you how often you have extolled these noble virtues yourself to me!" As the knight listened, and heard that her father was already cured, he marvelled greatly; inquired all the particulars, but shook his head at the end, saying: "'A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, & figs are not to be gathered from thorns.' That she has helped your father, I take as no sign of her kindness, but of her fear; therefore my resolve stands good. Sidonia, thou accursed hag, touch but one finger of this maiden or her father, and I will hew thee in pieces, even as I cleft this jar. But you, fair lady, permit me to ride home with you to your father's castle, and see how it stands with the brave knight's health, and whether he has in truth been cured."

MEANWHILE, Sidonia hath spat forth again, and begins running like a wild cat in her rage round the room, so that the kerchief falls off, and her two sharp, dry, ash-coloured shoulder-bones stick up to sight, like pegs for hanging baskets on; and she curses and blasphemes the young knight and his whole race, who, however, cares little for her wrath, but gently taking Diliana by the hand, said tenderly: "Come, dear lady, from this hell-hole, and leave the old dragon to dance and rage at her pleasure, as much as she likes" The lady, however, withdrew her hand, saying: "Ride back alone to Saatzig, Sir Knight! It is not seemly for a young maiden to ride through the wood with a young man alone. Besides, I must stay a little, and comfort my poor cousin for all your hard words; see how you have vexed her!" But Sidonia paused, and laughed loud and long, mocking the young knight's disappointment; so after he had again prayed the maiden in vain to accompany him, he left the refectory in silence, sprang upon his barb, and rode on to the wood, resolving to wait there till Diliana came up.

AND in truth he had to wait long. At last, however, she appeared through the trees, and on seeing him she was angry, and bade him ride his ways. So my knight entreats, for the love of God, that she will listen to him, for he can no longer live without her. By day and by night her image floats before him, and wherefore should she be so hard and cruel-hearted towards him? Better to have let him die at once under the hands of the murderers in the forest, than to let him die daily and hourly before her eyes of

the bitter love-death. Was he then, really, such an object of abhorrence to her, such a fire in her eyes? Alas! alas! could she but know his torments!" "Sir Knight," she answered, "you are no fire in my eyes, unless it be the cold fire of the moon. Have patience, Sir Knight; why do you press me for a promise, when you have heard my resolve?"

Illa: "Patience! How could he have patience longer? Ah! her father had long since consented, but she was but as the moon in the brook to the child who tries to lay hold of it, since she had talked of the moon."

Hæc: "Sir Knight, you compel me to a confidence."

Illa (riding up close to her palfrey): "Speak, dearest Diliana."

Hæc (drawing back): "Come no nearer. What if any one saw us. Listen! Yesterday six weeks my grandmother, Clara von Dewitz, who died, as you know, giving birth to my father, appeared to me in a dream. She was wrapped in a bloody shroud, and her eyes were starting forth horribly from her head, when I shuddered with terror, and the poor ghost spake: 'Diliana, I am Clara von Dewitz, and thou art the one selected to avenge me, provided thou dost keep thy virgin honour pure in thought, word, and deed!' With this she disappeared, and now, Sir Knight, judge for yourself what is henceforth my duty."

NOW the knight tried to laugh her out of her belief in this ghost story, said it was all fancy, the same had often happened to himself, not once, but a hundred times had he seen a ghost, as he thought, but found out afterwards that there was no ghost at all in the business, &c. However, his words and smiles have no effect. She knew what she knew, and whether she was deceived or not about this apparition of her grandmother, time would show, and, bis dato, she would remain obedient to her commands, and preserve her virgin honour pure in thought, word, and deed, even if it were to be for her life long, until she saw clearly what purpose God destined her to accomplish. Now as my poor knight began his solicitations again yet more earnestly, the fair maiden drew herself up gravely, and said: "Adieu! Sir Knight, ride your own path, I go mine! At present I shall select no spouse, but if ever I give my hand to man, you shall be the selected one, Sir Knight, and no other. Now return to your own castle. If you wish to see my father, come to-morrow to Saatzig, for I shall ride there alone now. Farewell!" And off she cantered on her palfrey, hop, hop, hop, as fast as an

arrow from a bow, and her red feathers gleamed through the green leaves of the forest trees, so that my knight stood watching her, filled with as much joy as sorrow, for the maiden now seemed to him so beautiful, and he watched her as long as a glimpse of her feathers could be had through the trees, and then he listened as long as the tramp of her palfrey could be heard (for he told me this himself), then he alighted, and kneeling down, prayed to God the Lord to bless this beautiful darling of his heart, whilst he sobbed like a child, for sorrow and the sweet anguish of love. Then he rose up, and obedient to her commands, took his way back to the stately castle of Pansin.

BUT next morning early, he was at Saatzig, where the good Knight Jobst receives him joyfully at table, quite restored to health. Nor has aught evil happened to the beautiful Diliana, as the knight feared from the spitting of Sidonia. However, he heard from the maiden, that after he left the refectory, Sidonia spat a second time, probably to remove the first witch-spell (for no doubt she feared the knight would hold his word, and hew her in pieces if aught evil happened to the fair young maiden). And for the rest, the knight ceased to trouble Diliana with his solicitations, but he made father and daughter promise to give him instant notice if but a finger ached, and he would instantly find one sure way to bind the wild beast of Marienfliess for ever, namely, with his good sword.

CHAPTER XIII. HOW MY GRACIOUS LORD BISHOP FRANCISCUS AND THE REVEREND DR. JOEL GO TO THE JEWS' SCHOOL AT OLD STETTIN, IN ORDER TO STEAL THE SCHEM HAMPHORASCH, AND HOW THE ENTERPRISE FINISHES WITH A SOUND CUDGELLING.

MEANWHILE, my gracious Duke Francis was puzzling his brain, day and night, how best to bind this malicious dragon, and hinder her from utterly destroying his whole race. He wanted to effect, by the agency of spirits, what George Putkammer had already effected by his good sword, as we have related before. So his Highness must needs send for Dr. Joel, in all haste, to Old Stettin, to ask him whether it were not possible to break the power of the evil witch by spiritual agency, for as to human, it was out of the question, since no one could be

found to lay hands on her. They would as soon touch the bodily Satan himself.

THEREUPON my magister answered, that he had already, to serve his Grace, consulted divers spirits as to what could be done in this sore strait, but none would undertake a contest with Sidonia's Spirit, which was powerful and strong, and acting in concert always with the spirit of old Wolde, had the might in himself, as it were, of two demons. For this reason they must try two modes of casting out the evil thing. The first was to exorcise the sun-spirit, according to the form in the Clavicula Salomonis, for he was the most powerful of all the Astral spirits, & question him as to what should be done. But for this conjuration, a pure young virgin was necessary, not merely pure in act, but in thought, in soul. Even her very garments must be woven by a virgin's hands, otherwise the holy angels, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, would not appear. For they obey only the summons of one who is as pure as themselves, in body and in soul. Such a being he had once possessed in his only little daughter, a virgin of eighteen years. All her clothes had been spun and woven by virgin hands, and as she had a brave spirit, she had often helped him to cite the Astral angel Och. But the last time she had assisted at the conjuration, the angel himself had strangled her with his own hands, twisting her neck so horribly that her tongue hung out of her mouth. And thus she died before his very face. The cause was, as he, poor father, had heard afterwards, that she had suffered a young student to kiss her, and so the pure virginity of her soul was lost. Now if the gracious Prince knew of any such pure virgin, who besides must be brave and courageous as an amazon, matters would proceed easily, they would make an end of the demon Sidonia without the least difficulty. He had the clothes ready, all spun by virgins; item, all the necessary instruments.

SO my gracious Prince sits and thinks awhile, then shakes his head, and says, laughing: "Methinks such a virgin were rarer than a white raven. It would be easy to find one pure in form, but a virgin pure in soul, and then as brave as Deborah and Judith. Mag. Joel, such a virgin, methinks, is not to be had, and you did evil to put your poor little daughter to such a test. For woman-flesh is a weak flesh since the day of Eve, as we all know. But you talked of a second mode, what is it? Let me hear." Hereupon the magister sighed for grief, wiped his eyes, and spake: "Ah, yes!

you are right, my good Lord. Fool that I was, I might have had my little daughter still, for though she only allowed the student to kiss her, yet by that one kiss the pure mirror of her soul was dimmed, & before the angels of God she was henceforth unholy. However, as touching the second method, it is the Schem Hamphorasch through which all things are possible."

The Duke: "What is the Schem Hamphorasch?"

Ille: "The seventy names of the Most High & ever-blessed God, according to the seventy nations, and the seventy tongues, and the seventy elders of Moses, & the seventy disciples of Christ, and the seventy weeks of Daniel. To him who knows this name, the Holy God will appear again as he did aforetime in the days of the patriarchs."

The Duke: "You are raving, good Joel; yet... but how can this be possible?"

Ille: "I am not raving, gracious Prince; for tell me, wherefore is it that the great God does not appear to men now, as he did in times long past? I answer, because we no longer know his name. This name, or the Schem Hamphorasch, Adam knew in paradise, and therefore spake with God, as well as with all animals and plants. Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elias, Elijah, &c., all knew this name, and performed their wonders by it alone. But when the beastly and idolatrous Jews gave themselves over to covetousness & all uncleanness, they forgot this holy name; so, as a punishment, they endured a year of slavery for each of the seventy names which they had forgotten; & we find them, therefore, serving seventy years in Babylonian bonds. After this they never learned it again, and all miracles and wonders ceased from amongst them, until the ever-blessed God sent his Son into the world, to teach them once more the revelation of the Schem Hamphorasch; and to all who believed on him, he freely imparted this name, by which, also, they worked wonders; and that it might be fixed for ever in their hearts, he taught them the blessed Pater Noster, in which they were bid each day to repeat the words, 'Hallowed be thy name.' Yea, even in that last glorious high-priestly prayer of his, in face of the bitter anguish and death that was awaiting him, he says, 'Father, keep them in thy name;' or, as Luther translates it, 'Keep them above thy name.' For how easily this name is lost, we learn from David, who says that he spelt it over in the night, so that it might not pass from his mind. (Psalm cxix. 55.) Item, after the resurrection, he gave command to go and baptise all nations, not in the name of the Father, of the Son, and

of the Holy Ghost, as Luther has falsely rendered the passage, but for, or by, the name, that such might always be kept before their eyes, and never more pass away from the knowledge of mankind. And the holy apostles faithfully kept it, & St. Paul made it known to the Heathen, as we learn (Acts ix. 15). And all miracles that they performed were by this name. Now the knowledge remained also with the early Christians, and each person baptised by this name; & he who knew it by heart could work miracles likewise, as we know by Justin Martyr and others, who have written of the power and miraculous gifts of the early church. But when the pure doctrine became corrupted, and the Christian church (like the Jewish of former times) gave itself up to idolatry, masses, image-worship, & the like, the knowledge of the mystic name was withdrawn, and all miracles have ceased in the church from that up to this day."

WHILE Magister Joel so spake, his Highness Duke Francis fell into a deep fit of musing. At last he exclaimed: "Good Joel, you are a fanatic, an enthusiast, surely we know the name of God; or what hinders us from knowing it?"

Ille: "You err, my gracious Prince, for this name is the holy and mystic Tetragrammaton, 'Jehovah,' which is the chief and highest name of God, & which truly is found written in the Scriptures; but of the true pronunciation of the name no man knoweth at this day, for the letters J. H. V. H. are wanting in all the old manuscripts." ∴ Magister Joel continues: "But be comforted; there were some faithful souls on the earth, who did not entirely lose the remembrance of the Schem Hamphorasch; and your Highness will wonder to hear, that even in this very town the secret exists, in the

∴ For those who are unacquainted with the Hebrew, I shall just observe here, that, in fact, the proper pronunciation of the name "Jehovah" is a vexed question with the learned up to this hour. Ewald, one of the latest authorities, and who has taken much trouble in investigating the subject, says, that there is the highest probability that the word should be pronounced "Jahve," signifying he who should come (ὁ ερχόμενος), for which reason the Baptist's disciples asked Christ (Matt. xi. 13): "Art thou he who should come?" namely, the Messias, Jahve, or as we call it, Jehovah. Compare Heb. x. 37; Hagg. ii. 6, 7; Revelations i. 8. I must observe, next, that all the Theophanisms (God manifestations) recorded in the Old Testament, to which the Theosophistic, cabalistic Dr. Joel refers, were considered by the early Christian fathers as manifestations to the senses, not of God (whom no man hath seen or can see) but of the ἄσαρχος Christ. Even the elder rabbins understand, in these Theophanisms, not God, but the Mediator between God and the world, the angel Metatron. For the rest, I need scarcely remark that the exegesis of Dr. Joel is false throughout. The Bible has been so tortured to support each man's individual, strange, crude dogma, that it is no wonder even Protestants are falling back upon tradition as the best and surest interpreter of Scripture, and the clearest light to read it by.

possession of an old man, who has it, really and truly, locked up in his trunk, though, I confess, he is as great a rogue himself as ever breathed" ❧ Hereupon his Grace jumped up, and embraced the magister. "Let them not spare the gold; only bring him this treasure. How could it be done? How did the man get it? Let him tell the whole story."

Ille: "It was a long story; but he would just give it in brief: "A Jew out of Anklam, named Benjamin, went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and having suffered great hardships and distress by the way, was taken in and sheltered by a hermit in the desert, who converted and baptised him. The Jew stayed with the old hermit till he died; & the old man, as a costly legacy, left him the Schem Hamphorasch, written on seventy palm-leaves. But as Benjamin could not read a word of Hebrew, he resolved to return home to Pomerania, where his mother's brother lived, the Rabbi Reuben Ben Joachai, of Stettin. However, when he presented himself, poor and naked as he was, at his uncle's door, the Rabbi pushed him away, and shut the door in his face, the moment he said he had a favour to ask of him. This treatment so affected Benjamin, that he took ill on his return to the inn; but having nothing wherewith to pay the host, he sent a message to his uncle, the Rabbi, bidding him come to him, as he had a secret to impart ❧ When the Rabbi arrived, Benjamin asked 'What he would give for the Schem Hamphorasch, for the people told him that it was the greatest of all treasures? to him, however, it was useless, since he could not read Hebrew' ❧ Hereat the Rabbi's eyes sparkled; he took the palm-leaves in his hand, and seeing that all was correct, offered a ducat for the whole; this Benjamin refused. Whereupon, after many cunning efforts to possess himself of it, which were all in vain, the Rabbi had to depart without the treasure. However, Benjamin suspecting that he would come back for it in a little while, cut out two of the leaves from revenge, and when my knave of a Rabbi returned, he sold him the incomplete copies for five ducats at last.

THIS same Benjamin I (the Magister) attended afterwards in hospital when he was dying, and, as the poor wretch had no money, he gave me himself, upon his death-bed, the two abstracted palm-leaves out of gratitude, being all he had to offer. These two are now in my possession, & if we could only obtain the other portion, your Highness would have the holy and mystic Shem Hamphorasch complete. But how to get it? Gold he had already

offered in vain to the Jew, Rabbi Reuben, who even denied having the Shem Hamphorasch at all; but his servant Meir, for a good bribe, told him in confidence that his master, the Rabbi, really and in truth had this treasure, though the knave denied the fact to him. It lay in a drawer in the Jewish school, beside the book of the law or the Thora, and my Magister thought they might manage to gain admittance some night into the Jews' school, by bribing the man Meir well. Then they could easily possess themselves of the Shem Hamphorasch (which, indeed, was of no use to the old knave of a Rabbi), for the drawer could be known at once by the tapestry which hung before it, in imitation of the veil of the temple. If they once had the treasure, the angel Metatron would appear to them, the mightiest of all angels, and his Highness could not only obtain his protection against the devil's magic of the sorceress of Marienfliess, but also induce him to look graciously upon his Grace's dear spouse, whom this evil dragon had bewitched, as all the world saw plainly, so that she remained childless, as well as all the other dukes and duchesses of dear Pomerania land, who were rendered barren and unfruitful likewise by some demon spell."

THEREUPON his Grace cried out with joy: "True, true! I will make him do all that; and when I obtain the Schem Hamphorasch I will learn it myself by heart, and repeat it day and night like King David, so that it never shall go out of my head; item, all priests in the land shall learn it by heart; and I will gather them together three times a year at Camyn, and hear them myself, man by man, repeat this said Schem Hamphorasch, so that never more can it pass from the memory of our church, as it did from that of the filthy Jews, or the impure Christians of the papacy" Summa: The Rabbi's servant, Meir, is bribed, and he promises to admit them both next night into the Jews' school, for there was to be a meeting there of the elders, and his master, the said Rabbi Reuben Ben Jochai, was to examine a moranu or teacher. They could conceal themselves in the women's gallery, where no one would discover them, and, after every one had gone, slip down and take what they pleased out of the drawer, then make off, for he would leave the door open for them, that was all he could do, his master might come, &c.

SO all was done as agreed upon; the Prince and Mag. Joel crept up to the women's gallery, in which were little bull's-eyes, through which they could see clearly all that was going on; & scarcely were the candles lit when my knave of a Rabbi enters (he was a long, dry carl, with a white beard, and ragged coat bound round the waist with a girdle); item, the candidate, I think he was called David, a little man with curly red beard, and long red locks falling down at each side upon his breast: item, seven elders, and they place themselves in their great hats round a table. Then the Rabbi Reuben demands of the candidate to pay his dues first, for a knave had lately run away without paying them at all: the dues were ten ducats. When the candidate had reckoned down the gold, Rabbi Reuben commenced to question him in Hebrew; whereupon the other excused himself, said he knew Hebrew, but could not answer in it; prayed, therefore, the master would conduct the examination in German. Hereupon my knave of a Rabbi looked grave, seemed to think that would be impossible, consulted with the elders, & finally asked them if the candidate David paid down each of them two ducats, and ten to himself, would they consent to have the examination conducted in the language of the German sow? Would they consent to this, out of great charity & mercy to the candidate David? "Yea, yea, even so let it be," screamed the elders; "God is merciful likewise". So my David again unbuttoned his coat, & reckoned down the fine; whereupon the examination began in German, and I shall here note part of it down, that all men may know what horrible blindness and folly has fallen upon the Jews, by permission of the Lord God, since they imprecated the blood of Christ upon their own heads. Not even amongst the blindest of the heathen have such base, low, grovelling superstitions and dogmas been discovered as these accursed Jews have forged for themselves since the dispersion, and collected in the Talmud. Well may the blessed Luther say, "If a Christian seeks instruction in the Scripture from a Jew, what else is it than seeking sight from the blind, reason from the mad, life from the dead, grace and truth from the devil?"

AND this madness and blindness of the accursed race would never have been fully known, only that the examination was held in German (for in general it is conducted in Hebrew, to please the vain Jews), by which means the Prince and Doctor Joel heard every word, & wrote it all down on their return home; and

when afterwards his Highness, Duke Francis, succeeded to the government, he banished this Rabbi and the elders, with their whole forge of blasphemy and lies, for ever from his capital.

HERE, therefore, are some of the most remarkable questions, but I must premise that K. means my Knave, namely the Rabbi, & C. the Candidatus..∴

K.: "Which is holier, the Talmud or the Scriptures?"

C.: "I think the Talmud."

K.: "Wherefore, wherefore?"

C.: "Because Raf Aschi hath said, he who goes from the Halacha (the Talmudical teaching) to the Scripture will have no more luck;∴ and good luck we all prize dearly above all things, eh, my master?"

K.: "Right, right; who is he like who reads only in the Scripture, and not in the Talmud? What say our fathers of blessed memory?"

C.: "They say that he is like one who has no God."∴∴

K.: "Can the Holy and ever-blessed One sin? What is the greatest sin he has committed?"

C.: "First: he made the moon smaller than the sun."

K.: "Our Rabbis of blessed memory are doubtful upon this point, as Jonathan, the son of Usiel, says, in the Targum of Moses.∴∴ But which is the greatest sin of all that the Holy and ever-blessed One committed?"

C.: "I think it was when he forswore himself.∴∴∴ For he first swore, saith Rabbi Eliaser, that the children of Israel, who were wandering in the desert, should have no part in eternal life; & then his oath lay heavy on him, so that he got the angel Mi to absolve him therefrom."

K.: "It was, in truth, a great sin, but a greater, methinks, was that he created the accursed Nazarene, the Jesu, the idol of the children of Edom. I mean the Christ."

C.: "Rabbi, that is not in the Talmud."

K.: "Fool! It is the same. I have said it, therefore it is true. Knowest thou not, when a Rabbi says, 'This, thy right hand, is thy left; and

∴ Lest my reader might think that what follows is a malicious invention of my own to bring the Jews into disrepute, I shall add the precise page of the Talmud from which each question is taken (from Eisenmenger's "Judaism Unveiled," Konigsberg, 1711, & other sources). The Jews, I know, endeavour to deny that they hold these doctrines; but it is, nevertheless quite true that all their learned men who have been converted to Christianity since the time of the Reformation, confessed that these dogmas were intimately woven into their belief, & formed its groundwork.

∴ Talmud, tract. Chagiga, fol. x. col. 1. Raf. Aschi, the author of the Gemara, a portion of the Talmud.

∴∴ Talmud, tract. Eruvin.

∴∴∴ The ancient Chaldee paraphrase of the O. T. is called Targum by the Jews. It is split into the Jerusalemitan, and the Babylonian Targum.

∴∴∴ Talmud, tract. Sanhedrin.

this, thy left hand, is thy right,' thou must believe it, or thou wilt be damned?" ∴

Here all the elders cried out: "Yea, yea; the word of a Rabbi is more to be esteemed than the words of the law, and their words are more beautiful than the words of the prophets, for they are the words of the living God." ∴∴

K.: "Now answer; what says the Talmud of that Adam Belial, that Jesu, that crucified, of whom the Christians say that he was God?"

C.: "That he was the son of an evil woman, who learned sorcery in Egypt, and he hid the sorcery in his flesh, in a wound which he made therein, and with the magic he deceived the people, and turned them from God. He practised idolatry with a baked stone, and prostrated himself before his own idol; and finally, as a fit punishment, he was first stoned to death, upon the eve of the passover, and then hung up upon a cross made of a cabbage-stalk, after which, Onkelos, the fallen Titus sister's son, conjured him up out of hell." ∴∴

K.: "Is it possible to find more detestable Gojim than these impure and dumb children of Talvus, these Christian swine?" ∴∴∴

C.: "No; that were impossible."

K.: "It is permitted us to deceive them & spoil them of their goods."

C.: "Eh? Wherefore are we the selected people, if we could not spoil the children of Edom? They are our slaves, for we have gold and they have none."

K.: "Good, good; but where is it written that we may spoil the swine and take their goods?"

C.: "The Talmud say, it is permitted to deceive a Goi, and take his goods." ∴∴∴

K.: "Forget not the principal passage, Tract Megilla, fol. 13: 'What, is it then permitted to the just to deal deceitfully? And he answered: Yea, for it is written, with the pure, thou shalt be pure, & with the froward thou shalt learn frowardness.' ∴∴∴∴ Item: It is written expressly in the Parascha Bereschith, 'It is permitted to the just to deal deceitfully, even as Jacob dealt;' and if our fathers of blessed memory acted thus, we were fools indeed not to skin the Christian dogs and flog them to the death. (Spitting out.) Curse on the unclean swine!"

C.: "I will be no such fool, Rabbi, and if they compel me to take an oath, I will do as Rabbi Akkiva of blessed memory."

K.: "Right, my son, pity thou canst not speak Hebrew; methinks then thou wouldst have been a light in Israel. Speak. How hath the Rabbi Akkiva sworn?"

∴ Targan upon Deut. xvii. 11.

∴∴ Talmud, tract. Sanhedrin.

∴∴∴ Although the Jews deny that Christ is named in the Talmud, saying that another Jesus is meant, yet Eisenmenger has fully proved the contrary, on the most convincing grounds.

∴∴∴ Children of Edom, children of harlots, swine, dogs, abominations, worshippers of the crucified, idolators, are titles of honour freely given to Christians by the Rabbis. (See Eisenmenger.)

∴∴∴∴ Tract. Bava Mezia.

∴∴∴∴∴ 2 Samuel xxii. 27; a specimen of how the Talmudists interpret the Bible

C.: "The Talmud says: 'Hereupon the Rabbi Akkiva took the oath with his lips, but in his heart he abjured it.'" ∴

K.: "The Rabbi Akkiva, of blessed memory, was but a sorry liver. Canst thou too defend the violation of the marriage vow?"

C.: "With the wives of the unclean Christian dogs, wherefore not? For Moses saith (Lev. xx. 10) 'He who committeth adultery with his neighbour's wife shall be put to death;' so saith the Talmud; the wives of others are excepted; and Rabbi Solomon expressly says on this passage, that under the word 'others' the wives of Gojim, or the Christian dogs, are meant." ∴

K.: "Yea, cursed be they and their whole race. Dost thou curse them daily, as is thy duty?"

C.: "My duty is to curse them once; I curse them thrice." ∴∴

K.: "Then wilt thou be recompensed threefold when Messias comes, and the fine dishes and the fine clothes will grow out of the blessed earth of themselves, that it will be a pleasure to see them? ∴∴∴ Speak. What saith the Talmud? How large will the grapes then be?"

C.: "So large that a man will put a single grape in the corner of his house, and tap it as if it were a beer-barrel. Is not that almost too large, master?"

K.: "Look at my pert wisehead! Knowest thou not, that he who mocks the words of the wise goes straight to hell, as happened to that disciple who laughed at the Rabbi Jochanan, when he said that precious stones should be set in the gates of Jerusalem, three ells long, & three ells broad? ∴∴∴ Item: Hast thou not read how Rabbi Jacob Ben Dosethai went one morning from Lud to Ono for three miles in pure honey, or how Rabbi Ben Levi saw grapes in the land of Canaan so large that he mistook them for fatted calves? What, then, will it not be when Messias comes? ∴∴∴ But who will not partake these blessings?"

C.: "The accursed swine, the Christians." ∴∴∴

K.: "Wherefore not?"

C.: "Because they eat swine's flesh, and believe on the Talvus, who deceived the people through his sorceries."

K.: "All true; but when the Talmud says that the impure Nazarene brought all his sorceries out of Egypt, what say our Rabbis of blessed memory against that?" ∴∴∴

C.: "That he secretly stole the Schem Hamphorasch out of the temple, and stitched it into his flesh."

K.: "What is the Schem Hamphorasch?"

∴ Talmud, tract. Calla.

∴∴ Eisenmenger quotes a prayer-book of the Jews on this subject, called The Great Tephilla.

∴∴∴ Talmud, tract. Sanhedrin.

∴∴∴∴ Talmud, tract. Kethuvoth

∴∴∴∴ Talmud, tract. Bava Bathra.

∴∴∴∴ In tractat Kethuvoth.

∴∴∴∴∴ Eisenmenger ii. 777, &c. On this point he brings forward numerous quotations from the later rabbinical writings; for it is certain that, on this subject, the Talmud judges more mildly.

∴∴∴∴∴ An extract from the horrible book of curses against the Saviour, the Toledoth Jeschu, is given in Eisenmenger; the entire is printed in Dr. Wagenseil's Tela Ignea Satanæ.

C.: "God's wonder, his greatest! The seventy names of the holy and ever-blessed God; and to him who knows them will the aged Metatron appear, as he appeared to our forefathers, and all stones can he turn to diamonds, and all loam to gold."

K.: "Dost thou know, my son, that I myself possess this Schem Hamphorasch?"

C. (clasping his hands): "Wonder of God! can it be? And have you all these riches?"

K.: "One of the accursed Christian dogs deceived me, and kept back two of the leaves (may God plague him in eternity for it), but still it effects much. I sell the holy Schem in little pieces, as a cure for all diseases; yea, even bits no larger than a grain will bring three ducats. Item: I sell bits of it to the dying to lay upon their stomachs, that so they may gain eternal blessedness. Wilt thou buy a little grain too, eh? Ask the elders here if ever better physic were found than the least grain of dust from the holy Schem Hamphorasch?"

SO the elders swore as my knave bid them, and said that no better physic could be, & told of the various diseases which it had cured in their own persons. Item: That no Jew in the whole town was without a morsel, be it large or small, to lay on his stomach when dying; "but the greater the piece," said the Rabbi, "the greater the blessedness" Now as the red-haired disciple seemed much inclined to purchase a bit, the Rabbi went over to the drawer, withdrew the tapestry, and, lifting up the golden jad, ∴ pointed smilingly to the palm-leaves therein with it. "This," he said to the disciple, "was the ever-blessed Schem Hamphorasch itself, if he had not already believed his words."

∴ The jad, a gold or silver hand, with which a priest pointed out each line to the reader of the Tora.

MEANWHILE the aforesaid Meir, the Rabbi's servant, crept forth from under the women's gallery, and spake: "Now may ye stick two Christian dogs dead, who are hiding here to steal the blessed golden treasure from my master the Rabbi; the clock has struck eleven, and the Christian swine are snoring in all quarters of the city. Up to the women's gallery! Up to the women's gallery! There they sit! Their six ducats I have safe; kill the dumb uncircumcised dogs! Strike them dead! For a ducat I will fling them into the Oder. Come, come! Here are knives! Here are knives!"

WHEN the Duke and Doctor Joel heard all this, and saw all through the little bull's-eyes, they jumped up and clattered down the stairs, the Duke drawing his dagger, which by good luck he had brought with him. But the Jews are already on them, and the Rabbi strikes the Duke on the face with the golden jad, screaming:

"Accursed dog! There is one golden blow for thee, and a second golden blow for thee, and a third golden blow for thee; put them out to interest, and thou wilt have enough to buy the Schem Hamphorasch." And the others fell upon the doctor, beating him till their fists were bloody, and sticking him with their knives. So my magister roared: "Oh, gracious Lord! tell your name, I beseech you, or in truth they will murder us, they will beat us to death!"

BUT the Duke had hit the Rabbi such a blow with his dagger across the hand, that the golden jad fell to the ground, and the Duke leaning his back against a pillar, hewed right and left and kept them all at bay. But this did not help, for the traitor knave, Meir, creeping along on his knees, got hold of the Duke's foot, and lifting it up suddenly in the air, made him lose his balance, and my gracious Prince stumbled forward, and the dagger fell far from his hand, upon which he cried out: "Listen, ye cursed Jewish brood! I am your Prince, the Duke of Pomerania! My brother shall make ye pay for this: your flesh shall be torn from the bones, and flung to dogs by to-morrow, if you do not instantly give free passage to me and my attendant." Then taking his signet from his finger, he held it up and cried: "Look here, ye cursed brood, here are my arms, the ducal Pomeranian arms, behold! behold!" At this hearing the Rabbi turned as pale as death, and all the others started back from Dr. Joel, trembling with terror, while the Duke continued: "We came not here to steal the Schem Hamphorasch, as your traitor knave has given out, but to hear your accursed Satan's crew with our own ears, which also we have done." "Oh, your Highness," cried the Rabbi, "it was a jest, all a mere innocent jest. The accursed knave is guilty of all. Come, gracious Prince, I will unbar the door; it was a jest. May I perish if it was anything more than a merry jest, all this you have heard" And scarcely had the door been closed upon the Duke and Dr. Joel, when they heard the Jews inside falling upon the traitorous knave and beating him till he roared for pain, as if in truth they had stuck

him on a pike. But they cared little what became of him, & hastened back with all speed to the ducal residence.

CHAPTER XIV. HOW THE DUKE FRANCIS SEEKS A VIRGIN AT MARIENFLIESS TO CITE THE ANGEL OCH FOR HIM; OF SIDONIA'S EVIL PLOT THEREUPON, AND THE TERRIBLE UPROAR CAUSED THEREBY IN THE CONVENT.

AFTER his Highness found that to obtain the Schem Hamphorasch was an impossible thing, he resolved to seek throughout all Pomerania for a pure brave-hearted virgin, by whose aid he could break Sidonia's demon spells, & preserve his whole princely race from fearful & certain destruction. He therefore addressed a circular to all the abbesses, conjecturing that if such a virgin were to be found, it could only be in a cloister; and this was the letter:

"Franciscus, by the grace of God, Duke of Pomerania, Stettin, Cassuben, and Wenden, Bishop of Camyn, Prince of Rugen, Count of Gutzkow, Lord of the lands of Lauenburg and Butow, etc.

"Worthy Abbess, trusty and good friend: Be it known to you that we have immediate need of the services of a pure virgin, but in all honour, and are diligently seeking for such throughout our ducal and ecclesiastical states; but understand, not alone a virgin in act, for they can be met with in every house, but a virgin in soul, pure in thought and word, for by her agency we mean to build up a holy and virtuous work; as Gregory Nyssensis says (De Virginitate, Opp. tom. ii. fol. 593): 'Virginity must be the fundamentum upon which all virtue is built up, then are the works of virtue noble & holy; but virginity which is only of the form, and exists not in the soul, is nothing but a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, or a pearl which is trodden under foot of swine'. Further, the said virgin must be of a brave, steadfast, and manlike spirit, who fears nothing, and can defy death and the devil, if need be. If ye have such a virgin, upon whom, with God's help, I can build up my great virtuous work, send her to our court without delay, and know that we shall watch over such virgin with all princely goodness and clemency; but know also, that if on trial such virgin is not found pure in thought and word, great danger is in store for her, perchance even death.

"Signatum Camyn, 1st September, 1617.

"Franciscus, manu sua."

"Postscriptum: Are the winter gloves ready? Forget not to send them with the beer-wagon; my canons esteem them highly."

WHEN this letter reached the abbess of Marienfliess by the beer-wagon of the honourable chapter of Camyn, she was much troubled as to how she ought to proceed. Truly there were two young novices lately arrived, of about fifteen or sixteen, named Anna Holborne and Catharina Maria von Wedel. These the abbess thought would assuredly suit his Highness; item, they were of a wonderful brave spirit, & had gone down at night to the church to chase away the martens, though they bit them cruelly, because they prevented the people sleeping; and further, never feared any ghost-work or devil's work that might be in the church, but laughed over it. When these same virgins, however, heard what the abbess wanted, they excused themselves, and said they had not courage to peril their lives, though in truth they were pure virgins in thought & word. But they could not hold their tongue quiet, but must needs blab (alas, woe!) to Anna Apenborg, who runs off instantly to the refectory to Sidonia, whom she had appeased by means of some sausages, and tells her the whole story, and of his Grace's wonderful letter. So my hag laughed, never suspecting that she was the cause of all, and said, "She would soon make out if such a virgin were to be found in the convent; but would Anna promise secrecy?" And when the other asseverated that she would be as silent as a stone in the earth, my hag continued: "I have got a receipt from that learned man, Albertus Magnus, his book upon women, and we shall try it upon the nuns; but thou must hold thy tongue, Anna." "Oh, she would sooner have her tongue cut out than blab a word; but what was the receipt?" Here Sidonia answered, "She would soon see. She would give the sisterhood a little of her fine beer to drink, with some of it therein; and as she had got fresh sausages and other good things in plenty by her, she would pray the abbess & the whole convent to dine with her on the following Monday; then the dear sister should see wonders."

AND in truth my hag was so shameless, that on Sunday, after church, she prayed all the virgins, saying, "Would the dear sisters eat their mid-day meal with her next day, to show that they forgave her, if she had ever been over hasty? Ah, God! she loved peace above everything; but they must each bring their own can, for she had not cans enough for all; and her new beer was worth tasting, a better beer had she never brewed."

Summa: All the sisterhood gladly accepted her invitation, thinking from her Christian mildness of speech in the church that she indeed wished to be reconciled to them; item, the abbess promised to come, holding that compliance brings grace, but harshness disfavour; but here the reverse was the case. Early on this same Monday, the wagon returned laden with beer for the honourable chapter, & the abbess despatched an answer by it to his Highness the bishop, as follows:

"Most Reverend Bishop & Illustrious Prince, my friendly services to your Grace.

"Gracious Lord, Concerning the matter of which your Highness writes, I think there is no lack here of such virgins as you describe, but none are of steadfast enough heart to brave the great danger with which your Highness says they are menaced; for we have a nature like all women, and are weak and faint-hearted. But methinks, there is one brave enough, & in all things pure, who would be of the service your Grace demands, I mean Diliana Bork, daughter of Jobst Bork of Saatzig; I counsel your Grace, therefore, to try her. Now, as touching the winter gloves, I shall send some along with this; but Sidonia will knit no gloves, and says, 'the fat canons are like enough to old women already, without putting gloves on them;' by which your Highness may judge of her impure mouth. God better her! Your Princely Grace's and my reverend bishop's humble servant and subject,

"Magdelena V. Petersdorfin."

"Marienfliess, 5th Sept. 1617.

NOW when twelve o'clock struck, and mid-day shone on the blessed land, all the nuns proceeded in their long black habits and white veils to Sidonia's apartment, each with her beer-can in her hand (woe is me! how soon they rushed back again in storm and anger). Then they sat down to the sausages and other good morsels, while Anna Apenborg was on tip-toe of expectation to see what would happen; and old Wolde was there quite well again (for ill weeds never die; no winter is cold enough for that). And she filled each of their cans with the beer which Sidonia had brewed, after a new formula; but, lo! no sooner had they tasted it than first Dorothea Stettin starts up, and Sidonia asks what ails her. To which she answers: "She is not superstitious, but there was surely something wrong in the beer. She felt quite strange." And she left the room, then another, and another; in fine, all who had tasted

the beer started up in like manner and followed Dorothea. Only the abbess and some others who had not partaken of it remained. Anna Apenborg had disappeared among the first, and presently a terrific cry was heard from the court-yard, as if not alone the cloister but the whole world was in flames. Curses, cries, menaces, threats, screams, all mingled together, and shouts of "Run for a broomstick! the accursed witch! the evil hag! let us punish her for this!"

THEREUPON the abbess jumps up, flings open the window, & beholds Dorothea Stettin so changed in mien, voice, gestures, in fine, in her whole being, that she was hardly to be recognised. She looks black and blue in the face, has her fists clenched, stamps with her feet, and screams. "For God's sake, what ails you, Dorothea?" asked the alarmed abbess. But no answer can she hear; for all the virgins scream, roar, howl, and curse in one grand chorus, as if indeed the last day itself were come. So she runs down the steps as quick as she can, while Sidonia looks out at the window, and laughing, says: "Eh, dear sisters, this is a strange pastime you have got; better come up quickly, or the pudding will be cold". At this the screeching and howling were redoubled, and Dorothea spat up at the window, and another flung up a broomstick, so that my hag got a bloody nose, and drew in her head screaming now likewise.

THEN they all wanted to rush up into the refectory, each armed with a broomstick to punish Sidonia, and they would not heed the abbess, who still vainly asked what had angered them, but the other sisters who were descending met them half way, and prevented their ascent; whereupon the abbess raised her voice and called out loud: "Whoever does not return instantly at my command as abbess, shall be imprisoned forthwith, and condemned to bread and water for a whole day! Item, whoever speaks until I address her, shall be kept half-a-day on bread & water. Now Dorothea, speak, you alone, and let every one of you descend the steps and return here to the court-yard." This menace availed at last, and with many sobs and groans, Dorothea at last told of Sidonia's horrible plot, as Anna Apenborg had explained to them. How she had invited them on purpose to disgrace them for ever in the eyes of the Prince and of the whole world, and the abbess could now judge herself, if they had not a right to be angry. But she must have her subprioret back again, out of which the scandalous witch had tricked

her, and the abbess must forthwith despatch a messenger to his Highness, praying him to chase this unclean beast out of the convent, and into the streets again, from which they had taken her; for neither God nor man had peace or rest from her.

SIDONIA overhearing this from the window, stretched out her grey head again, wiped away with her hand the blood that was streaming from her nose, and then menacing the abbess with her bloody fist, screamed out, "Write if you dare! write if you dare!" So the curses, howls, yells, screeches, all break loose again; some pitch their shoes up at the windows, others let fly the broomsticks at the old hag, and Dorothea cried out: "Let all pure and honourable virgins follow me!" Yet still a great many of the sisters gathered round the abbess, weeping and wringing their hands, and praying for peace, declaring they would not leave her; but all the younger nuns, particularly they who had drunk of Sidonia's accursed beer, followed the sub-prioress, and as the discontented Roman people withdrew once to the Aventine-mount, so the cloister malcontents withdrew to the Muhlenberg, howling and sobbing, and casting themselves on the ground from despair. In vain the abbess ran after them, conjuring them not to expose themselves before God and man: it was all useless, my virgins screamed in chorus: "No, that they would never do; but to the cloister they would not return till the princely answer arrived, expelling the dragon for ever. Let what would become of them, they would not return. The jewel of their honour was dearer to them than life."

NOW Sidonia was watching all this from her window, and as she justly feared that now in earnest the wrath & anger of the two Princes would fall on her, she goes straight to the abbess, who sits in her cell weeping and wringing her hands, menaces her again with her bloody fist, & says: "Will you write? will you write? ay, you may, but you will never live to hear the answer!" Upon which, murmuring to herself, she left the chamber. What can the poor abbess do? And the cry now comes to her, that not only the miller and his men, but half the town likewise, are gathered round the virgins. Oh, what a scandal! She wrings her hands in prayer to God, and at last resolves to lay down her poor life, so that she may fulfil her hard duty bravely as beseems her, goes then straight to the Muhlenberg and arranges the evil business thus: Let the virgins return instantly to the cloister, and she would herself write to the

Duke, and despatch the messenger this very night; and she begged for just two hours to herself, that she might make her will, and send for the sheriff's secretary to draw it up properly; also to search for her shroud which lay in her chest. For since her cruel children demanded her life, she would give it to them. The Duke's answer she would never live to hear. So Sidonia had prophesied just now. Then she descended the hill, chanting that beautiful hymn of Dr. Nicolai's, while the virgins followed, and some lifted up their weeping voices in unison with hers:

"Awake! the watchers on the tower,
Chant aloud the midnight hour;
Awake, thou bride Jerusalem!
Through the city's gloomy porches
See the flashing bridal torches;
Awake, thou bride Jerusalem!
Come forth, come forth, ye virgin choir,
Light your lamps with altar fire!
Hallelujah! in his pride
Comes the bridegroom to his bride;
Awake, thou fair Jerusalem!

Zion heard the watchers singing,
From her couch in beauty springing,
She wakes, and hastens joyful out.
Lo! he comes in heavenly beauty,
Strong in love, in grace, in duty;
Now her heart is free from doubt.
Light and glory flash before him,
Heaven's star is shining o'er him,
On his brow the kingly crown,
For the bridegroom is the Son.
Hallelujah! follow all
To the heavenly bridal-hall,
There the Lamb holds festival!"

UT behold, as they reached the convent gates, chanting their heavenly melody, there stood the demon-witch, dancing and singing her hellish melody:
"Also kleien und also kratzen,
Meine Hunde und meine Katzen."
And old Wolde and the cat, in his little red stockings, danced right and left beside her.

AT this horrible sight the poor virgins scampered off hither and thither to their cells, like doves flying to their nests, without uttering a word, only the abbess exclaimed: "But two hours, my children, in the church!" Whereupon she goes, makes her will, and prepares her shroud. Item: Sends for the dairy-mother, gives her the shroud. Item: A sack of moss and hops to make a pillow for her coffin, for such she would like her poor corpse to have. Then sends for the convent carpenter, and makes him take her measure for a coffin; and, lastly, strengthened in God, goes to the church to write her own death-warrant, namely, the letter to his Highness. Yet many of the virgins, for fear of Sidonia, refused to affix their signatures thereto, among whom was Anna Apenborg, who, as soon as she left the church, ran up to the refectory to chatter over the whole business with Sidonia. Item: How the new convent-porter was to be sent that same midnight with the letter to his Highness.

SO Sidonia began now to scold, because Anna could not hold her tongue, and had betrayed her secret to the sisters. But the other said: "She thought it was all a pure jest, and had told them for fun, that they might have a good laugh together; for how could she know that they would all grow raging mad like that!" So my hag forgave her, and bid her sit down and eat some sausage for her supper, in return for the news she had brought her. Meanwhile, she would write a letter to his Highness likewise, and Anna should give it to the convent-porter, to take with him along with that of the abbess. This was the letter:

"Serene Prince and Gracious Lord!

"Now will your Highness perceive, by this writing, how faithful and true a servant I am to your princely house, though the godless world has raised up an evil cry against me in your Highness' ears. Gracious Prince, the Reverend Lord Bishop wrote to our worthy abbess of Marienfliess, bidding her seek out for him a virgin, pure in thought, word, and deed, by whose help he might perform some great virtue-work. Now, the abbess confided her perplexities on the matter to me, as sub-prioress. Whereupon, I said, 'that to serve your Highness, I would shew whether such a virgin were in the convent, but she must keep silence;' this she promised. Whereon, I brewed a drink, according to Albertus Magnus (it is at the 95th page), and bade them all to dinner, when I secretly put the drink into some of my best beer. Now Albertus states that the drink will have no effect

on a pure virgin, only on the reverse. Your Highness, therefore, may judge what sort of sisterhood we have, when no sooner had they drank, than almost all rose up raging mad, and rushed out of the convent into the court-yard, where such a scandalum arose, screams, curses, yells, and shrieks, that your Grace may surely judge no honourable virgin was to be found amongst them. In fact, the worthy abbess, a few others, and I myself, were the only persons who remained unaffected by the draught. Therefore, I counsel our gracious Bishop to select one from amongst us, for his great virtue-work. I, indeed, have the strongest heart of all, and the bravest courage. But, assuredly, the worst of all these light wantons was Dorothea Stettin, from whom I received the sub-prioret, because, as your Grace heard, she held unchaste discourse during her illness, and therefore, is as much suited to be sub-prioress as a jewel of gold to a swine's snout. She, therefore, drew off all the other raging wantons to the Muhlenberg, declaring that they would not return until I, who had done this great service to my Lord Bishop, was turned out into the streets. Then the lewd common-folk gathered round the sisters on the hill, who betrayed their own evil case, methinks, by their rage, and mocked and jeered them, till the abbess herself had to go forth and entreat them to return; but they despised her, & the sheriff must needs gallop up with his horsewhip, & whip them before him, but in vain; the evil is too strong in them. They still said, 'that I,' unfortunate maiden, 'must be accused to your Highness of all this scandal,' for the silly abbess had betrayed what I had done; 'and that till I was turned out of the convent, they would not come back.' Now the poor abbess fell sick at such base contempt and insult to her authority, and feeling her end near, she made her will, and took out the shroud from her trunk, and had the carpenter to measure her for her coffin, and at last consented to write to your Grace, because by no other means would these evil wantons be satisfied, or the great scandal & disgrace to the convent be averted. But, I think, if your Grace would write her a private letter, she would change her opinion," (Ah, yes, the hag means her to receive it!) "and make a far different resolve when your Grace sees how true and faithful I have acted as

"Your Highness's most humble maiden,

"Marienfliess, 6th Sept. 1617. "Sidonia Bork,

"Otto Bork's only and unfortunate orphan.

"P.S. If she dies, I pray your Grace to hold me in your remembrance."

CHAPTER XV. OF THE DEATH OF THE ABBESS, MAGDALENA VON PETERSDORFIN. ITEM, HOW DUKE FRANCIS MAKES JOBST BORK AND HIS DAUGHTER, DILIANA, COME TO CAMYN, & WHAT HAPPENS THERE.

NOW the messenger had hardly departed, when Sidonia arranged her food for three days, laid two new brooms crosswise under the table. Item, had her bath carried up by old Wolde from the kitchen to the refectory, and lastly locked herself up, giving out that she must and will pray to God to pardon her fallen sisters for all their sins, and that up to Friday night, no one should disturb her.

Summa: The unfortunate abbess ascertained, but too well, that same night, what such praying betokened. She screamed out, like all the others, that it seemed as if a miner was in her breast, & hammered there, striving to raise up the bones; and the good dairy-mother, a pious and tender-hearted creature, not very old either, never left her side during all her martyrdom. For three days and three nights she took no rest, but watched by the sick abbess; lifting her from the bed to the cold floor, and from the cold floor to the bed, and refused a piece of gold the abbess offered for her trouble, begging it might be given to Lisa Behlken, a little gipsy maiden, whose thievish and heathenish parents had left her behind them in the town, but who had been taken in and sheltered by the poor widow, though she had enough to do to get her living alone. Summa: On the Friday night the worthy abbess expired in horrible tortures; and, in consequence, such a fear & horror fell upon the whole convent, that they trembled and shook like aspen leaves, and bitterly repented now of their folly with loud cries and weeping, in having with their own hands helped to cast down their only stay and support.

SO next morning, Sidonia summoned the whole chapter to her apartment, drew herself up like a black adder, as she was, menaced them with her dry fists, and spake: "See now, ye shameless wantons, what ye have done! Ye have murdered the worthy abbess, though she told you herself, it would be her death if ye came not down from the Muhlenberg. Giving up your honour and the honour of our convent, ye vile crew, as a prey to the malicious

world. In vain have I cried to God three days and three nights for pardon for your heavy sins, and for support for our dear mother; your sins are an offence to the Lord, and He would not hearken to me. For this morning I hear, to my great terror, that the good abbess, just as I feared, has been done to death by your vile obduracy and disobedience." As the blasphemous devil thus went on, all were silent round her. Even Dorothea Stettin had not a word, for though her wrath was great, her fear was yet greater. Only Anna Apenborg, who had her eyes always about, cried out: "See there, dear sisters, there comes the porter back from Old Stettin. Ah, that he should find our good mother in her coffin, as she prophesied!"

SO Sidonia despatches a sister for the princely letter, and bids the others remain; and when the letter is brought, Sidonia breaks the seal, runs over the contents to herself, laughs, and then says, at last: "Listen to the message his Grace sends to our, alas, now dead mother, as a kind and just father!" Reads: "Honourable Mother, worthy Abbess: As our serene and gracious Prince is just setting off to hunt with the illustrious patrico, Philip Heinhofer of Augsburg, his Grace bids me say that he will visit the convent himself next month on his way to New Stettin, to advise with you, & investigate, in person, this evil business with the sisterhood. As to Sidonia, he reserves a different treatment for her.

"Your good son and friend,

"Francisca Blodow,

"Ducal Secretary.

"Old Stettin, 8th Sept. 1617."

Hereupon she struck the letter in her pocket, clapped her hand over it, & continued: "This is what I call a just, good father; and if I had not interposed with Christian charity, who knows what heaps of vile, shameless wantons might not be cast forth upon the streets. But I remember the words of my heavenly bridegroom, 'forgive & it shall be forgiven you!' And now to end, good sisters, since our worthy mother here is no more, we must have a ruler over this uproarious convent. Therefore, let us proceed at once to elect her successor from amongst ourselves, that our gracious Prince may be able to confirm your choice on his arrival next month. Proceed, then, since ye are all assembled here, that the convent may know in whom it may place confidence. Speak, Anna Apenborg, whom dost thou name for an abbess, my much-loved sister?" With Sidonia's sausage still in her stomach, what else could she do, but bow and say: "I think no one

so worthy as our good sister Sidonia." Hereat laughed my hag, and went on to ask the other virgins, & all those who had not been affected by the hellish drink, cried out, "Sidonia;" while those who had been, were afraid to dissent, and so cried out too for her. In fine, "Sidonia! Sidonia!" was heard from all lips, & so they took her for their abbess, whom but a few days before they would have flung out into the streets. Even Dorothea Stettin consented, on condition that she received back the sub-prioret. Whereupon Sidonia loosed her veil with the one golden key, and restored it to Dorothea with the Judas kiss; then bid her fetch the veil of the abbess with the two golden keys, for this was an heir-loom in the cloister. When it arrived, Sidonia goes to her trunk, and takes out a large regal cape that looked like ermine, but was only white cat's skin. She hung this upon her neck, and exclaimed: "Hitherto I was lady of castles and lands; now, as abbess, I am of princely rank, for many princesses were abbesses, in the time of the papacy; therefore, it is meet that I array myself as a princess, and I command ye all to treat me as a princess, and honour me as your abbess, and kiss my hand, which is the proper, due, and fitting reverence to be paid to my rank. The late worthy matron, indeed, suffered ye to treat her with little respect, and your late vile contempt of her on the Muhlenberg shows (God be good to us!) but too well what fruit her neglect of these things brought forth."

TRULY the pride of this hag was equal to her wickedness; for mark, already for a-year-and-a-day before this, she had made the convent-porter & others bring her white cats and black cats; these she killed and skinned, and sewed the black cats' tails on the white skins, to make a show withal, for ermine skin was above her price, I am thinking. Yet no one knew wherefore she killed the cats, and for what cause. Now it all came to light. No doubt these circumstances gave rise to that error which runs through the Pomeranian contemporary authors, who assert all of them, that Sidonia was abbess of Marienfliess, though, in truth, she never was duly elected. ∴

∴ Cramer & Mikrælius make the same mistake.

BUT let us return now to his Highness, Bishop Francis. He sent to Jobst Bork, bidding him come instantly to Camyn with his little daughter, Diliana. They knew nothing of his Grace's purpose, but were soon informed on entering the episcopal palace. For, after his Highness, with whom was Doctor Joel, desired them to be seated, the doctor placed Diliana upon a stool, close to the

window, beside which my magister had hung up a magic screen on purpose; and as the blessed sun poured in through the window, Diliana's beautiful, delicate form was shadowed forth upon the pure white linen with which it was covered. Whereupon the magister bent down, stuck his hands on his fat sides, knit his brows, and contemplated the image steadily for some time; then, starting up, gave a loud huzzah, and cried out: "Gracious Prince, we have found it it, we have found it! Here is a pure virgin. I know by the formation of the shadows along the virgin-linen that she is pure as the sun-angel, as the ascending morning dew."

HERE Jobst Bork shook his head, and the maiden blushed to her fingers-ends, & looked down ashamed in her lap. Then his Grace said laughing: "Do not wonder at our joy, for the destiny of our whole race, good Jobst, lies now in you & your daughter's hands. Through the witchcraft of Sidonia Bork, as ye know, and all the world testifies, our ancient race has been melted away till but a few dry twigs remain, & no young eyes look up to us when our old eyes are failing. But what Sidonia Bork has destroyed, Diliana Bork, by God's help, can restore. For, mark! after all human help had been found of no avail, this man whom ye see here, a magister artium of Grypswald, Joel by name, inquired of the spirits how the great evil could be turned away from our race; but they declared that none knew except the sun-angel, because he saw all that passed upon the earth. This angel, however, being the greatest of all spirits, will not appear unless a brave and pure virgin, pure in thought, word, and work, stand within the magic circle; therefore, we have sent for your daughter, hearing that she was such an one, and the magister hath proved the truth of the report even now. It rests with you, therefore, much-prized Diliana, sister to the angels in purity, and last & only hope of my perishing race, to save them at my earnest petition." When he ended, Diliana remained quite silent, but Jobst wriggled on his chair, and at last spake: "Serene Prince, you know me for the most obedient of your subjects, but with the devil's work I will have nothing to do; besides I see not why you must trouble spirits about my evil cousin, the sorceress of Marienfliess. Send to my castellan of Pansin, George Putkammer, he will thrust her in a sack to-night, and carry her to-morrow to Camyn; that you may believe, my Lord Duke!" Then he related what the brave knight had done, & how Sidonia had in truth left him in peace ever since, all through fear of the young knight's good sword. His Grace wondered much

at this. "Never could I have believed that so stout-hearted a man was to be found in all Pomerania, one that would dare to touch this notorious witch."

AND he fell into deep musing, keeping his eyes upon Jobst's jack-boots, in which he had stuck a great hunting-knife. At last he spake: "But if I seize her and burn her, will it be better with our race? I trow not; for she can leave the evil spell on us, perhaps, even if she were a hundred times burned. Her magic hath great power. Will burning her break the spell? No; we must act more cunningly with the dragon. Earth cannot help us in this. And here, you see, Jobst, why I demand your daughter's help to conjure the angels of God" "Then seek another virgin, my Prince," answered Jobst, "mine you shall never have. I have been once in the devil's claws, and I won't thrust myself into them again, much less my only darling child, whom I love a thousand times better than my life. No, no, her body and soul shall never be endangered by my consent" "But where is the danger?" said the Duke. "It is with an angel, not a devil, your daughter is to speak; and surely no evil, then, could happen to our dear and chaste little sister?"

AT last Diliana exclaimed eagerly: "Ah! can it be possible to speak with the blessed angels, as the evil women speak with the devil? In truth, I would like to see an angel" At this the Duke looked significantly at the magister, who immediately advanced, and began to explain the opus magicum et theurgicum to the maiden, as follows: "You know, fair young virgin, that our Saviour saith of the innocent children: 'Their angels always see the face of my Father which is in Heaven' (Matt. xviii.) Item, St. Paul (Heb. i.): 'Are not the angels ministering spirits, sent forth for the service of those who are heirs of salvation?' This is no new doctrine, but one as old as the world. For you know, further, that Adam, Noah, the holy patriarchs, the prophets, &c., talked with angels, because their faith was great. Item: You know that, even in the New Testament, angels were stated to have appeared and talked with men; but later still, during the papal times even, the angels of God appeared to divers persons, as was well known, and of their own free will. For they did not always appear of free will; and therefore, from the beginning, conjurations were employed to compel them, and fragments of these have come down

to us ex traditione, as we magistri say, from the time of Shem, the son of Noah, who revealed them to his son Misraim; and so, from son to son, they have reached to our day, and are still powerful" ❧ "But," spake Diliana, "is it then possible for man to compel angels?"

Ille: "Yes, by three different modes; first, through the word, or the intellectual vinculum; secondly, through the heavenly bodies, or the astral vinculum; lastly, through the earthly creatures, or the elementary vinculum. ❧ Respecting first the word, you know that all things were made by it, and without it was nothing made that is made. With God the Lord, therefore, word and thing are one and the same; for when he speaks it is done; he commands, and it stands there. Also, with our father, Adam, was the word all powerful; for he ruled over all beasts of the field, and birds, and creeping things by the name which he gave unto them, that is, by the word (Gen. ii.). This power, too, the word of Noah possessed, and by it he drew the beasts into the ark (Gen. vii.), for we do not read that he drave them, which would be necessary now, but they went into the ark after him, two and two, i.e., compelled by the power of his word ❧ Next follows the astral vinculum, i.e., the sympathy between us and those heavenly bodies or stars wherein the angels dwell or rule. We must know their divers aspects, configurations, risings, settings, and the like, also the precise time, hour, and minute in which they exercise an influence over angel, man, and lower creatures, according as the ancients, and particularly the Chaldeans have taught us; for spirit cannot influence spirit at every moment, but only at particular times and under particular circumstances. ❧ Lastly comes the elementary vinculum, or the sympathy which binds all earthly creatures together: men, animals, plants, stones, vapours, and exhalations, &c., but above all this cementing sympathy is strongest in pure virgins, as you, much-praised Diliana."

EREUPON she spake surprised: "How can all this be? Is it not folly to suppose that the blessed angels could be compelled by influences from plants and stones?" ❧ "It is no folly, dear maiden, but a great and profound truth, which I will demonstrate to you briefly. Everything throughout the universe is effected by two opposing forces, attraction or sympathy, repulsion or antipathy. All things in heaven as well as upon earth act on each other by means of these two forces. ❧ And as all within, above, beneath, in the heaven, and on the earth, are types insensibly repeated

of one grand archetype, so we find that the sun himself is a magnet, and by his different poles repels or attracts the planets, and amongst them our earth; in winter he repels her, and she moves darkly and mournfully along; in spring, he begins to draw her towards him, and she comes joyfully amidst songs of the holy angels out of night and darkness, like a bride into the arms of her beloved. And though no ear upon earth can mark this song, yet the sympathies of each creature are attracted & excited thereby, & man, beast, bird, fish, tree, flower, grass, stones, all exhale forth their subtlest, most spiritual, sweetest life to blend with the holy singers.

MAIDEN, maiden, this is no folly! Truly might we say that each thing feels, for each thing loves and hates. The animate as the inanimate, the earthly as the heavenly, the visible as the invisible. For what is love but attraction, or sympathy towards some object, whereby we desire to blend with it? And what is hate but repulsion or antipathy, whereby we are forced to fly or recoil from it? We, silly men, tear and tatter to pieces the rude coarse materia of things, and think we know the nature of an object, because, like a child with a mirror, we break it to find the image. But the life of the thing, the inner, hidden mystic life of sympathies, of this we know nothing, and yet we call ourselves wise! But what is the signification of this wide-spread law of love and hate which rules the universe as far as we know? Nothing else than the dark signature of faith impressed upon every creature. For what the thing loves, that is its God; and what the thing hates, that is its devil. So when the upright and perfect soul ascends to God, the source of all attraction, God descends to it in sympathy, and blends with it, as Christ says, 'Whoso loves me, and keeps my word, my Father will love him, and we will come and take up our abode with him.' But if the perverted soul descends to the source of all repulsion, which is the devil, God will turn away from him, and he will hate God and love the devil, as our blessed Saviour says (Matt. vi.) 'No man can serve two masters, ye will hate one and love the other; ye cannot serve God and the devil.' Such will be the law of the universe until the desire of all creatures is fulfilled, until the living word again descends from heaven, and says, 'Let there be light!' and the new light will fall upon the soul. Then will the old serpent be cast out of the new heaven and the new earth. Hate and repulsion will exist no longer, but as Esaias saith, 'The wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, will lie down together, & the child may play fearlessly upon

the den of the adder. Hallelujah! Then will creation be free! then will it pass from the bondage of corruption into the lordly freedom of the children of God (Rom. viii.), and

Sun,
Moon, stars,
Earth, angels, men,
Beasts, plants, stones,
The living as the dead,
The great as the small,
The visible as the invisible,
Will find at last
The source of all attraction
Which they have ever ardently desired,
Round which they will ever circle
Day on day, night on night,
Century on century, millennium on millennium,
Lost in the infinite and eternal abyss
Of all love,
GOD!" ∴

CHAPTER XVI. JOBST BORK TAKES AWAY HIS DAUGHTER BY FORCE FROM THE DUKE & DR. JOEL; ALSO, IS STRENGTHENED IN HIS UNBELIEF BY DR. CRAMER. ITEM: HOW MY GRACIOUS PRINCE ARRIVES AT MARIENFLIESS, & THERE VEHEMENTLY MENACES SIDONIA.

HEN Dr. Joel had ended his discourse, the fair young virgin's eyes overflowed with tears; and clasping her hands, she sprang up, and seizing my magister by the hand, exclaimed, "Oh! sir, let us see the blessed angels! Let me talk with them." But her father, who was dry and brief in speech, tore her away, saying sourly, "Have done, child; you must not dare to do it!" Then they all prayed him to con-

∴ Almost with the last words of this sketch, the second part of Kosmos, by Alexander von Humboldt came to my hand. Evidently the great author (who so well deserves immortality for his contributions to science) views the world also as a whole; & wherever in ancient or modern times, even a glimpse of this doctrine can be found, he quotes it & brings it to light. But yet, in a most incomprehensible manner, he has passed over those very systems in which, above all others, this idea finds ample room; namely the new platonism of the ancients (the Theurgic Philosophy) and the later Cabalistic, Alchymical, Mystic Philosophy (White Magic), from which system the deductions of Magister Joel are borrowed; but above all, we must name Plotinus, as the father of the new Platonists, to whom nature is throughout but one vast unity, one divine totality, one power united with one life. In later times, we find that Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, and Theophrastus Paracelsus, held the same view. The latter uses the above word "attraction" in the sense of sympathy. And the systems of these philosophers, which are in many places full of profound truths, are based upon this idea.

sent, the Duke, and the magister, and Diliana herself; and the magister said, that in a few days the sun would be in Libra, which would be the fitting and best time; if they delayed, then a whole year must pass over without obtaining any help, for he had already demonstrated that each spirit had its particular time of influence. And so my magister went on. But all was in vain. So Diliana stroked her father's beard with her little hands, and said: "Think, dear papa, on grand-mamma, her poor ghost; and that I can avenge her if I keep my virgin honour pure in thought, word, and deed! Is it not strange that my gracious Prince should just now come and demand the proof of my purity? Let me pass the trial, and then I can avenge the poor ghost, and calm the fears of his Highness all at once; for assuredly he has cause to fear Sidonia." So the Duke, and Magister Joel inquired eagerly what she meant by the ghost; and when they heard, they rejoiced, and said the finger of God was in it. "Would the Knight still strive against God?" "No"; he answered, "but against the devil; for Luther says, 'such ghost-work must be of the devil, since the departed soul must either be in heaven or in hell; if in heaven, it would have rest,' therefore he feared the ghost of his poor mother had nothing good about it, and he would take care and keep his child from the claws of the devil" Thus the argument and strife went on, till Jobst at last cried out sharply: "Diliana, dost thou esteem the fifth commandment? If so, come with me." Whereupon the pious virgin threw herself upon his neck, exclaiming, "Father, I come!"

BUT my magister took her by the hand to draw her from her father, whereat Jobst seized the hunting-knife that he had stuck in his jack-boots, & brandishing it, cried out: "Hands off, fellow, or I'll paint a red sign upon thee! My Lord Duke, in the name of the three devils, seek out another virgin, but my virgin your Highness shall never have." Then seizing his little daughter by the waist, he rushed out of the room with her, growling like a bear with his cub, & down the stairs, and through the streets, never stopping or staying till he reached the inn, nor even once looking behind him or heeding his Grace, who screamed out after him: "Good Jobst, only one word; only one word, dear Jobst!" And when my Jobst reached the inn, he roared for the coachman, bid him follow him with all speed to the road, paid down his reckoning to mine host, and was off, and already out of the town, just as the Duke and Dr. Joel reached the inn, to try and get him back again. So they return

raging and swearing, while Jobst crouches down behind a thorn bush with his little daughter, till the coach comes up. And they have scarcely mounted it, when Dr. Cramer, of Old Stettin, drives up; for he was on his way to induct a rector (I know not whom) into his parish, as the ecclesiastical superintendent lay sick in his bed. This meeting rejoiced the Knight's heart mightily; & after he had peered out of the coach windows, to see if the Duke or the Doctor were on his track, and making sure that he was not pursued, he prayed Dr. Cramer to bide a while, & discourse him on a matter that lay heavy on his conscience. The Doctor having consented, they all alighted, and seated themselves in a hollow, where the coachman could not overhear their discourse. Then Jobst related all that had happened, and asked had he acted rightly? "In all things you have done well, brave Knight," answered my excellent godfather, "for though, doubtless, spirits can and do appear, yet is there always great danger to body and soul in practising these conjurations; and no one can say with security whether such apparition be angel or devil; because St. Paul says (2 Cor. xi. 14), that 'Satan often changes himself into an angel of light;' and respecting the ghost of your mother, in my opinion, it was a devil, sent to tempt your dear little daughter; for it is written, (Wisdom xxxi.) 'The just are in the hand of God, and no evil troubles them'" He is going on with his quotations, when Diliana calls out: "Godfather, here is a coach coming as fast as it can drive; and surely two men are therein!"

ADIEU! adieu!" cried the Knight, springing up, and dragging his daughter into the coach as quick as he could. Then he bid the coachman drive for life and death; and when they reached the wood, to take the first shortest cut to the left. Meanwhile, the Duke and Dr. Joel come up with my worthy godfather, stop him, and ask what the Knight, Jobst Bork, was saying to him; for they had seen them both together, sitting in the hollow, along with Diliana. On this, the dry sheep's cough got into my worthy godfather's throat from pure fright, for a lie had never passed his lips in all his life; therefore he told the whole story truly and honestly.

MEANWHILE, the other coach drove on rapidly through the wood; and the coachman did as he was desired, and took the first path to the left, where they soon came on a fine, thick hazel grove. Here Jobst stopped to listen, and truly they could hear the other coach distinctly crushing the fallen leaves, and the

voice of the Duke screaming: "Jobst, dost thou hear! Jobst, may the devil take thee, wilt thou stop!" "Ay, my Lord Duke," thought Jobst to himself, "I will stop as you wish, but I trust the devil will neither take me nor my daughter." Then he lifted the fair Diliana himself out of the coach, and laid her on the green grass, under the thick nut trees, saying, "Where shall we fly to, my daughter? What thinkest thou?"

Illa: "Why, to thy good castle of Saatzig, my father."

Ille: "Marry, I'll take good care I won't, to fly from one danger to another; for will he not hunt us there, ay, till his spurs are red, & shouting all the way after me till his lungs burst like an old wind-bag?"

Illa: "Whither, then, my father?"

Ille: "To Stramehl, methinks, to my cousin Bastien, where we shall remain until the time is passed in which he can question the spirits; for, if I remember rightly, the sun will enter Libra in a few days."

Illa: "But, dear father, is it not cruel thus to torment the good Prince? Oh! it must be so beautiful to talk to an angel!"

Ille: "Do not anger me, my heart's daughter, do not anger me. Better be George Putkammer's good, loving wife; turn thy thoughts that way, my daughter, & in a year there will be something better worth looking at in the cradle than a spirit."

Illa blushes and plucks the nuts over her head.

Ille: "What sayest thou? Art thou for ever to put off these marriage thoughts?"

Illa: "Ah! my heart's dear father, what would my poor grandmother say in eternity? It is impossible that, without God's will, the Duke & the poor ghost should have come upon the same thoughts about me."

Ille: "Anger me not, child; thou art a silly, superstitious thing; without God's will, it may well be, but not without the devil's will. Thou hast heard what Luther says of ghosts, & we must believe him. Eh?"

Illa: "But my Lord Duke and Dr. Joel say quite differently. Ah, father, let me see the blessed angels! Dr. Joel surely has seen them often, and yet no danger befel him."

Ille: "Anger me not, daughter, I say, for the third time. It is written: 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God;' and is not this tempting him, setting heaven and hell in an uproar all about a wicked old hag of a witch? Wherefore is the Duke such a goose? But I will give him no child of mine to run a race with to hell. Now rise, child, and follow me to the coach!"

Illa: "But you must make me one promise" (weeping).

Ille: "What then?"

Illa: "Speak no more of marriage to me till I say: 'Father, now let the marriage be.'"
Ille: "With the young Knight, George?"
Illa: "I have no objection to offer to him; but the young man is not to come before my eyes until then."
Ille: "Ah, thou art as obstinate as the Rugen geese! Well, have it thy own way, child. And now to Stramehl!"

STILL the Duke was hunting after them, through thick and thin, and roaring for the Knight at the top of his voice, till the wood re-echoed; and though some squires, who came up through the forest, declared that no carriage had passed their way, yet he continued his chase, feeling certain that no matter what by-path the knave had taken, yet he would assuredly come up with him at Saatzig. So the next day he reached the castle, for it lay but ten miles from Camyn, but no Knight was there. The Duke waited for two days, still no sign of him, so he amused the time by fishing, and making inquiries amongst all the neighbouring people about Sidonia, and so strange were the tales repeated by the simple, superstitious folk, that his Highness resolved to make a detour home by Marienfliess, just to get a passing glimpse of this devil's residence. Here he met a shepherd, who told many strange things, and swore that he had seen her many times flying out of the chimney on her broomstick, and, as the convent lay right before them, his Grace asked which was Sidonia's chimney, and the carl pointed out the chimney with his hand: it was the fourth from the church there, where the smoke was rising. Whereupon, my Lord Duke shuddered, and went his way as quick as he could up the Vossberg.

HE knew not that upon that very day his brother, Duke Philip, had arrived at Marienfliess from Old Stettin, on his way to the Diet at New Stettin. The herald had been despatched by his Highness, some days before, to inform Sheriff Eggert Sparling of his approach, and that his Highness and suite would arrive about noon. He was also told to say the same to the nuns, particularly to Sidonia Bork. So at mid-day my sheriff set off to the cloister, with the steward and the secretaries, and waited there in the nuns' court-yard for the arrival of the Duke, and a boy was placed in the mill to wave his cap the moment his Highness came in sight. Yet my Eggert was suffering terrible anguish all the time in his mind, for he thought, that the Duke might bid him seize the devil's witch.

SOON the cry rose that the Duke was coming, his six coaches had just come in sight. Then the convent gate opened, and my hag appeared at the head of the entire sisterhood, all in their black robes and white veils; she the same, except that she wore the abbess veil, whereon two golden keys were embroidered. Item: The white cat's-skin cape, which I have noticed before, was displayed upon her shoulders. Thus she came forth from the convent gate with all the sisters, two and two, and she threw up her eyes, and raised the hymn of St. Ambrose, just as the Duke and his six coaches drove into the court-yard, & the whole convent joining, they advanced thus singing to meet his Highness.

NOW, his Highness was a meek man and seldom angry, but his brow grew black with wrath, when Sidonia, stepping up to the coach, bowed low, and in her cat's tippet, herself a cat in cunning and deceit, threw up her eyes hypocritically to heaven. "How now," cried his Grace; "who the devil hath suffered you, Sidonia, to play the abbess over these virgins?" To which my hag replied: "Gracious Prince, ask these virgins here if they have not selected me as their abbess of their own free will, and they are now come to entreat your Highness to confirm the choice of their hearts." "Marry," quoth the Duke, "I have heard enough of your doings from the neighbouring nobles and others. I know well how you made the poor abbess Magdalena bite the dust. Item: How you forced these poor virgins to elect you abbess through mortal & deadly fear. Speak, dear sisters; fear nothing, I, your Prince, command you: have ye not elected this piece of sin and vanity to be your abbess simply through fear of your lives?" But the virgins looked down upon the ground, were silent and trembled, while my sheriff plunged his hand into his wide boots for the kerchief to wipe his face, for he saw well how it would end, and the sweat of anguish was dripping from his brow. A second time his Grace asked: "Was it from fear?" When, at last, one answered, named Agnes Kleist, not the stout Dennies' sister, but another: "In truth, gracious Prince, it was from pure bodily fear alone, that we elected Sidonia as our abbess" Her courage pleased the Duke so much that he inquired her name, and hearing it, said: "Aye, I thought you must be a Kleist; and now, for your truth and courage, I make you abbess of Marienfliess. Item: Dorothea Stettin, sub-prioress. And mark me, Sidonia Bork, it is for the last time: if you attempt to dispute my

will, or make the least disturbance in the convent in consequence of my decision, you shall be sent over the frontier. I have tried kindness long enough by you: now for justice! Sparling, I command you by your duty to me as your Prince, if this evil and notorious hag should make the least disturbance or strife in the convent, seize her that instant, either yourself or by means of your bailiffs, and chase her over the frontiers. Item: You are not to permit her to leave the convent, to alarm or intimidate the neighbouring nobles, as she hath hitherto done. Therefore, I command the new abbess to replace the heavy padlock on the gate from this day forth. Do you hear this, Sidonia? These poor maidens shall have peace at last. Too long they have been your sport and mockery, but it shall end" So the new abbess answered: "Your Highness shall be obeyed" But my sheriff could not utter a word from horror, and seemed stifling with a thick, husky cough in his throat. But when Sidonia crept up close to him, and menaced him privately with her dry, clenched hand, he forgot himself entirely, and made a spring that brought him clean over the church-yard wall, while his sword clattered after him, and his plumed beaver dropt from his head to the ground. All the lacqueys laughed loud at the sight, even his Grace laughed. But my sheriff makes the best of it, and calls out: "Ah, see, my Lord Duke, how the little boys have stolen the flowers that I myself planted on the grave of the blessed abbess. I'll make them pay for it, the thieving brats!" Hereat his Grace asked why the abbess was not buried within the church, but in the grave-yard. And they answered, she had so commanded. Whereupon he said mildly: "The good mother is worthy of a prayer; I shall go and say a paternoster upon her grave, and see if the youngsters have left me a flower to carry away for memory."

SO he alighted, made Eggert show him the grave, removed his hat, and prayed, while all his suite in the six coaches uncovered their heads likewise. Lastly, he made the sign of the cross, and bent over the grave to pluck a flower. But just then a warm, heavy wind blew across the graves, and all the flowers drooped, faded, and turned yellow as it passed Yea, even a yellow stripe seemed to mark its passage straight across all the graves over the court, up to the spot where the thrice-accursed witch stood upon the convent wall, and people afterwards remarked, that all plants, grass, flowers, and shrubs within that stripe turned pale and faded; only some poison plants, as hemlock, night-shade, and the like, stood

up green and stiff along that livid line. When the Duke observed this, he shook his head, but made no remark, stepped hastily, however, into his carriage, after again earnestly admonishing Sidonia. Item, the sheriff to remember his commands. He ordered the procession to start, and proceeded on his way to the Diet.

IT may be easily believed that no one ventured to put the commands of his Grace into execution; therefore, Sidonia remained abbess as heretofore. Agnes Kleist, indeed, that same day, had the great padlock put upon the gate; but my hag no sooner sees it than she calls for the convent servant, saying she must go forth to drive, then takes her hatchet, and with it hews away at the padlock, until it falls to the ground. Whereupon, laughing scornfully, she went her way out into the road; and the new abbess could not remonstrate, for on Sidonia's return home (I forgot to say that latterly she had gone much about amongst the neighbouring nobles, even as his Highness observed, frightening them to death with her visits) she shut herself up again; and Anna Apenborg soon brings the news from Wolde: "The Lady is praying;" and Anna, having privately slid under the window, found that it was even so.

SO the whole convent shuddered; but no one dared to say a word, though each sister judged for herself what the praying betokened, without venturing to speak her surmise. But this time she did not pray for three days and three nights, only once in the week, when her bath-day came; by which, people suspected that his Highness was destined to a slower death than the other victims of her demoniac malice.

CHAPTER XVII. OF THE FEARFUL DEATH OF HIS HIGHNESS, DUKE PHILIP II. OF POMERANIA, AND OF HIS MELANCHOLY BUT SUMPTUOUS BURIAL.

AFTER the before-mentioned festival of the jubilee, it happened that one day Anna Apenborg went to the brew-house, which lay inside the convent walls (it was one of Sidonia's praying days), and there she saw a strange apparition of a three-legged hare. She runs and calls the other sisters; whereupon they all scamper out of their cells, and down the steps, to see the miracle, and behold there sits the three-legged hare; but

when Agnes Kleist took off her slipper, and threw it at the devil's sprite, my hare is off, and never a trace of him could be found again in the whole brew-house or in the whole convent court. Hereat the nuns shuddered, and each virgin has her opinion on the matter, but speaks it not; for just then, too, comes Sidonia forth, with old Wolde and the cat, & the three begin their devil's dance, while the cat squalls and wails, and the old witch-hag screams her usual hell psalm:

"Also kleien und also kratzen,
Meine Hunde and meine Katzen."

Next day, however, the poor virgins heard to their deep sorrow what the three-legged hare betokened, even as they had suspected; for the cry came to the convent that his Grace, good Duke Philip, was dead, and the tidings ran like a signal-fire through the people, that this kind, wise, just Prince, had been bewitched to death. (Ah! where in Pomerania land, yea, in all German fatherland, was such a wise, pious, and learned Prince to be found? No other fault had he but one, and that was not having, long before, burned this devil's witch, this accursed sorceress, with fire and faggot.)

AND now I must tell how his Grace had scarcely left Marienfliess and reached Saatzig (they were but a mile from each other) when he felt suddenly weak. He wondered much to find that his dear Lord brother, Duke Francis, had only left the castle two hours before. Item, that Jobst Bork had not arrived there, & no man knew whither the Knight had flown. Here the Duke grew so much worse, that his ministers earnestly entreated him to postpone the diet at New Stettin, & return home; for how could it please the knights and burgesses to see their beloved Prince in this sad extremity of suffering? Hereupon his Highness replied, with the beautiful Latin words: "officio mihi officio." (And after his death, these words were stamped on the burial-medals. Item, a rose, half-eaten by a worm, with the inscription, "Ut rosa rodimur omnes;" whereby many think allusion is made to the livid breath that passed over the flowers at Marienfliess, but I leave these things undecided.) Summa: His Highness proceeded to New Stettin, and decided all the boundary disputes amongst the nobles, &c.; returned then to his court at Old Stettin, to hold the evangelical jubilee; but, by that time, all the doctors from far and near could do nought to help him; and though he lingered some months, yet, from the first, he knew that death was on him; for nothing could appease the tortures he suffered in his breast, even as all the others whom Sidonia had mur-

dered, and finally, on the 3rd day of February, 1618, at ten of the clock, he expired, his age being forty-four years, six months, and six days. And the corpse presented the same signature of Satan, though his Grace's sickness had differed in some particulars from that of Sidonia's other victims. To this appearance of the princely corpse I myself can testify, for I beheld it, along with many others, when it lay in state in the great hall. On the 19th of March following, the princely ceremony of interment took place. Let me see if my tears will permit me to describe it:

AFTER the deputies from the three honourable estates had assembled, the Stettin, the Wolgastian, and the ecclesiastical, in the castle-church, with the princes of the blood, the nobles, knights, and magnates of the land, three cannons were fired; & at nine of the clock in the evening, the princely corpse was carried first into the count's chamber, then to the knight's chamber, from thence to the grand state-hall, by torch-light, by twenty-four nobles, and from that to the castle square, which was entirely covered with black cloth. Here it was laid down, and sixty students from the university of Grypswald, and forty boys from the town-school, sang the burial psalms from their books; while at intervals, the priests chanted the appointed portions of the liturgy; after which all the bells of the town began to toll, and the swan song was raised, "Now in joy I pass from earth." Whereupon the nobles lifted up the bier again, and the procession moved forwards. And could my gracious Prince have looked out through the little window above his head, he would have seen not only the blessed cross, but also his dear town, from street to tower, covered with weeping human faces; for the procession passed on through the main street, across the coal-market, through castle-street, into the crane-court, all which streets were lined with the princely soldateska, who also, each man, carried a torch in his hand, besides the group of regular torch-bearers in the procession, & windows, roofs, towers, presented one living mass of human heads, all along the way. And the order was thus: 1. The song-master, cum choro; item, the Rector, pædagogis, with his collegis; 2. The honourable ministerium from all the three states; 3. The Duke's trumpeters and drummers, with instruments reversed, and drums covered with crape; 4. The rector magnificus, & the four deacons of the university of Grypswald, among whom came Dr. Joel; 5. The land-marshal with his black marshal's staff, alone; then the pages, three and three, in mourning cloaks, and faces covered with black taffety up to their

noses; 6. The court-marshal, and the marshals of the three states; item, the ambassadors, & other high officials of foreign princes, &c; 7. Twelve knights, in full armour, upon twelve horses; each knight bearing his standard, & each horse covered entirely with black cloth, and having the arms of his rider embroidered on the forehead-piece, and on the two sides was led by a noble on foot. The supreme court-marshal followed these, his drawn sword covered with crape, in his hand, the point to the ground. Next the chancellor, with the seals covered with crape, & laid upon a black velvet cushion. The princely corpse, borne by twenty-four nobles, on a bier covered with black velvet, and beneath a bluish-velvet canopy embroidered on all sides with the arms of his Grace's illustrious ancestors, with all their helmets, shields, devices, and quarterings, gorgeously represented in gold and silver. Item, on each side, twelve nobles, with lighted wax torches, from which streamers of black crape floated, & twelve halberdiers, with halberds reversed. The last poor faded trefoil of our dear fatherland, namely, the serene and illustrious Princes, Dukes, and Lords, Francis, Ulrich, and Bogislaff, the princely brothers of Pomerania, all in long velvet mantles, and their faces covered with black crape up to the eyes. ∴ His Princely Highness, Duke Philip Julius of Wolgast, the last of his name, and, like his cousin, wearing crape over his face to the eyes. The honourable chapter of Camyn. The councillors, medici, & other officers. The chamberlain, knights, and pages of the princely widow's household. The Princely widow herself, with all her ladies, in long black silk mantles, their faces covered with black taffety up to the eyes, and accompanied by their Graces, the Elector of Brandenburg and the Duke of Mechlenburg. The princely widow, Hedwig, the bereaved spouse of Ernest Ludovic of blessed memory, who was doomed to follow her whole illustrious race to the grave, conducted by Duke William of Courland, and Henry of Mangerson, ambassador from Brunswick. The Countess von Eberstein, and Baroness von Putbus, with the ladies in waiting to her Princely Highness. The noble ladies and maids of honour, amongst whom came Diliana Bork. Burgomasters, sheriffs, & council of the good town of Old Stettin. Trumpeters and drummers, as before, & another song master, cum choro, as at the beginning; and so closed the procession. And how can I ever forget the lamentations that broke forth from all the people, as the princely bier approached; men, women, children, all sobbed & wept, as if indeed their own father lay there, and turned their torches down to view the blessed body better, from the windows and the towers (for mostly all

∴ Note of Duke Bogislaff XIV. The three accompanied him to the grave; but who will walk mourner beside my bier? Ah! that long ere this I had lain calmly in my coffin, and looked up from the little window to my Lord, and rested in the God of my salvation! Amen.

the people carried torches). Then arose such a lamentation and cry as if no comfort more was left for them upon earth, only in heaven must they look for it; and as I stood in the coal-market, leaning my shoulder against a post, and heard this great cry of a whole people, & saw the flashing torches all bent upon this one point in the dark midnight, behold, the bright gold crucifix on the coffin glittered as if in the clear light of the sun, & the blaze of the torches was reflected from the black concave of heaven, so that a glory seemed to rest around and above the bier, and all shone and glittered in that radiant circle, so that it was a pleasure and a wonder to gaze upon.

Thus through sin and sorrow loometh,
Light of light from God that cometh,
Shining o'er life's saddest night.
For His glory ever stayeth,
On the soul that weeps and prayeth;
May the words that Jesu sayeth
Guide us onward towards that light! Amen!

The procession now returned again to the castle square, and from thence to the chapel.

NOW when the coffin was laid down before the altar, & all the twelve knights with their standard gathered round it, my esteemed godfather, Dr. Cramer, advanced up the nave to the altar, chanting the Kyrie Eleison, and all the twelve knights lowered their standards upon the coffin, and beat their breasts, crying out, "Kyrie Eleison!" which cry was caught up by the whole congregation, and they likewise, nobles, priests, people, prince, peasant, men, women, children, all smote their breasts and cried out, "Kyrie Eleison!" so that my blessed godfather, his voice failed through weeping, and three times in vain he tried to speak.

AFTER the sermon, the coffin was lifted up & lowered into the vault, and the signet-ring of his Highness broken by the Land-Marshal, and flung upon the coffin. But the twelve standards were set down by the altar, and the Marshal presented his staff to Bishop Francis, now the serene & illustrious reigning Duke of Pomerania; and the Supreme Court-Marshal delivered up the sword, and the Chancellor the seals to his Serene Highness, and so this mournful ceremony terminated.

CHAPTER XVIII. HOW JOBST BORK & HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER ARE FORCED AT LAST INTO THE "OPUS MAGICUM." ITEM: HOW HIS HIGHNESS, DUKE FRANCIS, APPOINTS CHRISTIAN LUDECKE HIS ATTORNEY-GENERAL, TO BE WITCH-COMMISSIONER OF POMERANIA.

NOW my Jobst, guessing well what was in store for him if he remained at the ducal court, ordered his horses to be ready harnessed by four of the clock, on the morning after the funeral, that he might get clear off with his daughter before my Lord Duke knew anything of the matter. But his Highness knew better than that, for just as the Knight & his daughter were stepping into the coach, four of the Duke's equerries sprang forth and seized the horses' heads, while four pages rushed down the castle steps, and informed the Knight that he must accompany them with his daughter back to the castle, and up to the private apartment of his Grace, for that the Duke had a word to say to him before his departure. What could my Jobst do? He must take his Diliana out of the coach again, and follow the pages through the castle up to the Duke's quarters, which were filled with all beautiful things, statues and paintings, &c. from Italy; & his private room was decorated with the finest pieces of sculpture. So here they find his Grace and Dr. Joel seated at a table, with the wine-can before them, for they had sat up all night discoursing. And when my Jobst enters with his sour face, holding his daughter by the hand, the Duke calls out: "Marry, brave vassal, why so sour? I might well look sour, since you & your little daughter lately chose to play blind-man's-buff with your lawful Prince, making a mock of him. But I pardon you, and hope you have come to your senses since. Come, sit down; drink my health in the wine cup. I trow this wine will please your palate". But Jobst excused himself: "He never drank so early." Whereupon the Duke continued: "Well, as you please; but, good Jobst, you must be harder than a stone, if you refuse now to assist me in binding this accursed witch of Marienfliess, when you see this last evil which she has done, and how all the weeping land mourns for its Prince. Will you and your little daughter, this virgin, not deliver me and my ancient race from so great and terrible a foe? What say ye, brave Jobst? Come, sit down beside your afflicted

Prince, you and your little daughter, and tell me what help and comfort ye mean to bring me in my sore grief and sorrow. Speak, Jobst; ah! say, was ever Prince like unto this Prince, & yet childless, childless, as we are all! Have pity on my noble, ancient race, or, even as he lamented on his death-bed, 'Pomerania will pass in a little while into stranger hands!'"

OW my Jobst, who had sat down with his daughter on a couch near the table, got the dry sheep's-cough in his throat again, and, in his embarassment, snuffed out the candle; but, making a great effort, at last said: "His Grace must be resigned, who could withstand the will of God? Yet he must say, in all honesty, that he had talked to many persons about the matter, and some said it was folly and nonsense, and there could be no reason in it. Others, amongst whom was Dr. Cramer, said, if not folly, yet it was a dangerous business to body and soul, and ought not to be attempted" But my Jobst grows disturbed, and at last says, "Well, then, I must speak out the truth. My child is not the pure virgin whom ye seek. I mean in her thoughts, for she has already been betrothed to a bridegroom"

T this the Duke clapped his hand to his forehead and sighed: "Then my last hope has perished?" Item: the magister was quite thunderstruck. But Diliana, who blushed to her finger-ends while her father spoke, started from the couch, seized the hand of my gracious Lord, and exclaimed: "Be calm, my Lord Duke, my father hath said this but to free me, as he thinks, from this dungeon business. But even against him I must defend my honour, for in truth my soul has been ever pure from all vain or sinful lusts, even as it is written (Tobias iii.). And though my father has proposed a bridegroom to me, yet up to this day I have constantly rejected him, partly for the sake of my poor grandmother, whose ghost admonished me, and partly that I might serve your gracious Highness as a pure honourable virgin."

HIS hearing so rejoiced the Duke, that he kissed her hand; but the fair young virgin, when she saw her father rise up and walk hither and thither in great agitation, began to weep, and ran to throw herself on his neck, sobbing forth: "Comfort yourself, dear father, it could not be otherwise, for when you uttered such hard words of your daughter, what could I do but defend my

honour, even against my own earthly father? Ah, dear father, it was the cruellest word your little daughter ever heard from you in her life, but one little kiss, and all will be right again!" The poor Knight now fairly sobs like a child, & at last stammers out: "Well, then, you must let me be present; if the devil takes my child, let him take me too along with him. I would rather be with my little daughter in hell, than without her in heaven" "Good Knight," answered Joel, "that may not be, only three can be present, the Duke, your daughter, and myself. I handle the intellectual vinculum or the conjuration. Diliana takes the elementary vinculum, as dove's blood, the blood of the field-mouse, virgin wax, and the censer, in her pure hands, and the Duke holds the astral vinculum, and questions the spirit" Still my Jobst answers: "It may not be, unless I am present." And the strife continued this wise for a good space, until it was at last agreed upon that the Knight should keep watch before the door with his drawn sword during the conjuration, and that in autumn, when the sun entered Libra, they would begin the great work.

JOBST now rose to take his leave, but his little daughter, Diliana, stood awhile silent, then blushed, looked upon the ground and spoke at last: "My Lord Duke, will your Grace make my father promise upon his knightly word, never to bring the young noble, George Putkammer, whom he has destined for my husband, into my presence from this day forth until after I have questioned the spirit? For I have a liking for the young knight, and I am but a poor weak thing, like our mother Eve and all other women; who knows what thoughts might rise in my heart, if I beheld his face or listened to his entreaties? and then the whole good work would come to nought, or perchance I might repent it my life long. I would, therefore, now rather go to Stramehl, where I can pray and become strong in spirit, so that perchance I shall find favour in the sight of the angel of God, as Hagar, the handmaid of Abraham, in the desert" Then the beautiful child folded her hands, and looked up to heaven with such trust and innocence, that all were moved, and the knight pledged his word to the Duke; after which he pressed his little lamb to his heart, and then both of them left the chamber of his Highness.

NOW the Duke was at last joyful, for he had hope in the great work, and fell upon his knees with the magister to pray God for mercy upon himself, his race, and the young virgin. Item: Promised by his honour to seek out and burn all the witches in the land, that so the kingdom of God might be built up, and the kingdom of the prince of this world sink to ruin and utter destruction. And on the following morning, he sent for Christian Ludecke (brother to the priest who had been bewitched to death), appointed him special witch-commissioner of the kingdom, and bade him search throughout the length and breadth of the land, and wherever he found one of these evil and accursed sorceresses, to burn her for the honour and glory of God. "Let him show no mercy towards this hell-brood of Satan, for the devil lately had become so powerful everywhere, but especially in dear Pomerania-land, that, if not prevented, he would soon pervert the whole people, and turn them away from the pure and blessed evangelical doctrine. Still, he must have them all tried fairly before the sheriff's court ere he tortured or burned. His brother of blessed memory had too long delayed the burning, therefore he must now be the more diligent; and, by next autumn, he trusted, with the help of God, to be able to burn Sidonia herself" Hereupon, my Ludecke wondered much that his Grace should be so confident about burning Sidonia, but answered bravely: "All should be done as his Highness wished; for since the cruel death of his poor brother, the priest, his motto was: 'Torture! Burn! Kill!' But would to God that his Highness could bind Sidonia's Familiar first, for he was a powerful spirit, every one said; and could not this learned magister exorcise him? The rumour went that he meant so to do." But his Grace rebuked such curiosity, and answered coldly: "He could not tell how the magister meant to proceed; but his (Ludecke's) duty lay clear before him; let him do it."

∴ An equally notorious witch-finder was one Hopkins of England. See Sir Walter Scott's "Letters upon Demonology & Witchcraft."

HEREUPON, my Ludecke looked rather confused, and took his leave. And soon after the witch burnings began in such fearful wise through the land, that in many parishes six or seven poor women, young or old, innocent or guilty, it was all the same, yea, even children of ten to twelve years, were yearly burned to powder; and by the wonderful providence of God, it happened that the burnings began first in Marienfliess, and truly with one of Sidonia's friends, the old pug-nosed hag of Uchtenhagen, whom I

have mentioned before, and that she visited Sidonia frequently; and this was the way of it: One day, Sidonia beat this same pug-nose most unmercifully with the broomstick, and chased her out into the convent square, still striking at her; which sight, however, the nuns little heeded, for this spectaculum was now so common that they only thanked their stars it was not their turn, and passed on. But Anna Apenborg met her by the well, and as the horrible old pug-nose was screeching and roaring at the top of her voice, and cursing Sidonia, she asked: "What now? What ailed her? What had she and the lady Sidonia been quarrelling about?" And some others came up, principally the wenches from the kitchen, to hear what all the roaring was for. Whereupon pug-nose told her story: "The cursed lady-witch had bid her lately go to the holy sacrament, and when she received the blessed wafer, to take the same out of her mouth privately, and bring it to her at Marienfliess, wherewith to feed her Familiar, whom she kept in the form of a toad. At this blasphemy she (pug-nose) remained silent, for she feared the hag and her anger; but, on the Sunday, she swallowed the bread, as other Christian people; whereupon Sidonia sends for her, pretending she had spinning to give her, but no sooner had she entered the room, than the terrible she-devil asked for the wafer; so she confessed she had swallowed it. How could she commit such a horrible sacrilege? At this the accursed witch ran at her with the broomstick, and beat her all the way down into the court". This story soon spread over the convent, and the priest's wife told it to the fish-seller, who came up there that day, bidding him run to her brother-in-law, Christian Ludecke, with the news of the last sorcery going on in the convent. This was a fine hearing to the witch-commissioner, who resolved instantly to seize pug-nose, and begin the burnings in the parish of Marienfliess, to frighten Sidonia, & keep her in check until autumn. So he took the executioner, with all the torture instruments, and a scriba along with him in the carriage, and set off for Uchtenhagen, where the old hag dwelt.

CHAPTER XIX. HOW CHRISTIAN LUDECKE BEGINS THE WITCH BURNINGS IN MARIEN-FLIESS, AND LETS THE POOR DAIRY-MOTHER DIE HORRIBLY ON THE RACK.

∴Ambrosius

NOW it happened about this time in Marien-fliess that the dairy-mother (I have tried to remember her name, but in vain, she was daughter to Trina Bergen I know, as is noticed libro secundo) sold a kid to the bailiff, Brose ∴ Bucher, grandson of that Jabel Bucher, who was going to burn old Wolde years before, which kid soon grew sick and died. Item, the bailiff's wife had quarrelled with the dairy-mother (ah, if I could remember her name) about the price, the said wife assured her husband the bailiff, that the dairy-mother had bewitched the kid to death out of spite, because she would not give her as much as she asked for it. This he easily credited, and talked of it to the country people, and now the old hag must be an evil witch, her mother indeed he knew had been in bad repute likewise, for how but by witchcraft could the poor little kid have died off all of a sudden? So all the malicious women's tongues were set going with their spinning wheels, and this poor worthy dairy-mother, whose piety, charity, and kindness I have noticed already, was in a few days the common talk of the parish.

ABOUT this time, Beatus Schact, the convent chaplain, was summoned to baptize a shepherd's dying child, and he had just packed up his book, when he observed through the window a wagon, drawn by four horses, coming down the Stargard-street, with the sound of singing from the persons within. Foremost on the wagon sit three official-looking personages, in scarlet mantles, & one of them bears a red banner, with a black cross thereon, in his hand. Behind them are three women bound, & the psalm which they chant is the death-psalm, "Now pray we to the Holy Ghost." As the priest looks upon this strange sight, bis dato, never seen in Pomerania-land, the wagon halts close by the church wall, & one of the men with the red mantles sounds a trumpet, so that all the people run to see what was going forward, and the priest runs likewise. Item; all the nuns gather thick at the convent gate, & peep over others' shoulders; for people think it must be pickle herring, or

some such strolling mummers come to exhibit to the folk during the evening.

MEANWHILE, a peasant observes that his own sister, Ussel, wife to a peasant at Pegelow, was one of the three poor wretches who sat there with bound hands. Whereupon he springs to the wagon, & asks with wonder, "Ussel, what brings thee here?" But, for answer she only pours forth tears and lamentations. However, Commissioner Ludecke (for you may well guess it was he with his witch-wagon) would not let them discourse further; but bid the peasant stand back, unless he wished the executioner to seize him and tear his hide for him; then speaks: "Know, good people, that our serene and gracious Prince and Lord, the illustrious and eminent Duke Francis George of Stettin, Pomerania, having heard that the devil is loose in our dear fatherland, and carries on his demon work, especially amongst the women-folk, tempting them into all horrible sorceries, filthiness, and ungodly deeds, has appointed me, Christian Ludecke (brother of your late pastor), to be witch-commissioner for the whole kingdom, that so I may purge the land by fire, bringing these devil's hags to their just punishment, for the great glory of God, & terror of all godless sorceresses, witches, and others in this or any other place. Ye are also to name me the honourable attorney-general, which also I am." Here the peasant cried out: "But his sister Ussel, who sat there bound upon the cart, was no witch, and every one knew that. His worship might take pity on her tears and let her free. She had a husband, and four innocent little children likewise; who would take care of them now?" "No, no," shouted Ludecke; "true sign that she is a witch since she howls! Had she a good conscience, wherefore should she do it? He came to know whether there was a witch, perchance, also in Marienfliess." Here the bailiff's wife nudged her husband in the side with her elbow, and whispers, "The dairy-mother," but the carl would not utter a word. So she screamed out herself: "Aye, there is the dairy-mother of the parish, a horrible old witch, as all the town knows." And here I have just bethought me of the name of the dairy-mother. It was Benigna Ficht, she was widow of old Ficht, the peasant. At this several voices cried out, "No, no;" but she screamed out: "Yea, yea! it was true; and her mother before her had been an evil witch and had let witches sit in her cellar, so that she must be a witch herself." ∴ This pleased the blood-thirsty attorney-general, and he asked, if the bailiff were present. And when my Brose stepped forward with a profound bow,

∴ This idea runs through all the witch trials: "Woe to the woman whose mother had been accused of witchcraft, she seldom got off with her life."

Ludecke went on: "Was this the case about the dairy-mother? Was she, in truth, an evil witch?" Whereupon his malicious wife nudged him again with her elbows in the side, till he answered: "Aye, the people say so." Ludecke continued: "Were there more witches in the place beside the dairy-mother?" The fellow was silent and seemed disturbed, until being menaced by the commissioner with all temporal and eternal punishment if he spoke not the truth, my Brose stepped up upon the wheel, and whispered in his ear, while he cast a frightened glance at the convent gate: "Ay, there is another, one of the convent sisters called Sidonia Bork, she is the very devil itself." But Ludecke seemed as though he could not believe him: "It was impossible; he had always heard that this lady was a model of all goodness, piety, and wisdom, who had healed the sheriff himself of some great sickness;" but he squinted all the time over at the convent gate, where the black robes were crowding, and then whispered the bailiff: "Is Sidonia amongst them, think you?" My carl squinted likewise at the gate, then whispered back again in his ear, "No, Sidonia is not there, as far as I can see." Meanwhile the pastor loci, a simple timid little man, as I have said, got up all his courage, & feeling it to be his duty to defend his parishioner, the poor dairy-mother, advanced to the wagon, saying: "Would his worship the lord attorney-general permit him a few words? He was the priest of the parish, had married the widow of his late brother, as no doubt his worship had heard by letters from his dear spouse. His duty compelled him to take the part of this poor dairy-woman, whose character evil tongues had blackened to his worship, for she was the most pious person in all the parish, and every evening brought her spinning along with other pious women to his house, to hear the blessed word of God, and be examined in the catechism; any one who knew her pious, honest life could not believe this of her" "So much the more likely she is a witch," cried Ludecke; "they are all hypocrites. Look at that pious and honest trio in the cart, how they cast down their eyes and look so innocent, and yet they were three of the vilest witches; for what made them look down, if it were not their evil conscience?"

NOW it happened, that just then old Wolde came limping by, with a new broom which she had bought in the town for Sidonia, no doubt to lay under the table, as she was wont; so Brose whispered: "Yea, yea, there was one hobbling by with the broom, and she was the worst of all, Sidonia's servant, old Wolde." Whereupon the commissioner thought within himself, how could

he terrify Sidonia more than by seizing her maid, and sending her to the rack and the stake. So he bid the executioner lay hold on that lame hag with the broom, and fling her into the cart along with the others. This was soon done; for, though old Wolde made some resistance, and screeched and roared, yet she was thrown down upon the ground, bound, and flung into the nest in spite of all.

GNNA Apenborg saw all this from the convent gate, and, to make friends with Sidonia, she ran to the refectory with the news of Ludecke's doings. Whereupon Sidonia, who knew the coward knave well, seized her broomstick and ran down the steps, beating the nuns right and left about the ears, who were gathered thick & black around the gate, so that they all flew screaming away, and then presented herself, glowing with fury, & brandishing her broomstick, to the eyes of the terrified Ludecke, whereat all the four hags cried out from the wagon: "Help us, O Lady Prioress! Help us, O Lady Prioress!" And Sidonia screamed in answer, "I come, I come!" swung her broomstick and called out, "Wait, thou accursed quill-driver, wait!" But my Ludecke no sooner saw her rushing at him, with her thin, white hair flying about her face, than he jumped from the cart, & took to his heels so fast that nothing could be seen of him through the dust he raised, but the bright nails of his shoes, as he scampered away to the furze bushes. Item; followed the scriba, and lastly the executioner, to the great amusement of the common folk, who stood round the wagon, and now laughed and gibed at the authorities. Then the aforementioned peasant jumped upon the cart, and cut the cords that bound his sister, Ussel, and the others. Whereat they likewise took to their heels and went hither and thither, to hide themselves in the wood, while old Wolde returned calmly with Sidonia to the convent, and two of the hags got clear off, & were fed by their kinsfolk, I take it, for months in the pits and hollow trees where they had sheltered themselves, for never a trace could Ludecke get of them more, though he searched day and night in every village, and house, and nook, and corner. But Pug-nose, who was half blind with fright, in place of running away ran straight up into the very mouth of the executioner, who was crouching with the clerk his master behind a thorn-bush. Eh, how she roared when Master Hansen stretched out his arm and caught hold of her by the coat! Then he bound her again, and so she was carried to the sheriff's house, for Ludecke had set up his quarters with Sheriff Sparling, and that same day he resolved to open the

criminal commission nomine serenissima with Pug-nose. Summa: The hag confessed upon the rack, to Sidonia being a witch, and named several other women besides. So my Ludecke has to write off for another executioner and seven bailiffs, fearing his own would have more work on their hands than they could do. And every day messengers were despatched to Stargard with bundles of indictments and writs. And in the sheriff's-court, day after day, there was nothing but trying witches and condemning them, and torturings, and burnings. And though many saved themselves by flight, and others got off with only a sharp reprimand, yet in four weeks no less than four wretched women were burned close by Sidonia's window, so that she might see them smoking to powder. And Pug-nose was the first whom the blood-thirsty knave ordered to be burned (I say nothing against that, for it is all right and according to law), but the bloodhound went rather beyond the law sometimes, thinking to terrify Sidonia, for it was the custom to build a sort of little chamber at top of the pile within which the wretched victims were bound, so that they could be stifled by the smoke before the flames reached them. But he would allow of no little chamber, and had a stake erected on the summit of the pile, round which an iron chain was fastened, and to the end of this chain the miserable criminal: & truly many hearts were moved with pity when Pug-nose was fastened to the stake, and the pile was lit, seeing how she ran right and left to escape the flames, with the chain clattering after her, in her white death-shift, stitched with black, which Sidonia gave out she made for her out of pure Christian charity, screaming horribly all the while, till finally the fire blazed up over her, and she fell down a blackened heap.

THREE weeks after, three more women were burned upon three separate piles, on the same day, and at the same hour, straight in view of Sidonia's window; and they likewise each one were bound to the chain, and their screams were heard plainly as far as Stargard. And for four miles round, the smell of roast human flesh was plainly perceptible, which, as every one knows, has quite a different odour from any other burned flesh. Yet the death of the poor dairy-mother was still more horrible if possible, and though it may well make my tears to flow again, yet I will relate it. But tears here, tears there, what will it help?

SO to begin: My worthy father-in-law, M. Beutzius, formerly court-chaplain, but who had lately been made general-superintendent, by Duke Francis, for the reason before-mentioned, went about this time to attend the synod, at the little town of Jacobshagen; and on his way home, in the morning about eleven o'clock (for he had slept at Stargard) while passing the court-house at Marienfliess, had his attention attracted by two young peasant girls, who were standing before a window wringing their hands and screaming as piteously as if the world itself were going to be destroyed. He stopped his coach instantly, listened, & then distinctly heard groans proceeding from the little room; but the sound was so hollow and unnatural, that two pigs that were rooting up the earth near him, lifted up their snouts. As soon as they heard it, they started off in fright, then stopped and stood listening and trembling in the distance. So my worthy father-in-law called out, while his hair stood on end with terror, "Children, for the love of God, what is the matter?" But the poor girls, for their sobbing and weeping, could utter nothing but "Our mother! our poor mother!" Upon which he sprang from the coach, advanced closer, & asked: "What is it, poor girls? what has happened?" "Oh, sir!" answered one at last, our poor innocent mother has been lying two whole hours on the rack within there, and the savage knaves won't leave their breakfast to come and release her!" So the good man looked shudderingly through the window, and there beheld the unfortunate dairy-mother lying bound half-naked upon a plank, so that her white hair swept the ground. And her hands were bound round her neck, and under each arm lay a coal-pan, from which a blue flame ascended as if sulphur were burning therein, so that her arms were burned quite black already. "My God! where is the executioner?" screamed my father-in-law, and when the girl sobbing, pointed to the tavern, the man ran off as quick as he was able the whole way to the place, where the executioner and his fellows sat by the beer-jug, laughing and making merry. And when he arrived, the old man's breath was well nigh gone, and he could scarcely tell of the horrors he had seen and heard; but when he had ended, the executioner answered, he could not help it. "His worship, the attorney-general, was at breakfast likewise at the court-house, and had the keys. When he was done he would send for them." The worthy priest then ran back again all the way from the tavern to the court-house, as quick as he could, but stopping his ears the while as he came nearer, not to hear

the groans of the poor dairy-mother, & the screams of her daughters, who were running hither and thither round the walls, as if indeed the wretched girls had quite lost their senses. And at last he reached the sheriff's quarter, where another kind of roaring saluted his ears, I mean the shouts and laughter of the drunken noisy crew within. For the ferocious blood-hound, Christian Ludecke, had invited friends over from Old Stettin, and there they all sat, Sheriff Sparling too, amongst them, round the table like coupled hounds, for a fine metal wire had been passed through all their ears as they sat drinking, so that none could go away without having his ear torn by the wire. Or if one of the beastly drunken pigs swilled so much, that he fell under the table, and his ear tore in consequence, it was a source of great laughter and merriment to the other pigs. When the old man beheld this, he thought that between grief, anger, and horror, he would have fallen to the ground. And for a long while he stood gazing at the scene, unable to utter a word, whilst they roared to him to take his place, and shoved the wine-can over: "But he must have his ear pierced first like the others;" for the good old laws were in force here, and he must drain the cup at a draught till his breath was gone, and his two cheeks remained full, this was the true Pomeranian draught. At this beastly proposition, the pious priest crossed himself, and at last got out the words, "Mercy for the criminal; mercy for the poor dairy-mother!" At this, the attorney-general, Christian Ludecke, clapped his hand upon his forehead, exclaiming, "'Fore God, it is true, I have let that cursed hag lie on the rack these two hours. I forgot all about her. Send to the executioner, and bid him release her. Let her rest for to-day" "And you could forget a fellow-creature thus!" exclaimed the priest, with indignation. "Oh! you are more savage than an heathen, or the very brute beasts there without, who trembled at the groans of the poor martyr! yea, hell itself could not be more merciless!" "What, thou cursed parson!" cried the commissioner, starting from his seat in fury. But just then, as he sprang up, the wire tore through his ear, and the red blood flowed down upon his fine white ruff, whereat the others burst out into a yell of laughter, which increased the villain's fury ten times more. "Now the damned hag should stay on the rack till night. What did people mean coming with begging prayers for the devil's brood? As well pray mercy for the devil himself: the reverend parson was very tender about his friends the witches." At which he laughed so loud that the roof rang, and all the others roared in chorus. But the priest replied gravely: "I shall repeat every word you have

uttered to his Highness the Duke, with a statement of how I found ye all employed, unless this instant you give orders to release the dairy-mother". "Never! never!" shouted the bloodhound, and struck the table till the glasses rang. "What is it to thee, damned priest? I am witch-commissioner of Pomerania; and his Highness expressly charged me to show no mercy to these cursed devil's hags, therefore, I am ready to answer to God, the Prince, and my conscience, for what I do."

HOWEVER, my worthy father-in-law had scarcely left the room, sighing deeply at his unsuccessful mission, when the coward despatched his scriba with the keys to release the dairy-mother; but it was too late, the horrible agony had already killed her; and when the hands of the corpse were unbound, both arms fell of themselves to the ground, out of the sockets. ∴

CHAPTER XX. WHAT SIDONIA SAID TO THESE DOINGS, ITEM, WHAT OUR LORD GOD SAID; AND, LASTLY, OF THE MAGICAL EXPERIMENT PERFORMED UPON GEORGE PUTKAMMER & DILIANA, IN OLD STETTIN.

I THINK my bloodhound gained his end at last respecting Sidonia; for truly a terrible anguish fell upon her, a foretaste of that hell-anguish she would one day suffer, I take it; yet she only betrayed this terror by the disquietude of her bearing, & the uneasiness which she exhibited day and night; item, through an increase of her horrible hypocrisy, which grew more flagrant than ever; for now, standing or going, her eyes were turned up to heaven, and three or four times a day she com-

∴ Such scenes & satanic cruelty of beastly debauch, mingled together with the proceedings of justice, were very frequent during the witch-trials. How would it rejoice me if, upon contemplating this present age, I could exclaim with my whole heart, "What progression, infinite progression, in manners and humanity!" But, alas! our modern laws, with their womanish feebleness, and sentimental whimperings, sin quite as much against a lofty and noble justice as those of earlier times, by their tyrannical and cannibal ferocity. And yet now, as then, conscience is appealed to as the excuse for all. Oh! conscience, conscience! how wilt thou answer for all that is laid upon thee! To-day, for example, it is a triumphal denial of God and thy Saviour Jesus Christ: a crime at which a Ludecke would have shuddered, even as we shudder now at his; and yet no sense of shame or disquietude seems to pass over thee, although by the Word of God thy crime is a thousandfold greater than his. (Matt. xii. 31; John viii. 24; Ephes. v. 6.)

pelled the nuns to attend prayers in the chapel. Yet when the news was brought her, that the coward knave, Christian Ludecke, had extolled her virtues himself to the bailiff, Brose, she concluded that he meant nothing serious with her. However, she continued sending Anna Apenborg diligently to the sheriff's house, to pick up all the gossip she could from the servants and others. And at length Anna brought word, that a maid at the court-house said, the scriba said, in confidence, that his Grace of Stettin said, Sidonia should be burned next autumn.

HEN Sidonia heard this, she turned as pale as a corpse, and her breath seemed stifling, but, recovering herself soon, attempted to smile, turned up her eyes to heaven, and, sighing, said, "He that walketh innocently, walketh surely" (Prov. x. 9). And then rang for the nuns to go and pray in the chapel. Yet that same day, when she heard of the fearful death of the dairy-mother, she turned her hypocritical mouth to another tune, raged, and stormed, & abused the blood-thirsty savage of a commissioner, who had let the most pious person of the whole parish die so horribly on the rack: then bid the whole chapter assemble in her room, to state the matter to his Highness, for if these evil doings went on, not even the most innocent amongst them was safe from a like bitter death. Whereupon Anna Apenborg, who had grown the bravest of all, since she found that Sidonia could not do without her, said: "But, gracious Lady Prioress, you yourself accused the dairy-mother of witchcraft, when you came back from Stettin, and found the poor priest in his coffin!" which impertinence, however, my hag so resented, that she hit Anna a blow on the mouth, and exclaimed in great wrath, "Take that, for thy impudence, thou daring peasant wench!" But, calming herself in a moment, added, "Ah, good Anna, is it not human to err? have you never been deceived yourself?"

Summa: The nuns must write and sign. Whereupon my Ludecke, out of fear of Sidonia's revenge, withdrew to Saatzig, after the death of the dairy-mother; from thence to Dolitz, Pyritz, and so on, still faithful to his motto: "Torture! burn! kill!" for he found as many witches as he pleased in every place; so that the executioner, Curt Worger, who, when he first arrived at Marienfliess, wore nothing but a sorry grey mantle, now appeared decked out like a noble, in a bright scarlet cloak; item, a hat with a red feather, a buff jerkin, and jack-boots with gilded spurs; neither would he sit any longer on the cart with the witches, but rode by the side of the commissioner, on a

jet black horse, which carried a red flag between its ears; & his drawn sword rested upon his shoulder. Thus they proceeded through the land; and upon entering a town, the executioner always struck up a Psalm, in which not only the attorney-general and his secretary frequently joined, but also the wretched witches themselves who sat in the cart.

AND though the Duke received complaints daily, not only from the priest Beutzius, and the convent, but from every town where the special commission was held, of the horrible cruelties practised and permitted by his Grace's officials; yet the Duke remained firm in his determination to root out witchcraft, by these or any means; for whatever the ferocious blood hound, Ludecke, prated to his Highness, the Duke believed, and therefore would say nothing against any of his acts. But our Lord God had a great deal to say against them; for observe all the signs and wonders that appeared about this time through different parts of the land, which brought many a one to serious reflection.

FIRST, some women, who were seeking meal & pease at Pyritz, found the mess changed into blood; baked bread likewise the same. And a like miracle happened at Wriezen also, for the deacon, Caspar Rohten, preached a sermon on the occasion, which has since been printed. Item: At Stralsund there was a red rain; yea, the whole sea had the appearance as if it were turned into blood; and some think this was a foreshadowing of the great and real blood-rain at Prague; and of all the evils which afterwards fell upon our whole German fatherland. Next the news was brought to court, that, at the same hour, on the same night, strange and supernatural voices were heard at the following places in Pomerania:

1. Wedderwill, a house, as every one knows, close to Stramehl, and the birth-place of Sidonia.
2. Egessen, a town near Uckermund, at the other end of Pomerania.
3. Hohenmoeker, near Demmin.
4. Pyritz, the town where the witch-burnings had raged the most cruelly.
5. Oderkrug, close to his Grace in Stettin.
6. Marienfliess, where Sidonia defied man, and blasphemed God, and organised all the evil that fell upon the land.

∴ Weh is called Woe, and Pomerania, Pommern in the original.

NOW when the Duke read this account he was filled with horror, that heaven itself should cry: 'Woe!" for when he placed the initial letters of each town together, he observed, to his dismay, that they read: "Weh Pom." ∴ Yet as the last syllable, mern, was wanting, the Duke comforted himself, and thought: "Perhaps it is the other Pomerania, where my cousin, Philip Julius, rules, over which God has cried, 'Woe.'" So he wrote letters; but, alas! received for answer, that in the self-same night the strange voices had been heard in the following places:

Eixen, a town near Franzburg.

Rappin, in Rugen.

Netzelkow, on the island of Usdom. Thus passing directly across the land.

YET the Duke had some little comfort remaining, for there was an m wanting, people always wrote Pommern, not Pomern, therefore by this the All-merciful God showed that he meant to preserve one m, that is a man, of the noble Pomeranian house, whereby to build it up & make it flourishing again. To this faith he clung in his sore grief; & Dr. Joel further comforted him about the angel, saying that he would assuredly tell him what the sign denoted, and this m in particular, which was kept back from the word Pomerania. But the magister knew right well, as many others, though they would not tell the Duke, that the Lord God had spelled the word correctly; for the name in the Wendisch and Polish tongues is Pomorswa, spelt with but one m, and means a land lying by the sea, and therefore many of the old people still wrote Pomern for Pommern. Had the Duke, however, as well as his princely brothers, heard of the awful appearances which accompanied the voices in every place, methinks they would have despaired utterly. For the clouds gathered themselves into forms resembling each of the four princely Dukes in succession, as like as if a painter had drawn them upon the sky; thence they were, each lying on his black bier, from east to west, in the clear moonlight of heaven.

AND his Highness, Duke Francis, was the first, lying on his bier, with his hair combed a la Nazarene, as was his custom, and his face turned to the moon, behind which he presently disappeared. Next came Duke Adalricus, and his face was so distinct that it seemed cut out of paper, lying there in his coffin; &

he, too, sank behind the moon, and was seen no more. Philip Julius of Wolgast was the third, and the blessed moon shone bright upon his black moustache in the coffin; & lastly, woe, alas! Whereupon night and darkness fell upon the sky. ∴

BUT these fearful signs were as carefully concealed from their Highnesses as if the whole people had conspired to keep the secret; besides, the figures were not observed at every place where the voices sounded. However, Dr. Joel himself came to the conclusion, in his own mind, that, after these open declarations from heaven, it would be quite useless to consult the angel. Nevertheless, to calm the mind of the Duke, he resolved to go through with the conjuration if possible; at least, he might bind the hell-dragon of Marienfliess, and save others from her evil spells, if even the Duke and his illustrious race were already doomed.

NOW, having cast Sidonia's nativity, he found that the time in which alone her powerful evil spirit or Familiar could be bound, coincided exactly with that in which the sun-angel might be made to appear, thus the helpless hag could be seized at Marienfliess without danger or difficulty, at this precise hour or moment. So he determined to commence his conjuration at once by the magical blood-letting, and for this purpose wrote the following letter to Diliana, with which his Highness instantly despatched a horseman to Stramehl:

∴ ∴ ∴

Jesus!

"Noble and Pure Virgin: Having found, ex navitate Sidoniæ, that it is possible to bind her evil spirit just at the moment in which we three stand within the circle to question the sun-angel, we must seek out a brave youth in Marienfliess whom you trust, & who by nature is so sympathetical with you, that he will experience the same sensations in his body while there, precisely at the same moment in which they are excited in you at Old Stettin. This can be accomplished only by the magic bleeding, performed upon you both; therefore I pray you, in the name of his Highness, to communicate with such an one, if so be there is a youth in whom you place trust, and by the next new moon come with him to Old Stettin, where I shall perform the magic bleeding on you both, that no time may be lost in commencing this mighty work, which, by God's help, will save the land. God keep you. Pray for me!

"Your servant to command,

"Old Stettin, 19th June, 1618. "M. Joel."

∴ Latin note of Bogislaff XIV. "Tunc ego ipse, nonne? hoc nobis infelicibus bene taciturnitate nostrum cohibitum est; Elector Brandenburgiæ sane omnia rapiet!" (Then I myself, is it not so? This was kept secret from us unfortunates. The Elector of Brandenburg will rob all) Then in German he added: "Yet the Lord is my light, of whom then shall I be afraid? Ah, that my poor soul, in truth, rested calm in heaven! For I am ready to be offered up like St. Paul (meaning through Wallenstein): 'Would that the time of my departure were at hand!' 2. Tim. iv. 6. Yea, come & take my heritage, George of Brandenburg, I am weary of this life."

THIS letter grieved the young virgin, for she saw the magister would not cease his importunities. Nevertheless, to show her obedience to his Highness, and by the advice of her cousin Bastien, she consented to undertake the journey. Bastien likewise offered willingly to go through the magic bleeding along with her, but the maiden declined, and wrote privately to George Putkammer at Pansin the following letter:

"Be it known to you, Sir Knight, that his Highness of Stettin has solicited my aid in a mighty magic-work, and desired me to seek out a youth in whom I trust, that magister Joel of Grypswald may perform a magic bleeding upon us. So I have selected you, and desire therefore to meet you on St. John the Baptist's day, by ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the castle of Old Stettin. But my father of Saatzig is to know nothing of the matter; and you must promise neither to look upon me, nor sigh, nor press my hand, nor speak of marriage, whether we be alone or not. In this I trust to your knightly honour and noble nature.

"Stramehl, 22nd July, 1618. "Diliana Bork."

SO on the appointed day Diliana arrived at the castle of Stettin, and his Highness was rejoiced to see her, and bade the magister, Joel himself, to bring all sorts of dainties for her refreshment, in order that the lacqueys might not be coming in and out, spying at what was going on. And immediately after, the court-marshal flung open the door a second time, and my young knight appeared (marry, how handsome he looked!), dressed just like a bridegroom! He wore a buff doublet, with sleeves of blue satin, bordered with scarlet velvet; scarlet hose broidered in gold. Item: Spanish boots with gold spurs, and round his throat a ruff of the finest lace; item, ruffles of the same. So with his long sword by his side he entered, carrying his plumed beaver in his hand; & truly he blushed up to his very ears when he beheld Diliana seated there in her pomp and beauty, and he stammered and cast down his eyes upon his boots when the Duke addressed him, so that his Highness grew provoked, and exclaimed: "What the devil, young man! have you an evil conscience? Can you not look any one straight in the face?"

At this the young knight lifted his eyes boldly, and fixing them upon his Grace, answering haughtily: "My Lord Duke, I can look the devil himself straight in the face, if need be; but what is this comedy which you are about to play with me & this young maiden?"

This speech offended his Highness. "It was no mumming work they had in hand, but a grave and serious matter, which, as he did not understand, the magister would explain to him."

SO my magister began, and demonstrated the whole opus theurgicum; but the knight is as unbelieving as Jobst, and says: "But what need of the angel? Can we not do the business ourselves? My Lord Duke, it is now eleven o'clock; give me permission, & by this hour to-morrow morning Sidonia shall be here in a pig-sack. And long ago I would have done this of myself, or stabbed her with my dagger for her late evil deeds, if your Grace had not forbade me so to do at the burial of our gracious Lord, Duke Philip II. The devil himself must laugh at our cowardice, that we cannot seize an old withered hag whom a cowboy of ten years old would knock down with his left hand" To which his Highness answered: "You are fool-hardy, young man, to esteem so lightly the power of her evil spirit; for know that it is a mighty and terrible spirit, who could strangle you as easily as he has murdered others, for all your defiant speeches! Therefore we must conquer him by other means; and for this reason I look with hope to the appearance of the angel, who will teach us, perhaps, how to remove the spell from my illustrious race, which Sidonia's inhuman malice has laid on them, making them to perish childless off the face of the earth. If even you succeeded in seizing her, how would this help? She would revenge herself by standing there deaf and mute as a corpse, & would sooner be burned at the stake than speak one word that would remove this great calamity from our house" Then the knight said, "He would never consent that Diliana should run the great danger of citing a spirit" Which, when the maiden heard, she grew as red as the young knight when he first entered, and said with a grave & haughty mien: "Sir knight, who gave you any right over my words or works? There may be other men in whom I place trust as well as you; and speak but another word of the like nature, and I will prove it to you by my acts" Marry, that was a slap on the mouth to my young knight, who grew as red as scarlet, and cast down his eyes upon his boots, while M. Joel began to demonstrate the magic blood-letting to them as follows:

SEE here, young knight, and you, fair virgin, here are two little boxes of white ivory, of the same size and weight; and see, within each of them is suspended a little magnet, both cut from one loadstone, and round in a circle are all the letters of the alphabet. Now, let each of you take a little box, carrying it delicately, and by its help you can converse with each other though you were a hundred miles apart. This sympathy between you is established by means of the magic blood-letting. I make an incision in each of your arms, placed together in the form of a cross, then touch the knight's wound with the blood of the virgin, and the virgin's with the blood of the knight, so will your blood be mingled; and then, if one of you press the wound on the arm, the other will feel the same pressure sympathetically on the arm at the same instant, though ye be ever so far removed from one another. Now suppose that you, fair maiden, feel a pressure suddenly on the wound in your arm, you place the magnet box thereon, and the needle will point of itself, by sympathy, to the letters necessary to form a word, which word will be the same as that found by the magnet of the knight, who will likewise have the box on his arm at the same moment; thus ye can read each other's thoughts instantaneously, & this results entirely from the laws of sympathy, as described by the renowned Abbot Johannes Trithemius, and Hercules de Sunde" To all this my knight made no answer, but seemed much disturbed. However, the magister ordered him to retire into the next chamber and remove his doublet. Item, he bade the young maiden likewise to take off her robe, seeing that the sleeves were very tight. It was a blue silk bodice she had on, trimmed round the bosom with golden fringe, & a mantle of yellow silk embroidered in violets and gold. Now the maiden was angry at first with the magister for his request, but laughed afterwards, when she thought of Dorothea Stettin, and her absurdities with the doctor So she said: "Here, cut open my sleeve, it matters not. I have more dresses with me at my lodging." This my magister does immediately, and draws forth the beautiful arm white as a snow flake, throws the sleeve back upon the shoulder, and places Diliana with her face turned towards the window on a seat which his Highness the Duke laid for her himself, while he exclaimed earnestly: "Now, Diliana, guard thy soul well from any evil thought!" Hereupon the poor young virgin began to weep, & said: "Ah! my Lord Duke, I have indeed need to pray for support, but I will look up to the Lord my Saviour, whose strength is made perfect in my weakness. Now

the young knight may come, but let me not see him" On this, the magister called in the young man and sat him on the same seat with Diliana, but back to back. Then he stepped to one side, and looking at them, said: "Eh, my Lord Duke, see the beautiful James's head, That betokens good luck. Pity that the yonker has no beard! Young man, you have more hair on your teeth than on your chin, I take it. ∴ Why do you not scrape diligently; shall I give you a receipt?" But the knight made no answer, only grew red for shame. Whereupon my magister left off jesting; and taking the young man's arm, laid it upon the maiden's, in the form of a cross, then opened a vein in each, murmuring some words, while the blood-stream poured down into two silver cups which were held by his Highness the Duke.

∴ Having hair on the teeth means being a brave, fearless person, one who will stand up boldly for his own.

BUT, woe! my knight sinks down in a dead faint off his side of the coach to the ground. Which, when Diliana heard, she springs up with her arm still bleeding, and exclaims: "The knight is dead! Oh, save the knight!" Then the poor child wept. "Ah, what will become of me? What is this you mean to do with us?" So the magister gave over the young knight to the care of his Highness, who held a smelling-flask to his nose, while Dr. Joel took some of his blood and poured it into Diliana's arm, after which he bound it up. And then, when the young knight began to recover, she hastened, weeping, out of the apartment, saying: "Tell the knight not to touch his arm. When there is necessity I shall press mine. Farewell, gracious Lord Duke, & help me day and night with the sixth petition in the Lord's Prayer!" And she would not return, though the Duke called out after her: "A word, one word!" Item, M. Joel: "Bring a shift with you that belonged to your grandmother! Nothing can be done unless you bring this with you!" She hastens on to the inn, and when the knight recovered sufficiently to follow after her, behold there was her carriage already crossing the Oder-bridge, which so afflicted him, that the tears poured from his eyes, and he cursed the whole world in his great love-agony, particularly his Grace, the magister, and the ghost of Clara. For to these three he imputed all the grievous vexations and misfortunes he endured with regard to the fair maiden. Yet he lived in hope that she would soon press her wounded arm, and thus establish a sympathy of thought between them. So he set spurs to his horse and rode back again to his good castle of Pansin.

CHAPER XXI. OF THE AWFUL AND MAJESTIC APPEARANCE OF THE SUN-ANGEL, OCH.

AT last the blessed autumn arrived, & found my Ludecke still torturing and burning, & Sidonia still practising her evil sorceries upon man and beast, of which, however, it would be tiresome here to notice all the particulars. And on the 11th day of September, Jobst & his fair daughter arrived at Old Stettin, where the Knight again tried to remonstrate with his Highness about the conjuration, but without any success as we may easily suppose. Thereupon the Duke and the magister commenced a discipline of fastings. Item, every day they had magic baths, and this continued up to the midnight of the 22nd day, when they at last resolved to begin the great work, for the sun entered Libra that year on the 23rd day of September, at twenty minutes after 2 o'clock a.m.

SO they all three put on garments of virgin-white linen, and Diliana drew over hers a shift which had belonged to her grandmother of blessed memory, Clara von Dewitz, for she had not omitted to bring one with her, having searched for it with great diligence. Then she said to the magister: "Much do I wish to ask the angel, wherefore it is that God gives such power to Satan upon the earth? No man hath yet answered me on this point. May I dare to ask the angel?" Hereupon he answered, "She might fearlessly do it, he was himself curious." So they conversed, and meantime placed caps on their heads, made likewise of virgin linen, with the Holy Tetragrammaton ∴ bound thereon. Then the magister taking a hazel-wand in his right hand, placed the magic circle upon his breast with the left, which circle was made of parchment, and carved all over with magic characters, and taking up his book, bade the Duke bear the vinculum of the heavenly bodies, that is, the signet of the spirit; item, Diliana, the vinculum of the earthly creature, as her own pure body, the blood of the white dove, of the field-mouse, incense, and swallow's feathers. Whereupon, he lastly made the sign of the cross, and led the way to the great knights' hall, which was already illuminated with magic lights of virgin wax, according to his directions.

∴ I have observed before, this was the name Jehovah, in the Hebrew.

NOW, as they all stepped out of the door in their white robes and high caps, shaped like the mitre of a bishop, there stood my Jobst in the corridor, purple with anguish and bathed in sweat. He would go with them; & when the magister put him back, saying, "impossible," the poor Knight began to sob, embraced his little daughter, "for who could tell whether he would ever see his only joy upon earth alive again? Ah, into what straits had the Duke brought him & his dear little daughter?" However the magister bade him be of good heart for that no evil could happen to his fair daughter, seeing that she had again & again assured him of her pure virgin soul; but they must lose no time now, if the Knight chose to stand outside he might do so. To this Jobst consented, but when the three others had entered the knight's hall, my magister turned round to bolt the door, on which the alarmed father shook the door violently: "He would never consent to have it bolted; if it were, he would burst it in with a noise that would waken the whole castle. He was a father, & if any danger were in there, he could spring in and save his poor little worm, or die with her, if need be." So the magister consented at last not to bolt the door, but clapped it to, so that the Knight could not peep through. He was not to be outwitted, however; drew off his buff doublet, took out a gimlet from his pocket, bored a hole in the door, laid his hat upon the doublet, took his naked sword between his legs, & resting both hands firmly on the hilt, bent down & placed his eye at the gimlet-hole, through which he could distinctly see all that passed in the room. And the three walked up to the centre of the hall, where the magic lights were burning, and the magister unloosed the circle from his breast and spread it out upon the ground, as far as it would reach, then he drew a figure with white chalk at each of the four corners, like interlaced triangles, and taking the vinculum of the heavenly creature, or the signet of the sun-angel, which was written with the blood of a coal-black raven upon virgin parchment, out of the hand of the Duke, hung it upon a new dagger, which no man had ever used, and fixed the same in circle towards the north: "For," said he, "the spirit will come from the north, only watch well for the little white cloud that always precedes him, & be not alarmed at anything, for I have too often practised this conjuration to anticipate danger now."

AFTER all this was done, & the pan of perfume, with the vinculum of the earthly creature, had been placed in the centre, the magister spake: "In the name of God the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!" And stepped from the north side the first into the circle, within which he kneeled down & repeated a beautiful prayer. And the two others responded "Amen." Whereupon the wise Theurgist, the brave priest of the grand primitive old faith, rose up, made the sign of the cross at the north, and began the conjuration of the angel with a loud voice. They were harsh and barbarous words that he uttered, which no one understood, and they lasted a good paternoster long; after which, the priest stopped and said: "Gracious Prince, lay the left hand upon the vinculum of the heavenly creature: virgin, step with thy left foot upon the signet of the spirit, in the north of the circle. After the third pausa he must appear."

WITH these words he began the conjuration again; but, behold, as it was ended, a form appeared, not at the north but at the south, and glided on in a white, bloody shroud, until it reached the centre of the circle. At this sight the magister was transfixed with horror, and made the sign of the cross, then said in an agitated voice: "All good spirits praise God the Lord!" Upon which the spirit answered, "In eternity. Amen!" Whilst Diliana exclaimed: "Grandmother! grandmother! art thou indeed her spirit?" So the spirit glided three times round the circle, with a plaintive wailing sound, then stopped before Diliana, & making the sign of the cross, said: "Daughter, take that shift of mine from off thee, it betokens misfortune. It is No. 7, and see, I have No. 6 for my bloody shroud." Whereupon it pointed to the throat, where indeed, the red number 6 was plainly discernible. Diliana spake: "Grandmother, how did these things come to pass?" But the spirit laid the forefinger on its mouth in silence. Whereupon she asked again: "Grandmother, art thou happy?" The spirit answered: "I hope to become so, but take off that shift, the angel must soon appear; it will be Sidonia's death shroud." As the spirit said these words it disappeared again towards the south, whereupon the Knight at the gimlet-hole, cried out: "There was some one here, was it the angel?" "No, no," screamed Diliana, while she quickly stepped out of the circle, and drew off the shift. "No, it was my poor grandmother!" "Silence," cried the magister; "for God's sake, no talking more, we have already lost ten

seconds by that ghost. Now quick with the vinculum of the earthly creature! My Prince, strew the incense upon the burner; virgin, dip the swallow's feathers in the blood of the white dove, and streak my two lips with them. Now all be still if you value your life. Eternity is listening to us, & the whole apartment is full of invisible spirits."

WHEN he repeated the conjuration for the third time, and, behold, at the last word, a white cloud appeared at the north, that at every moment became brighter & brighter until a red pillar of light, about an arm's thickness, shot forth from the centre of it, and the most exquisite fragrance with soft tones of music were diffused over the whole north end of the hall; then the cloud seemed to rain down radiant flowers of hues and beauty such as earth had never seen, after which a tremendous sound, as if a clap of thunder, shook not only the castle to its foundation, but seemed to shake heaven and earth itself, and the cloud, parting in twain, disclosed the sun-angel in the centre. Yet the Knight outside never heard this sound, nor did old Kruger, the Duke's boot-cleaner, who sat in the very next room reading the Bible; he merely thought that the clock had run down in the corridor, and sent his wife out to see, and this seems to me a very strange thing, but the Knight, through his gimlet-hole, saw plainly, that a chair, which they had forgotten to take out of the way of the angel at the north side, was utterly consumed by his presence, and when he had passed, lay there a heap of ashes. And the angel in truth appeared in the form of a beautiful boy of twelve years old, and from head to foot shone with a dazzling light. A blue mantle, sown with silver stars, was flung around him, but so glittering to the eye that it seemed a portion of the milky way he had torn from heaven, as he passed along, & wrapped round his angelic form. On his feet, rosy as the first clouds of morning, were bound golden sandals, and on his yellow hair a crown; and thus surrounded by radiant flowers, odours, and the soft tones of heavenly music, he swept down in grace & glorious beauty to earth. When the Theurgist beheld this, he fell on his knees along with the others, & prayed:

WE praise thee, we bless thee, we adore thee, O lofty spirit of God (thou throne-angel of the Almighty!) that thou hast deigned by the word of our father Adae, by the word of our father Henoch, and by the word of our father Noah, to enter the darkness of this our second world, and appear before our eyes. Help us, blessed angel! Help us!"

AND the angel said: "What will ye?" Here the Duke took heart, and gave for answer: "Lord, an evil witch, a devil's sorceress, wickeder than anything yet known upon earth, Sidonia Bork by name" But the angel let him continue no further, and with a glance of terrible anger exclaimed: "Silence, thou drunken man of blood!" Then, looking upon Diliana, murmured softly: "Speak, thou pure and blessed maiden!" At this the virgin took courage, & answered: "Our gracious Prince would know how the evil spirit of my cousin Sidonia can be overcome." "Seize Wolde first," replied the angel, "then the evil spirit of Sidonia will become powerless. What wouldst thou know further?" Hereupon the modest maiden blushed, stammered, and looked down; then from awe and terror, scarcely knowing what she said, made answer: "Behold, thy servant would know wherefore the All-mighty and All-merciful God hath, since the beginning of time, allowed so much power to Satan over his creatures, the works of his own hands?"

THEN the angel spake: "That is a grave and serious question, maiden, and the answer would be above thy comprehension; yet this much will I explain to thee: if there were no devil and no evil, many attributes of the Almighty God our Lord would have remained for ever hid from you, children of humanity, as well from us, spirits of heaven. Therefore, from the beginning, hath God permitted such power to the devil as might show forth these his attributes to the wondering universe. First, after the fall, his justice was revealed, as you have seen displayed in the old covenant, and this attribute could never have been manifested unless evil and the devil had entered into the world. Now, thought the devil, when he beheld the manifestation of this terrible attribute, the whole human race must fall for ever to perdition, and the Lord God must be the first to murder the work of his own hands. But lo! before heaven and earth, the great God manifested two new attributes; namely, mercy and love, for he fulfilled his word given to Satan in Paradise. The serpent-treader entered into the world, and oh! infinite wonder! heaven and earth, which till then had seen God but in his goodness, now beheld his love bleed from the wounds of his Son on Golgotha, and the world reconciled to him for ever, through Christ. Yet Satan still thinks to regain his lost dominion over the world; therefore it shall come to pass that the Lord will suffer him to become a mock

and derision to all mankind, and for the first time since the world was made men will doubt his existence and disbelieve his power, and his name will be a scorn and idle word to the very children, and the old wives by their spinning-wheels. Then will be manifested some new attribute of divinity, of which as yet thou, nor I, nor any creature, may have an opportunity to contemplate. All this has lain in the purpose of God, in order to increase the happiness of his creatures; for all the other attributes of the Almighty, such as Infinity, Omnipresence, Omnipotence, awaken only awe in the mind of the finite; but those attributes which he manifests in his triumph over sin and Satan, are what truly awaken love, and through love, above all, is the happiness of the creature advanced. When God has thus manifested all his attributes by means of sin and Satan, to the joy of his faithful servants, men and angels, for all eternity, who without sin and Satan would never have known them, then the great day of the Lord will come, when the wine of his love-spirit will inspire every creature that believes on him in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth! Further.."

BUT behold, at this word of the angel, a blue ray, about the thickness of an arm, came up from the south into the middle of the circle, and blended itself, trembling and glittering, with the radiant cloud and flowers. When the angel beheld this, he said: "Lo! I am summoned to the ruins of Nineveh. Let me depart". At this the Duke took heart again to speak, and began: "Lord, how is my ancient race?" But the angel again interrupted him with: "Silence, thou drunken man of blood!" And when the magister repeated the form which broke the conjuration, the angel disappeared as he had come, with a terrible clap of thunder; and clouds, light, flowers, odours, and music, all passed away with him, and the hall became dark and silent as the grave.

BUT in a couple of seconds, just as the magister had stepped out of the circle with the virgin, who trembled in every limb, even as he did himself, my Jobst comes rushing in at the door with joyful mien, thanks God, sobs, embraces his little daughter twice, thrice, embraces her again, and at last asks: "What says the angel?" And they told him all. Item: About the ghost of his poor mother, and what it desired. Then, for the first time, they observed that the Duke stood still within the circle with folded arms, and eyes bent upon the ground "My Lord Duke, will you not

step out of the circle?" exclaimed the magister. Whereupon the Duke started, sprang from the circle to the spot where they stood, and, seizing the magister by the throat, roared: "Dog of a sorcerer! This is some of thy black art. Jobst here was right; thou hast raised no angel but a devil!" At this the terrified magister first tried to release himself from his Grace's hold, then began to explain, but the Duke would listen to nothing. "It was clear as the sun that this was no angel, but a devil, who, as St. Paul says, had transformed himself into an angel of light; for, first, the hellish emissary had called him a bloodhound. Now, what blood had he ever shed, except the blood of accursed witches? And this, as a just ruler, he had done upon the express command of God himself (Exodus xxii. 18), where it is written: 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.' No one, therefore, from heaven or upon earth, could blame him for fulfilling the commands of God, yet the spirit had blamed him. Ergo, he was not an angel, but a devil. Next the knave twice called me a drunkard. Here clearly he showed himself no angel, but as the Lord Jesus named him, the 'father of lies;' for tell me, friends, was I drunk to-day? If I do take a sleeping draught after the fatigues of the day, tell me, what does that matter to this impudent devil? So I say with that Mecklenburgh nobleman in Dobberan:

'Away, away, thou devil from me,
I care not a single hair for thee;
In spite of the devil, a noble man
Should drain to the last his drinking-can.
I'll sup with the Lord and the saints the first,
While thou, poor devil, must ever thirst.
I'll drain the mead from the flowing bowl,
While the devil is sitting in hellish dole;
Therefore, away, thou devil from me,
I care not a single hair for thee.' ∴

∴ This inscription is still to be seen upon a tombstone in Dobberan.

And doth not Martinus Lutherus say:
'Who loves not wine, women, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long?'
Marry, the grievous devil may wait long enough before he makes me a fool. I am too sharp for the stuff with which he humbugs you, my wise chattering magister!"

BUT the magister began to demonstrate how unlikely it was that Satan would give advice how to subdue himself; "For how then could his kingdom stand?" as the Lord said, Luke xi. So the Duke listened and grew thoughtful, & at last exclaimed: "Well, come, we'll settle that over the wine-cup; and to spite the knave, we'll keep up the carouse till morning; the night is already half spent, and I have some glorious Muscadel in the cellar" My Jobst, however, will not remain; and Diliana asks: "What his Grace will do about Wolde?" This set his Grace again upon abusing the spirit: "Ay, truly, he must have been a devil, Master Beelzebub himself, and no good angel, for had he not bid himself twice to hold his tongue when he began to ask about his old illustrious race, and what should be done to preserve it from utter destruction? The magister might go to the devil himself now, with all his magic; he saw clearly through the whole business."

SO a great strife arose between them, which ended in the Duke permitting the blessed maiden to press the wound in her arm, in order to communicate by means of the magnetic alphabet with the knight, who at that moment was keeping watch with his good sword in the chapel of Marienfliess. Everything, however, must be performed before the eyes of the Duke, else he would not believe it; so the young maiden, blushing for shame, pressed the wound on her arm; and after a brief space, cried out with wonder, "In truth I feel the pressure now of itself." Whereupon, at the command of the magister, she threw up her wide sleeve (for she still wore the magic robe), and placed the little box with the magnet on her arm, directing the magnetic needle, with a fine stick, to the letters, thus:

SEIZE WOLDE.

She then retired to a chamber, to put on her on dress, and had scarcely finished when she feels the pressure on her arm again. Whereupon she calls to his Grace and the magister, who set the magnet immediately on her arm, when, to the great surprise of his Grace, the needle turns of itself to the letters:

SHE IS SEIZED.

THIS sight gave my gracious Lord fresh courage: "And after all, perhaps that was an angel; for surely Sidonia would have protected her maid, if her evil spirit had not become powerless, as the spirit had foretold. And now they would soon have the arch-sorceress herself. He would send a horseman instantly to Christian Ludecke, who was burning witches at Colbatz, to hasten without delay to Marienfliess" At last he permits Jobst, since he will not drink, to take his leave; "yet he and his fair daughter must first promise, by their honour, not to breathe a word of the magic conjuration, since the ignorant and stupid people would only make a mock of such matters; and why cast pearls before swine, or holy mysteries to dogs?" And truly they kept the secret of his Grace, so that not a word was known thereof until Duke Bogislaff the Fourteenth communicated the same to me, precisely as he had the facts from his brother, and gave me permission to publish them in my "History of Sidonia."

CHAPTER XXII. HOW OLD WOLDE IS SEIZED, CONFRONTED WITH SIDONIA, AND FINALLY BURNED BEFORE HER WINDOW.

MEANWHILE the young knight, George Putkammer, had ridden over to Marienfliess on the appointed day, to sheriff Eggert Sparling's. He mentioned nothing of the great magic work, as the Duke had forbidden him to do so, but merely said that he had orders from the Prince to seize Sidonia that night At this, my sheriff shuddered: "The young knight should reflect on what he was about; young people were often foolhardy and confident, to their utter ruin. What did he want from him? If he got half the world for it, he would not touch even the clothes of the devil's hag. He had tried it once, and that would do him for his life" But the knight answered: "He had pledged his word to the Duke, and must hold by it. His worship must just give him a couple of stout fellows to help him."

Ille: "Did he really think that in the whole bailiwick a fellow could be got to go with him, when it was known he was going to seize the sorceress, the devil's night-bird? Ha! ha! ha!"

Hic: "Then he would do it alone. His worship must just give him some cords, & show him a prison where he could put the vile witch."

Ille: "Cords he should have, as many as he wished, but on no account must the hag be brought to the court-house. He knew her well, and would take care to have nothing to do with her."

Hic: "At least, then, his worship must lend him a horse, and he would bind the dragon thereon with stout cords, and carry her away to his good castle of Pansin, where there was a deep dungeon, in which he could lay her, until he knew the Duke's pleasure."

Ille: "The horse he might have, and choose one himself from the stall, and if it pleased him, bind the witch on its back there in the church-yard, under the linden trees; but to the court-house the witch must not come, certainly not, or she would suspect him of having a hand in her capture. Yet let the knight think again, and give up this dangerous business, or surely they had beheld each other for the last time."

BUT the knight only waited until the clock pointed to ten; then taking a lantern, he goes and chooses out a stout white mare (for such, they say, are antipathetical to witches), ties her to a linden in the church-yard, enters the church, lights the altar candles, and sits there, reading in the large bible; until about the hour that the conjuration was taking place at Old Stettin, when a strange feeling of uneasiness came over him, and he rose up and walked to and fro in the church in great agitation. Suddenly he felt a pressure on his wounded arm, and turning up the sleeve of his doublet, pressed in return, after which, he laid the magnet upon it, and, to his surprise, read that he was to seize Wolde, not Sidonia. Instantly he took up the lantern and the cords, put his good sword under his arm, and ascended the steps up to the nuns' gallery, and from that entered the convent corridor, as the door between always lay open; but stumbling, by chance, into Anna Apenborg's cell, she led him down a flight of stairs to the ground floor, and close to the refectory, where she pointed to a little chamber adjoining, whispering: "There is where the old cat snores;" then creeps behind a barrel, to watch, while the knight, holding the light before him, stepped at once into the cell, crying: "Stand up, old night-bird, and get on thy rags, thine hour hath come" A scream of horror was the answer from the hag, and she clapped violently at the refectory wall, calling out: "Help me! help! help! a fellow has seized me, lady-prioress!" But the knight was resolved to make quick work of it; and hearing a stir already in Sidonia's apartment, threw himself upon the hag, and bound her hands tight with the cords, while she

screamed, and struggled, and yelled piteously for the lady-prioress; then dragging her up, he exclaimed: "Since thou didst not heed me, now thou shalt come off naked as thou art; better the devil should not have a rag to catch hold of. Come!" But a fearful looking form just then rushed into the room, it was Sidonia, just as she had risen from bed, bearing a lamp in her hand, with her white hair flowing wildly about her face and shoulders, and her red glowing eyes fixed menacingly upon the knight. She had just begun a terrific curse, when the young man, seeing the cat in his red hose following, lifted his sword and with one blow cut him clean in two, but started back, for the first time, in terror, when he beheld one half, on its two legs, run quickly under Wolde's bed, and the other half, on the other two legs, make off for the refectory, through the door which had been left open. Even Sidonia recoiled at the sight; but soon, with increased ferocity, sprang at the knight, screaming and clenching her hands. But he cried out: "Hold! or I will cleave thee in twain, even as thy cat." And in truth she stopped stone-still, but soon began to spit and murmur. Whereupon he cried out again: "Ay, spit & mumble; but know that my good friend, of whom I told thee, stands without, & if but a finger of mine aches, now or in future, he hath sworn thy death" Then swinging Wolde's clothes, which lay on the bed, over her shoulder with the point of his sword, he exclaimed to Sidonia: "Away, away, or the like will be done to thee!" Whereupon, amidst the howling of the hag, and the horrible curses and maledictions of Sidonia, he re-crossed the gallery and the church, the lame she-devil still howling before him, till they entered the churchyard; after which my brave knight bound her fast upon the white mare, and rode away with her to his good castle of Pansin I had forgotten to notice before, that the pastor was not buried within the church, as his widow first intended, but was laid outside in the blessed earth, because she feared that the man-wolf might get at him again within the church-vault and tear him.

SUMMA: That same evening the witch-commissioner, Christian Ludecke, arrived with his secretary at Marienfliess, according to the mandate of the Prince; and behind them come two wagons, on one of which sits the executioner with his assistants, the red flag floating above him, and the second is laden with the instruments of torture & the rack; for those belonging to the court-house of Marienfliess were not considered powerful enough. And, as usual, they enter the town chanting a sacred hymn, at which

sound every one shudders, but my sheriff is particularly horror-struck; and, rushing out to meet them at the court-house, cried out: "What the devil! is the bloodhound back again? Did he think that witches grew up in the town like cabbages?" but held his peace instantly, when he heard that all was done by command of the Prince.

O the lame hag was brought back again from Pansin that night, and the articuli indictionales were drawn up against her, in which it was not forgotten that years before she had sat in the cellar of the poor dairy-woman's mother, and there bewitched the cocks and hens, as many old people still living could testify; and the bailiff's wife is by no means slack either in helping her to the same death as the poor dairy-mother. While the whole town & adjacent country rang with these proceedings, Sidonia's disquietude became evident. Every day she sent Anna Apenborg up to the court-house, and there the said Anna and the serving-maid of the scriba were seen with their heads together in every corner conversing, & each day brought less comfort to the terrible witch of Marienfliess. Therefore, about this time, she changed her demeanour to the nuns, and in place of her usual fierce and cruel bearing, she now became quite mild, threw up her eyes, went regularly to church every Sunday, and sighed deeply during the sermon. Day and night she was singing spiritual songs, & sent to Stargard to purchase prayer-books, all to make the world think that she had grown truly religious. Item, she sent her new maid, Anna Dorings by name, to Stargard, to purchase mercury for her from the apothecary; and when the maid handed the same to her, she heard her murmur as if to herself, while she locked up the poison in her press: "So now, at least, they can do nothing worse with me than behead me!"

HEN she went herself one day to Stargard, & visited a celebrated advocate, called Elias Paul: "The world was now so hard-hearted, and the devil so active, that she feared her turn might come next to be tried for a witch, just for the sympathy she showed for the poor creatures. Alas! how Satan blinded the reason of men; for when were such cruelties ever heard of as were practised now on poor helpless women? (Weeping.) And would not my Elias defend her from this ferocious bloodhound, Christian Ludecke, who had come again to Marienfliess, and boasted loudly that, when he had made an end of her old maid, Wolde, he would seize her next; and even swore that, to make a terrible example of her, her nose and

ears should be torn off with red-hot pincers ere she was tied to the stake. And what would my Elias do for her? She had a few dozen gold crowns which her sister Dorothea had left her by will, and willingly she would give them, if he turned the base malice of her enemies to shame. Ah, he might take pity on her; for she was a good and holy virgin, and as innocent of all they charged her with as the child in the cradle!" (Weeps and sobs again.) So the cunning witch had struck the right nail on the head, for my Elias was a great lover of coins; and though he had a few silver and and many copper, yet not a single gold one did he possess. Therefore he became thoughtful after her speech, and walked up and down the room for a quarter of an hour, after which he stood still, and answered: "Lady, you know as well as I do that your name is notorious throughout the whole land, and little hope can I give you if you are brought to trial. However, I will do what I can to delay the time as much as possible; perchance from your great age, and the bitter heart-remorse you must, no doubt, suffer, that you may end your miserable life before they can lay violent hands on you. Pray to the Lord God, therefore, day by day, for your speedy death: I will, likewise, pray for you. Meanwhile, if any evil befal you, I will write petitions in your favour to all the neighbouring princes, to the resident nobles, and to the Duke himself in Stettin, for your race is one of the most illustrious in all Pomerania. And respecting the gold crowns which you promise, send them speedily; for remember, from the moment they arrest you, your inventorium is sealed" This my hag promised, and took her leave; but, woe! the first news she heard upon her return home was, that her maid, by a decree of the council at Stettin, had that day been put to the torture; and having on the rack confessed that she (Sidonia) was the true arch-sorceress, they were to be confronted with each other on the morrow. This news Anna Apenborg told her before she had well descended from the coach, item, many of the other nuns confirmed the rumour; so that the unfortunate witch at last resolved, in despair, to put an end to herself. However, she had little inclination to taste the mercury, I think. So in the twilight she creeps out behind the brew-house, which stood three or four feet from the convent wall, so that no one in the convent could see what she was about, draws a ladder after her, sets it against the wall, and mounts intending to spring down into the river below and drown herself.

NOW it happened that in the oak-wood, at the opposite side of the stream, my Ludecke and the sheriff were walking up and down, and the sheriff's teeth were chattering in his head from pure fright; for a courier from Stettin had arrived that very evening with an order from his Grace, commanding him under pain of severe punishment and princely disfavour, to be present, along with Jobst Bork, on the following morning, when Sidonia and Wolde were confronted. Their eyes were suddenly attracted to a head rising above the opposite wall, then long white hair fluttered wildly in the evening breeze, and afterwards a thin, black form appeared, until the entire figure stood upon the top of the wall, and extended it arms as a young stork its wings, when it essays to leave the nest, while the eyes were fixed on the water below. Instantly they both recognised Sidonia, & saw what her purpose was. "Let her, let her," whispered the sheriff to the other; "if she is dead, if she is dead, we shall all rest in peace!" But the other seized a stone, and flung it with all his might at the wall, crying out: "Wait, thou shameless witch; doth thy conscience move thee so?" Whereupon the black figure dropped down again behind the wall as quickly as possible. And my Ludecke, being loath to lose the fat morsel he had ready for the flames, resolved to place four guards over her in the refectory; but though the whole town was searched, item, menaced that the executioner should scourge them man by man, yet no one will undertake the dangerous office. At last four fellows are found, who promise for a tun of beer at the very least, to hold watch in the convent square, so that the witch cannot get away out of the building, with which my bloodhound is obliged to be content. Next morning, at nine of the clock, Sidonia was cited to appear in court, but as she did not come, and mocked the messenger who was sent for her, Ludecke commanded the executioner to go himself, and if she would not come by fair means, to drag her by force. The fellow hesitated, however: "It was a dangerous business; but if his worship was very anxious, why, for a good horse from the ducal stables, he might dare it, since his own nag had fallen lame". So this being promised, he departed, and in a short time, they beheld the carl in his red mantle dragging Sidonia up to the court-house; and, methinks, many within shuddered at the sight; for there were present sitting round the green table, Christian Ludecke, Eggert Sparling, Jobst Bork, and the scriba, Christopher Kahn. But when the executioner threw open the door, and bade the witch take off her shoes

and enter backwards, she refused and scolded: "What? her bitterest enemies were to be her judges! The thick ploughman from Saatzig, who had stolen her rents from the farm-houses at Zachow; item, the arch-cheat Sparling, who robbed his Prince every day, such rabble, burgher carls, secretary fellows, and the like? no; she would never enter. She was the lady of castles and lands; besides, her advocate was not here, and she had engaged one at Stargard;" finally she pushed the door to with her foot. "Master," cried the bloodhound within: "Seize the witch in the name of the Prince!" Whereupon the door was again thrown open, and my hag, sobbing loudly, was forced into the court in her socks, and backwards ∴ "And what did they want with her?" she asked, still sobbing.

∴ Because the judges on witch-trials feared the evil influence of the glances of the accused.

THEREUPON the commissioner made a sign to the executioner, who instantly admitted old Wolde Albrecht by the same door. She entered bare-foot, and in the black shift worn upon the rack, upon which the red blood lay in deep fresh stains. When Sidonia beheld this she shuddered. But Ludecke rose up and admonished Wolde to speak the truth without fear, & to remember that, on the morrow morning, at that very hour, she would stand before the throne of God; there was yet time to save her poor soul. So the old lame hag began to sob likewise, and lament, and says, at last: "O Lady Prioress, I must save my poor soul! I would not betray you else."

THEN she spoke out, and told bravely all she knew about Sidonia, and her evil spirit Chim; and how Chim used to help her own Familiar, whose name was Jurgen, to get rid of Sidonia's enemies; item, that the devil Chim sometimes took the form of a man, for she had seen him frequently in Sidonia's chamber. At this Sidonia raged and scolded, and flew at Wolde to seize her by the hair, but Ludecke interposed & threatened if she were not quiet to give her up to Master Hansen for a few turns or so for trial; upon which she remained silent from terrors a pace, but soon began again to sob, and exclaimed: "Yes, yes; she must think of her blessed Saviour, who likewise was betrayed and trodden under foot by one who had broken bread with him! She had not only given bread to this wretch, but twice had given her life. Oh, woe, woe to the shameless creature, who could step before the throne of God with such a lie in her mouth!" At which the other wept, and answered with loud sobs: "Ah, gracious Lady Prioress, if I had not my poor soul to save, I would betray you never!"

THEN, by desire of the court, she confirmed by oath her previous statements. Whereupon Sidonia was led back to her cell in the convent by the executioner, and forbidden, upon pain of death, to leave it without permission. Whereupon her rage knew no bounds; she scolded, stamped, menaced, and finally cursed her cousin Jobst, as well as the commissioner, jailors and hangmen as they were. The third day the pile is erected again by the executioner, there where the others stood, that is, not far from the window of Sidonia, and as it was necessary for one of the criminal judges to be present at the burning of a witch, Jobst Bork proceeded thither with a great concourse of people, for my Egger thad excused himself, saying he was sick, though, methinks, I know what sickness he had, namely, the hare's sickness; and Jobst admonished the witch, who hobbled along in her white shift and black cap, leaning on a crutch, not to accuse his poor cousin falsely, for let her think where she would stand in a few moments. There was the pile before her eyes, an image of the eternal hell-fire. But she held by her first confession, and even after the executioner made her ascend the ladder, she turned round at the third step, and cried: "Give her shoulder as good a wrench as ye gave mine, and she will soon confess, I warrant". But behold, when the executioner, by desire of the upright Jobst, had bound her fast with wet cords, in order soon to make an end of her, and lit the pile up round about, the flames were still blown away from the stake by the wind, and would not touch the hag, so that many saw in it a miracle of Satan, and wondered, till an old peasant stepped forth from the crowd, and cried, "Ha, ha, I will soon settle her!" Then seizing her crutch, which she had dropped at the foot of the pile, he stepped up the ladder and pitched off her black cap, with his stick, whereupon a black raven flew out, with loud croakings, and disappeared towards the north, and instantly after the flames blazed up around her, covering her all over like a yellow mantle, with such rapidity that the people only heard her shriek once.

CHAPTER XXIII. HOW DILIANA BORK & GEORGE PUTKAMMER ARE AT LENGTH BETROTHED. ITEM: HOW SIDONIA IS DEGRADED FROM HER CONVENTUAL DIGNITIES & CARRIED TO THE WITCHES' TOWER OF SAATZIG IN CHAINS.

HEN Jobst returned home to Saatzig from the execution, he seemed much disturbed in his mind, which was unusual to him, and sat by the stove plunged in deep thought. At length he calls his little daughter Diliana from the spinning-wheel where she sat. "Ah, the Prince had set his life in great peril, but more than the Prince himself did she, his little daughter, plague him by showing herself so cold to the brave young knight. She ought to leave off this prudery, else he feared by the next time the sun was in a propitious position, that his Highness would send for her again to question the devil; there was nothing such a fanatic would not do; but if she would only press her arm now, and bid the young knight come. Where could she meet with a braver husband?" At this the young maiden blushed up to her very eyes, and asked earnestly: "Father, think you the good knight stays away because I have not summoned him?"

Illa: "Of course, my child. Thou forbadest him to approach thee until summoned; and now where could a greater proof of his love be than in having obeyed thee?"

Hæc: "Ah, me, I have wondered so, father, why he never sought me. I never meant that, you surely misunderstood me. But, father, if you wish, shall I summon him by the magnetic sign?"

Illa nods his head, laughing.

HEREUPON Diliana, blushing yet more, pressed her arm, and feeling a pressure in return almost immediately, pushed up her sleeve, set the magic box thereon, and with her golden breast-pin, directed the magnetic needle to the letters:

COME, DEAREST.

Whilst my Jobst looked over her shoulder, so that his long gray beard fell upon her neck, and when he read the letters he embraced and kissed her, telling her that a better kisser would soon come and save him the trouble, meaning the knight, and truly scarce half an

hour had passed, when the cloud of dust could be seen through the trees, which was raised as he rode along, and, panting and agitated, sprang into the room, exclaiming to my Jobst: "Where is Diliana?" But she sits mute in the corner, red as a rose, and looks down upon the ground. So my Jobst laughed, and pointed to the blushing rose in the corner, whereupon the young knight, George, in a moment, is by her side, and had her hand in his, and asks: "If his loved Rachel will not end his weary years of serving now, and be his for evermore?" "Yes," she murmured, through hert soft tears, "I will be yours now for evermore"; and she extended her two arms towards him.

MARRY, how soon my young knight took the trouble off the old father; so that Jobst danced for joy at the sight, and clapped his hands, and swore that such a wedding should be held at Saatzig that people would talk about it for fifty years. But, alas, the wedding must wait for a year and a day! For, in two days the young knight is laid upon a sick bed, and brought so low that at one time his life was despaired of. However, he comforted himself by pressing his wounded arm three times a day, and thus corresponding with his betrothed by means of the magnet. So they told their grief and their love to each other daily in these few words. And many think that his sickness was a devil's work of Sidonia, or of old Wolde's planning; but he himself rather judged it arose from the wild ride to his young bride on the morning she bade him come. This matter, therefore, I leave undecided. Yet no one can surely fathom all the cunning wiles of Satan; for though many said Sidonia's power is now broken by Wolde's death, and indeed the poor sheriff was the only one who still played the hare, and kept the roaring ox safe up in the stall; still, so strange a thing happened at this time to the knight Ewald von Mellenthin, that the criminal court thought proper to take cognisance of the matter, and so we find it noted down in the records of the trial. For mark! This same knight being summoned to give evidence, deposed to Sidonia having in his presence flung a hatchet at his dear bride, Ambrosia von Guntersberg, who had been now a long while his well-beloved spouse, which hatchet had wounded her in the foot. Then turning to the hag he exclaimed wrathfully: "Ha! thou devil's witch, hast thou found thy recompense at last?" Whereupon Sidonia made a face at him after her fashion, and menaced him with the vengeance of her friends.

BUT what friend had she but Satan? who avenged her on this wise ❧ For, as some days after, the knight Ewald was driving with his cousin Detloff, between Schlotenitz and Schellin, such an awful roaring and raging and storming was heard in the air over their heads that the two foremost horses took fright, broke their traces, threw their coachman, who was nearly killed, & dashed off across the field through thick and thin, and never stopped till they reached Stargard, trembling, panting, and exhausted, about evening time.

THE knight laid all this evidence before the criminal commission, and my hare grew so frightened thereupon, that next day, while listening to the depositions of more witnesses, seeing a shadow hop along his paper, he started up in horror, screaming: "There are the toad shadows again! O God, keep me! There are the toad shadows again!" But the special commissioner who had also observed the shadow, and got up to look out at the window, now called out, laughing heartily: "Marry, good Sparling, the shadow belongs to one of your worship's brothers, a poor little sparrow, who is hopping there on the house-top. Go out and see, if you don't believe me" ❧ Whereupon the whole court burst out into a fit of laughter, to the great annoyance of my hare.

WHILST Ludecke is drawing up his articulus inquisitionalis, Sidonia's advocate, Dr. Elias Pauli, was not idle. At first he stirred up the whole race of the Borks in her favour, letting it come to the Duke's ears through his grand chamberlain, Matzke Bork, that if Sidonia were treated with gentleness, and thereby brought to make confession, assuredly there was great hope that for this grace and indulgence she would untie the magic knots of the girdle wherewith she had bewitched the whole princely race, and laid the spell of barrenness upon them ❧ But if extreme measures were resorted to, never would she do this for his Highness ❧ So the Duke was half moved to consent, and bade his superintendent, Mag. Reutzius, come to him, and he should instantly repair to Marienfliess, visit the sorceress in her apartment, where she was bis dato guarded a close prisoner. Let him read out the seventy-four articles of the indictment to her himself, admonish her to confess, and in his (the Duke's name) offer her pardon if she would untie the knots of the girdle. Did she refuse, however, let her be brought the following Sunday to the convent-chapel, there in the

presence of the whole congregation before the altar he was again to admonish her. If she still persisted in her lies & wickedness, then let him summon the executioner to strip her of her cloister habit before the eyes of all the people. When he had further pronounced her degradation from all her conventual dignities, she was to be put in fetters & carried to the witches' tower at Saatzig. My worthy father-in-law offered many objections against the public degradation, but his Highness was resolved, and would listen to no reasons, his wrath was so great against the hag.

NOW it may be easily conjectured what crowds of people gathered in the chapel when the blessed Sabbath-bell rang, and the news ran from mouth to mouth, that the witch was to be denounced and degraded that day before the altar. Never had so many folk been seen within the walls. And when the church was so full that not a soul more could squeeze in at the doors, the people broke in the windows, and setting ladders against them, clambered through, and swung themselves right and left on the balustrades, and above and below, and on all sides, there was not a spot without a human face. Yea, four younkers crowded under the baldaquin of the pulpit, and another carl got on the altar behind the crucifix, and would have knocked it down, but my worthy father-in-law, seeing it shake, caught hold of the carle by the tail of his coat, and dragged him forth. Item: The whole criminal commission is present. Item: All the nuns in their gallery, with the exception of the sub-prioress, Dorothea Stettin, who, along with two other women, had devoted themselves to a fearful act of vengeance (which I would hardly have believed of them), but it will be related presently.

AS to Sidonia, she had been brought in already, and placed on the penitential stool before the altar, after which the organ struck up that terrible hymn:
"Eternity, thou thunder word!"
Yet, as it happened, the congregation had not got this hymn in their psalm-books, seeing that it was quite a new one (which circumstance had been over-looked in the general agitation) they were obliged to sing that other, beginning:
"Now the awful hour has come."
Then the reverend priest, M. Reutzius, advanced to the altar, having first chanted the litany, and there to obey the Duke's behests, as nearly as possible, opened his sermon with some verses from the afore-mentioned hymn, which I shall set down here for the sake of the curious reader:

Eternity, thou thunder word!
Piercing the soul like sharpest sword,
Beginning without ending!
Eternity! Time without Time,
I know not in my grief and crime
Whereto my soul is tending.
The fainting heart recoils in fear
To see thy shadow drawing near.

In all the world there is no grief
To which Time brings some relief,
Though sorrow wildest rages;
But thou, Eternity, can bring
No balm to lessen hell's fierce sting,
Through never-ending ages.
For even Christ himself hath said:
"There's no repentance for the dead."

So long as God in Heaven reigns,
So long shall last the sinner's pains,
In hell's fierce torture's lying.
Eternal fires will plague the soul,
Thirst, hunger, horror, fear, and dole,
The soul itself undying.
For hell's dark shades will never flee,
Till God himself hath ceased to be!

After which he read out the words of his text to the criminal, telling her how his Serene Highness had selected the same himself out of paternal clemency and in all uprightness. Then he explained it, admonishing her yet once more to save her poor soul, and not plunge it into eternal perdition. After this he kneeled down along with the whole congregation, and prayed to the Holy Spirit for her conversion, so that every one in the church wept, & trembled, and sobbed. Then he rose up again and spake: "I ask you, for the last time, Sidonia von Bork, do you confess yourself guilty or not?"

AND while every one held their breath suspended, the terrible sorceress rose up and spake out with bold defiance: "I am innocent. Curse upon the blood-thirsty Prince who has brought me to this shame; my blood be upon him and upon his race!" "No," cried the priest from the altar; "he hath saved his soul; thy blood be upon thyself, and thy perdition upon thine own head!"

THEN he lifted his right hand as a signal to the executioner, whereupon Master Worger stepped forward in his red mantle with six assistants. And first he draws forth a pair of scissors from beneath his cloak, and cut off her nun's veil (for by command of the criminal judge, she had only a simple veil on today), and he and his assistants trampled it beneath their feet. Then he cuts a slit in her black robe, just beneath the chin, and tore it down from head to foot, as a draper tears linen, and at this sight, and the harsh sound in the silence of the church, many amongst the nuns fainted. When all this had been done, and Sidonia now stood there in her white under-garment, Master Worger, by command of the court, put fetters on her, and rivetted them tightly. So that at the terrible sound of the hammering and clanking, and the thundering reverberation through the vaulted church, so great a horror and fear fell upon every one present, that all the nuns who had not fainted rushed out of the gallery. Item: A crowd of people from the nave, and even the priest holding his hands before his eyes, hastened after them. She was soon lifted up by the executioner and his assistant, and thrown into the cart over which the red flag waved; then driven off without delay to Saatzig, a great crowd of people trotting along with her. And even in Saatzig the whole town ran together when the cart with the criminal was seen emerging from the wood, and the executioner blew his trumpet to give notice to the warder on the tower of their approach, as had been agreed upon. Amongst the crowd, however, my Jobst is not to be seen; yet when the cart stops the beautiful form of Diliana is seen pressing forward, she is dressed in a deep morning mantle, and bears a golden beaker of wine in her hand, weeps, and says mildly: "Here, dear cousin, drink! You shall have everything as good as I can make it for you, and eat what I and my father eat. Ah! cousin, cousin, wherefore did you not make full confession?" Herewith she reached out the beaker to the cart, but the evil witch screamed out: "Confess! What should I confess, you fool? Away with your stuff; I will not be fed by your charity!" Whereupon she dashed aside the beaker so fiercely that it fell to the ground, and the wine splashed all over the young maiden's robe. Then, clenching her withered hand, she shook it at the window. "Ha! the thick ploughman. Where hath the devil hid him, the thief that stole my rents from Zachow? This is my reward for having cured him! But wait, I will make him repent it yet," &c. And she would have gone on much longer with her curses, but the exe-

cutioner gave her another blow with his fist which made her hold her tongue. Then he and his fellows lifted her from the cart, and as she was unable to walk from shame, and despair, and wrath, they carried her up the winding stairs to the witches' tower; and she glowered into the little chamber which she had occupied fifty years before, at the time she murdered poor Clara von Dewitz, for they had to pass by it to reach the witches' tower, which lay two flights of stairs higher up. And when Master Worger laid her down in the damp dark hole, and shook out some straw for her to lie on, the knave grinned and said: "What would she do now for company? The devil would scarcely come; still a companion would be pleasant" The witch, however, made no answer, only looked down upon the ground, muttering to herself. Whereupon the knave laughed again, and cried: "Eh, wait, I have got a companion for you!" And opening a sack he had brought with him, took out a blackened human head, & then two long, black, half-burned bones, placed the bones crosswise on the ground, and set the head a-top of them; then said: "So, now you have right merry company. That is Wolde's head, as you may perceive; and now ye may conjure the devil together as ye were wont." Then, grinning maliciously, he went out, locking the prison door upon the unfortunate wretch and the death's head.

EANWHILE, my Jobst and his fair daughter are plunged in great perplexity and despair at the Duke's cruel order to have Sidonia sent to their castle of Saatzig. Therefore, the indignant knight sat down and wrote an earnest remonstrance to his Highness the Duke, and prayed his Grace, therefore, to remove this millstone from his neck, or he would resign the post of Governor of Saatzig, & withdraw to his own good castle of Pansin. This letter he despatched by a running courier to Old Stettin, and it produced a good effect upon the Duke; for, in three days, an order arrived for Sidonia's removal to Oderburg; and the crowds gathered round the cart, from all parts, to see her as she passed along, as thick as if it had been the time of the annual fair.

OD be thanked, I have now got her as far as the Oderburg! For, as concerning her long imprisonment there, her frequent examinations, and, finally, the question by torture, what need for me to relate them here, seeing that your Highness and your illustrious brothers were present during all behind the

green screen? I, too, Dr. Theodore Plonnies, assisted at the trial as high-sheriff, Anton Petersdorf was protonotarius to the criminal court, and Johann Caude, the notarius, conducted the protocollum. Besides, when I look back and think of her shrieks, and how the dry withered limbs writhed and cracked upon the wheel, till the black blood poured forth from her nails and teeth, my head swims and the sight leaves my eyes; therefore, away with it! This only will I notice, that her advocate, Dr. Elias Pauli, preserved her in truth for a year and a day from the rack and bitter death, by his keen and cunning devices, thinking that she would make away with herself some way or other, by mercury or else, to escape the stake. But no such thing; she was as afraid of death as a cat of hot broth; so at last he had to suffer justice to take its course. Whereupon this Satan's hag, on the 28th July, 1620, at four o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to a decree of the electoral-court of judges of Magdeburg in Saxony, was brought into the great hall at Oderburg, and there stretched upon the rack, as I have above mentioned, to force her to a confession upon seventeen articulos inquisitionales, many of which I have noticed here and there through the preceding chapters.

CHAPTER XXIV. OF THE EXECUTION OF SIDONIA AND THE WEDDING OF DILIANA.

AFTER the torture, the poor malicious old wretch became so weak that she thought herself like to die, & therefore bade my worthy godfather, Dr. Cramer, to be brought to her, that she might make full confession at last. And her repentance, in truth, seemed earnest and real now; for after the communion she bade them bring her her coffin, then sat up, and looking at it for a long while in silence, at last said: "I shall soon rest there in peace; meantime carry it out again till I am dead."

BUT such a hunger for the blessed sacrament was caused by her death fears, and not by holy repentance; for as she did not die, but rather after some days grew strong again (probably because the Lord God chose to spare her yet longer, for a more fearful and terrible warning to all sinners), she returned, "like a sow to her wallowing in the mire." And more particularly did she spit forth her poisonous curses upon the whole princely race, when the court painter, Matthias Eller, arrived at the prison with an order from

his Highness, to paint her portrait, now in hideous old age, behind that which he had seen at Wolgast, representing her in the prime of youthful beauty. Long did she weep and groan when she looked on the portrait of what she had been sixty years before; then clenched her fists, and cursed to all eternity the princely race which had first brought her to public dishonour, she so young and innocent, and not content with that, now thirsted to see her noble blood flow from the gallows. "Ah, that was indeed the portrait of her youth! For her princely bridegroom had got it painted secretly, because of his haughty arrogant mother, by a painter in Wolgast; but she had revenged herself on the proud old woman at last. The golden chain was her own, but the gold hair-band and the sable collar had been a present from her young bridegroom. And now, what was left of all her pomp and magnificence? See what these accursed princes had brought her to with their envy, arrogance, and savage vengeance, she that was the richest lady in the land was now the poorest beggar, and had not wherewithal even to purchase a death-shift."

MEANWHILE the report spread throughout all Pomerania-land that Sidonia was dead, & had been privately buried. The cause was this: when the executioner and his fellows carried out her coffin after she had seen it, they told the eager and curious rabble, who gathered round and had been roaring out for her death, that she was dead already and lay within, and so they would lose the fun of seeing her buried; and this they said in jest, to disappoint the filthy and savage mob. So the news spread through the land and reached Saatzig, where it was confirmed by an honourable knight from Old Stettin, who answered them on oath that he had seen her coffin carried out with his own eyes. So my Jobst and his fair daughter are glad, and thank God that one of their noble race had been spared the disgrace of falling by the hands of the hangman; the young Diliana, in especial, rejoices, and when her lover arrived from Pansin in the afternoon (for he was grown well and strong again), she threw herself on his bosom, rapturously exclaiming: "Dearest George, our poor cousin is dead; now may the wedding be, now may the banns be published!" However, the news soon came how the mistake had happened, and that Sidonia was still alive. But as the banns had been already published and the wedding fixed for the 18th of July, Diliana at length consented to abide by the arrangement, particularly as they heard also that the execution would be delayed for some time, in consequence of the

Elector of Saxony having sent in his protest against it to the Ducal Court of Stettin. Indeed so many powerful princes protested against this public disgrace, by reason of Sidonia's high rank, that many thought she would be allowed to go away perfectly free.

SUMMA: Already, by the evening of the 17th, the noble guests had gathered at Saatzig, & of the Borks almost the whole illustrious race is present; among whom were particularly noticeable the Honourable Aulic Councillors, and Councillors of Administration, Just, Andreas, and Henning. Item, all the Putkammers, among whom came the old burgomaster Wolff, with his sons, Benedictus, Asso, Gerson, Matthias Wolfgang, &c. So that by midnight the castle rang with merriment and revelry; and old Jobst Bork was so beside himself with joy, that he flung the empty flasks, as he drained them, up at the monks' heads which were carved round the capitals of the pillars in the great knights' hall, crying out, "That is for thee, monk!" But the festive night hath a sad morning, without talking of all the drinkers who snored till mid-day. However, all were ready at last to go to the bridal, only waiting for Matzke Bork, the princely chamberlain, who had promised, if possible, to be present at the marriage, along with his Serene Highness himself, Duke Francis. So they watched from the windows, and they watched from the towers, but never a one of them is to be seen; and the guests impatiently pace up and down the great hall, which is all wreathed and decorated with flowers and banners. But the young bridegroom is the most impatient of all. He paced up and down the hall, arm-in-arm with his betrothed, when at last a carriage was heard approaching, and every eye was turned to the window, but Matzke Bork sits in it alone. He enters disturbed and mournful, and when the knight of Saatzig asks him where he has left his Highness the Duke, he answers: "The Duke will drink blood in place of wine to-day! Listen, good cousins, to what the Duke hath resolved concerning our kinswoman Sidonia. Her sentence hath been pronounced, and this very day will be carried into effect: first her nose and ears are to be torn up with red hot irons, at three different quarters of the town, by the public hangman, & afterwards she is to be burned alive at a slow fire" When he ended, all the Borks present screamed with horror, & gathered round him: "And was it not possible yet to change this sentence?" But Matzke answered: "He had tried all entreaties, but in vain; even three times he had cast himself on his knees before his Highness,

yet could obtain no mitigation; for his Grace was incensed against the witch because of her arrogant defiance, and her stubborn refusal to remove the spell from the princely race, and sent orders to the executioner to build the pile by eight of the clock on the following morning, and burn her alive thereon."

HEN he ceased speaking, the uproar in the hall rose to the highest. Some of Sidonia's kin, amongst whom was Jobst, swore the devil's hag deserved it all; and how could her death bring dishonour upon them? But some thought evil of the insult offered to their race, & cursed his Highness, and would spring to their saddles and ride to Stettin on the instant. Matzke, however, lifted his voice, and bade them have reason. "They must endure what could not be altered. Jobst was right; was the proud oak the worse because a rotten branch was lopped off? Were they to come before his Highness with such mien and gesture, why he would straight order them all to be clapped into prison, and then, indeed, would disgrace rest on their illustrious name. No, no; for God's sake let them rest here. His Grace was too full of wrath now to listen even to his preachers, the ministers of God. How, then, would he hear them? Let them rather rest in peace, and forget the fate of their evil cousin in the festivities of the bridal". "Ay, good cousins and guests," quoth the bridegroom, "let us to the bridal, and the word of God will calm us, and bring us upon other thoughts. But where is my beloved Diliana?" They sought her in the hall, in vain! They ran all through the castle, in vain! Diliana is away, and no one knows whither she has gone.

UT the maiden hath a brave spirit, and hath wrapped a black mantle belonging to her mourning robes over her bridal dress, and drawn the hood over her myrtle wreath; then taking the shift of her grandmother, Clara, in her hand, which she had kept ready by her for such a case, she descended to the stables, where there were only two grooms to be seen, all the others having joined the crowd round the church, to catch a sight of the bridal procession, had the best palfrey saddled, took one groom with her, pressed some money into the hand of the other, and bade him not tell, for three hours, that she had gone to Old Stettin. Then rode away, striking, however, into a by-path, to deceive the guests, in case they should attempt to follow her. And her journey ended all safely; for in four hours she was in Old Stettin, without having been pursued. And

reaching the ducal residence, she alighted, hastened up the stairs, bowed proudly to the princely official, without uttering a word, and proceeded straight to the apartment of the Duke. There threw off her travelling hood and mantle, and knocked bravely at the door. "Enter!" exclaimed the voice of his Highness. Upon which the beautiful maiden in her bridal robes, and the myrtle wreath on her hair, stepped in. At which sight, his Grace, who was reclining on a couch, started up, took her hand smiling, and asked: "For the love of heaven, what brought her hither upon her festal-day?" So she began: "This was no festal-day, but a day of shame to her and her whole race, because of the horrible and incredible tidings brought to them by Matzke Bork, respecting their old kinswoman, Sidonia; therefore she had left bridegroom, bridal, and festival, and ridden away alone, to see if she could not turn away such a disgrace from her noble race, and such horrible torture from her poor old kinswoman. Had she not freely perilled her life for his Grace? If they had not succeeded, at least it was no fault of hers. Let him recall the terrible decree, and if her cousin deserved death, as she doubted not, command her to be beheaded, as had at first been agreed upon. This, at least, was a more honourable and less painful death. His Grace must grant her prayer, for she would not move from the spot until he did so" But his Grace is inexorable, and recapitulates all the sins of the demon hag: "how she had defied him, and made a mock of the holy sacrament; and wherefore did he bear the sword from God, if it were not as a just Prince, to set her forth a terrible warning and example to all? for witchcraft was increasing day by day in the land, and witches were almost as plenty as flies."

IS Grace then paced up and down a long while in silence, & at last spake: "Now, for thy sake the first decree shall hold good, although never was one so unworthy of my favour as this hag" Whereat the young virgin was so moved with gratitude, that she fell down on her knees before his Grace, & bedewed his hand with her tears.

UST then some one knocked, and the jailor entered: "The witch had taken another fit of conversion, and prayed for a priest. Item, for a fresh shift, for she had not changed her linen for four weeks, and no one would give her a fresh shift" When Diliana heard this, she wondered much over the dark providence of God, and said: "Wait, I will give thee a shift for her;" stepped out

into the gallery and took Clara's, No. 7, which she had brought with her out of her travelling mantle, and, in truth, this was the very shift in which the murderess was carried to her death. Summa: The jailor had scarcely got the said shift under his arm, when the clatter of footsteps is heard upon the stairs, and then another knock at the Duke's apartment, and this was my knight George Putkammer, who rushed in, arrayed in his wedding finery, but all covered over with dust, since he had not given himself time to fling a cloak over his dress. He clasped his young bride to his heart, and half scolded her for leaving him privately before the bridal. But when he heard of her noble courage, and what she had accomplished, he was glad again, and kissed the hand of his Grace, and he must now grant them one favour more, and return with them to the wedding. The distance was only five miles, and he had the finest Malmsey that ever was drunk to present to his Highness". At this hearing, his Grace exclaimed: "Eh, George, where have you got the Malmsey? Ha! younker, hast thou a cup of Malmsey? I will go with thee right heartily to Saatzig!" And his Grace wanted to order carriages instantly to carry them all off, that so that they might arrive that same evening at the castle, but Diliana objected: "No, she would stand by her word, and never hold bridal in Saatzig until her poor cousin lay at rest in her grave. This night she would remain in the town & not leave it until she had seen the last of her poor cousin."

ALONG strife now ensued, but Diliana remained firm to her resolve. So his Highness said, at last, that he would play the messenger himself, and journey off to the wedding the moment he had given orders to his chancellor respecting the change of Sidonia's sentence. He was better pleased not to be in the place when she was executed. Diliana could stay the night in the castle with his dear spouse, the Duchess, and the knight might look after a place for himself. He would desire all the wedding guests to be ready to-morrow at mid-day for the bridal, and if Diliana and the knight disliked riding, let them order a carriage from the Marshal of his stables, with fresh Frisian horses, and in a couple of hours they would be at Saatzig. However, Diliana would not remain the night in the castle, but went to her cousin, the Lady of Matzke Bork, because her house stood not far from the place of execution, although the place itself was not visible, and my younker went down sorrowfully to the inn to pass the night there, but betimes in the morning was up and off to his dear little bride. He finds her in the second

story, but no longer in her bridal magnificence; a black mourning garment covered her entire person; and when the Knight started in dismay at her appearance, she said: "That no other robes beseemed a Bork when one of their race was going to her death; and she heard that the procession to the scaffold was to come that way from the Otterburg, and would pass in half an hour, therefore she was prepared to behold it. It was well that the scaffold itself was hidden from their sight; but would her dear George just go over & bid some one hoist a flag when the head of her cousin fell?" So the Knight did her will, but when he returned, said: "Diliana, if thou givest me so many nuts to crack when we are married, methinks it will be an evil thing" To which she answered, mildly: "No, dear George, after marriage it is the wife who cracks all the hard nuts, but to-day, dearest, it is thy office. I know not why, but I have a feeling over me to-day as if the soul of my poor grandmother would be at rest after this execution, and that Sidonia herself will be, in some sense, pardoned through the means of that death shift, No. 7; yet wherefore I think this, I know not."

JUST then a dull, hoarse, murmuring sound was heard in the distance, like the heaving of the waves when thunder is in the air, and the Lady Matzke's maid rushed in exclaiming: "She's coming! she's coming!" Then Diliana trembled and turned pale, but still advanced to the balcony with her cousin and the young Knight. At length, the terrible sorceress herself appears in sight, accompanied by the school, chanting the death-psalm. She wore a white robe, seamed with black, and Diliana recognizes, with a shudder, that this is indeed Clara's shift, for she had herself thus stitched the seams in order to know it; but besides, the No. 7 was plainly discernible on the neck. She walked barefoot, & round her head was bound a black fillet flowered with gold, from beneath which her long white hair fluttered in the wind. Diliana contemplates all this awhile shudderingly, then covers her face with both hands, and sobs and weeps, so that the tears pour down through the delicate little fingers, and my yonker hath enough to do to comfort her. But when the procession disappears, she dries her eyes, re-enters the chamber, and folding her hands across her bosom, walks up and down, praying earnestly, until the red Danish flag shoots up. Then she sighed deeply, and drying her beautiful eyes, again said, softly: "May God have mercy upon her soul, now her tortures are over!"

SCARCELY are the words uttered ere a dense cloud of smoke ascends above the fisher's house, rising higher and higher, like a lofty black tower in the air, so that they all conjectured, "Now she is burning on the pile," & shuddered, yet are content withal, that at last her fearful life has ended. Then they all knelt down, and repeated the Lord's prayer; then rising, addressed themselves in earnest for their homeward journey.

AND here with the death of Sidonia, I might justly close my book, merely stating in addition, that her ashes were laid in the burial ground for the poor, and that some time after the gentle Diliana caused a tombstone to be erected over them, out of Christian charity and forgiveness. But as some say his Highness the Duke got his death at the wedding of Diliana, I shall briefly narrate the facts here, to please the curious reader. For the said Duke was so much taken with the Malmsey wine, that he sat up drinking the whole night, and next morning his legs were swelled to that degree that his boots had to be cut off with knives. So that when the bridal pair arrived, his Grace had to receive them in slippers, yet rejoiced much at hearing that all was over; and then, scarcely giving Diliana time to recover herself, despatched the whole company off to the church. Not however, without giving serious admonitions, both to the priest and the knight George, not to let the ring drop. For if Dr. Luther, the thoughtless lubberhead, had not let the ring fall at the wedding of his grand-father in Forgau, it would have been better with him and his whole race, as his grand-mother of blessed memory had always said, and now indeed he saw she had spoken wisely. Now my Jobst in the confusion of voices, hearing only the word "monk," thought his Grace was speaking of the monks' heads on the capitals of the pillars in the hall. So seeing two empty flasks, shouted, "Ay, that is for thee, monk!" and pitched them crash! crash! with such force up at the monks, that the pieces flew about the ears of the musicians who were to play before the bridal pair going to church, and a loud peal of laughter rang through the hall, after which they all set off for the wedding at last. And in truth this was a blessed marriage.

BUT respecting the illustrious and princely race of Pomerania, they perished each & all without leaving behind one single inheritor of their name or possessions. Not, methinks, because of the spell which the demoniacal sorceress laid on them, but because God loved this race so well, that he withdrew them from this evil world before the dreadful strifes, wars, and calamities came upon them, which our poor fatherland now endures. For before these storms broke over our heads, he called them one by one from this vale of tears, and truly, the first was his Highness Duke Francis, for in a few months after Sidonia's execution, after a brief illness, on the 27th December, 1620, he fell asleep in God, aged 43 years, 8 months, and 3 days, without leaving children. The next was Bishop Udalricus, who likewise became suddenly ill at Pribbernow, near Stepnitz, with swollen body and limbs, and had to lie there until his death, on the 31st October, 1622, when to the great grief and consternation of the whole land, his young life closed at the early age of 34 years, and he too left no children, though he had a young and beautiful spouse. The next who died, was Duke Philip Julius of Wolgast, the only son of Ernest Ludovicus & his spouse Hedwig. He was a wise ruler, but followed the others soon on the 16th February, 1625, aged only 40 years, 1 month, & 28 days; likewise, as all the rest, left no children.

BUT our Lord God hath not withdrawn so many and noble princes from the world, without sending forth strange and wonderful signs to forewarn the land; for without speaking of the great thunderclap which was heard all of a sudden in the middle of clear, fine weather the winter after Sidonia's death, and the numberless mock suns that appeared in different places, or of that strange rain, when a sulphureous matter, like starch in appearance, fell from the air (item, a snow-white pike was caught at Colzow in Wellin, seven quarters long, and half an ell broad, with red round eyes, and red fins), a stranger wonder than all was seen at Wolgast; for suddenly, during a review held there, one of the soldiers' muskets went off without a finger being laid on it, & the ball went right through the princely Pomeranian standard with such precision, that the arms seemed to have been cut out all round with a sharp knife. At Stettin also, in the castle-chapel, one of the crowns suspended over the stalls fell down of itself, but still more awful was what happened respecting Bogislaus XIII. last father of all the Pomeranian princes. For all along by the pillars of the aisle, there are figures in

armour representing the deceased dukes. And during the sermon one Sunday, the sword fell clanging to the ground from the hand of the armed figure representing Bogislaus XIII. though no human hand ever touched it. At this sight every one is troubled in spirit, but woe, alas! we now see what all these supernatural signs and wonders denoted! Yet still we have one noble prince remaining with the ancient blood of Pomerania in his veins. May the Lord God spare him long to us, and bless him like Abraham with a son in his old age. Such an Isaac would be a blessed sight to me; for when the last branch falls, I know that my poor heart will break also!

Dr. Theodorus Plonnies.

CONCLUSION. MOURNFUL DESTINY OF THE LAST PRINCELY POMERANIAN REMAINS. MY VISIT TO THE DUCAL POMERANIAN VAULT IN WOLGAST, ON THE 6th MAY, 1840.

OGISLAFF the XIV. who as a truth-loving, amicable, and pious glossator, has annotated so many places in our text, found this "last and happy hour," which he had so long desired, on the 10th March, 1637. When he had attained the age of fifty-seven years, his death occurred at a period of unexampled misery, the like of which before or since was never seen in our whole German fatherland. Yet the destiny of the Zantalides which followed the princely Pomeranian house, seemed in no way propitiated even by their death. No; it raged, and rages still, against the last poor remains of their mouldering clay. Bogislaff, during the horrors of the thirty years' war, remained for seventeen years unburied, because none of the princes who fought for the possession of Pomerania, would consent to bear the expense of the burial, & the land was too poor to take the cost upon itself. Yet his corpse suffered no further indignities like those of his princely kinsfolk of Wolgast. For after ninety-four years, we find him still lying calmly in his coffin, looking upward to his God through the little window which he so often sighed after. We shall first take a look at him before we descend into the Wolgast vault to contemplate the disgusting sacrilege which has been perpetrated and permitted there. Every reader of sensibility will feel interested in the following details which are taken from Oelrich's valuable work, "Memorials of the Pomeranian Dukes," page 87:

ON the 19th of April, 1731, a royal commission opened the vault in the castle-church of Stettin, wherein many of the noble princes of Pomerania lay buried, and the coffin of Duke Bogislaff was broken open by especial command. The body was found quite perfect ❧ Even the face was tolerably preserved, though the eyes had fallen in; for the skin had dried over the features, and the beard was long and somewhat red; the coffin was lined throughout with violet velvet (some say black) bordered with stones which had the appearance of turquoise ❧ The corpse was dressed in a surplice, similar in form to that worn by priests at the present day, but fringed with silver, and likewise ornamented with turquoise. Upon the left hand was a diamond ring and another. The diamond was quite pale, and the right hand was lying close to the side as if going to seize the dagger ❧ Farther, they found a long and massive gold chain suspended round the neck, and upon the breast a silver plate, like the bottom of a silver beaker, upon which the Pomeranian arms were engraved ❧ Beneath the coffin of this last Duke of Pomerania lay the ducal flag, but the pole was broken in two, either from design or in consequence of decay; and above the coffin were remains of crape and mouldered fragments of velvet. Lave anima pia! ❧ But the princely remains of Wolgast had indeed a mournful destiny. True; they were not left unburied for a number of years, but they were plundered and outraged, in such a disgraceful and revolting manner, by church robbers, that it is impossible even to read the account of it in the Swedish protocol of 21st June, 1688, from which Heller gives extracts in his 'Chronicle of the Town of Wolgast,' p. 346, without as much pain as emotion. ❧ Yet the Swedish government seemed content to rest with the simple investigation, & took no trouble about, or showed the least respect for, the ashes of those to whom they were indebted for land and people. For the coffins lay there just as the robbers left them: broken open with axes and hatchets, or wrenched asunder with crowbars, and still lie in this state. However the vault was closed up, and no one was permitted to enter it unless in the presence of one of the reigning family; for this reason very few ever beheld these mournful remains. I myself would probably never have had an opportunity of so doing, only that the Prussian government resolved on building some additions to the Wolgast church; and, at the same time, desired the foundation to be evened, for it had sunk in various places, and afterwards to wall up the princely vault for

ever. In order to work at the foundation, it was necessary to remove the great stone which covered the entrance to the vault, and many along with myself availed themselves of this last opportunity to visit the interior. Therefore, on the day named above, I descended with deep emotion the steps that led to it. I found the vault was divided into two compartments, having vaulted roofs of about seven or eight feet high. In the first partition no coffin whatever was to be seen, but I could distinguish already the glitter of the tin coffins in the second compartment, which was reached by a further descent of a few steps, and lit up by the torches and lanterns of numerous visitors who had preceded me. The coffins were nine in number, and mostly covered with tin; each lay on a tressel of mason-work, and bore the marks, more or less, of the violence that had been employed to wrench them open. The strong Philip I. began the mournful range. A gentleman handed me his skull, in which scarcely a tooth was wanting. Then I searched in the adjoining coffin for that of his spouse Maria, 'my gracious Lady of Wolgast,' of Dr. Theodore's History. I found it, took it in the other hand, and cannot describe the strange feeling which came over me. When I had indulged some time in strange and deep emotions, I laid down the honourable relics again in their coffins, & stepped to that of Ernest Ludovick, the unfortunate lover of the still more unfortunate Sidonia. According to the protocol of 1688, which I held in my hand, there was to be seen there a violet velvet mantle, and a cap without anything inside. There they were, nothing more to find, all fallen in dust, the weak head as the weak heart! Close to him lay his unfortunate wife, Sophia Hedwig of Brunswick, both the most beautiful persons of their time. But my interest was excited most by the contemplation of Philip Julius, the last Duke of Pommern-Wolgast, who has only received a passing notice in this book, but who was one of the most gifted, and probably the most lamented Prince of his thousand-year-old race. His coffin was of far costlier workmanship than the others, and decorated with a row of gilded angel's heads; near it stood the black wooden tressel, upon which it had originally been placed, and which looked as fresh as if it had been only just placed there, instead of having lain in the vault for two hundred and fifteen years. A strange sensation crept over me! We were both silent, till at last the gentleman began to search with his hand in the grey mouldering dust, and along with some rags of velvet, he brought up a damp discoloured scrap of paper, which he carelessly tore; but I instantly seized it, and joined the pieces to-

gether again, for the signification of such little notes in the coffins of old times was not unknown to me. And, in fact, I found what I sought; there was not only marked on it the date of the Duke's burial, the 6th of May, which had a mystic significance to me, since it was on the very 6th of May that I was now standing to contemplate these mute, yet eloquent graves, but also there was noted down the text from which the funeral sermon had been preached (2 Tim. iv. 7), as well as the list of the psalms sung on the occasion, among which the closing psalm, 'When sorrow assails thee,' is still to be found in most hymn-books. But my poor old Pomeranian heart could bear no more: I placed the paper again in the coffin; & while the tears poured from my eyes as I ascended the steps, those beautiful old verses came into my head, and I could not help reciting them aloud:

'So must human pomp and state
In the grave lie desolate.
He who wore the kingly crown,
With the base worm lieth down:
Ermined robe, and purple pall,
Leaveth he at death's weird call.
Fleeting, cheating human life,
Souls are perilled in thy strife;
Yet the pomps in which we trust,
All must perish! dust to dust.
God alone will ever be;
Who serves Him reigns eternally!'"

The End.

Here ends the story of Sidonia the Sorceress, translated from the German of William Meinhold, by Francesca Speranza, Lady Wilde, and now reprinted by me, William Morris, at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex. Finished on the 15th day of September, 1893.

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